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HUNGARY.

The Case of Hungary stated. Manifesto published in the name of the Hungarian Government. By COUNT LADISLAS TELEKI, Member of the Hungarian Diet. Translated from the French, with prefatory remarks. By H. F. W. BROWNE, B. A. London: Effingham Wilson.

THE nation which, in political language, we call Hungary, but comprising many nationalities, is that large tract of country included in the Austrian dominions, extending from the Carpathian Mountains on the north, to the Gulf of Quarnero on the Adriatic and the Turkish frontier; longitudinally, it extends from the Austrian boundary line of Moravia, Lower Austria, Styria, and Illyria on the west; eastward to the Alpine chain which bounds Transylvania. It would seem as if nature had designed it for the separate habitation of a great people. On all sides it is defended by the bulwarks of nature—mountain or flood. Nature has been prodigal in the gifts of a rich soil, and of a climate favorable to all productions necessary for the sustentation of man. It is a country prolific in corn and wine; the broad plains afford luxuriant pasturage for the flocks, and the mountains yield mineral treasures of boundless extent. In the admirable distribution of Providence, the richer soils of the plain yield more than enough of the staff of

life to supply the deficiencies of those mountain regions which contribute minerals to the national wealth. Hungary is copiously watered by noble rivers. The Danube flows through the heart of the country; and the Thies, the Drave, the Save, and waters of lesser magnitude, give breadth to Duna's mighty flood. The superficial magnitude of the country is estimated at nearly 88,000 square miles.

The kingdom of Hungary is composed of Hungary proper, Sclavonia, Croatia, Transylvania, and the Gränz Comitates, or military frontier. It is subdivided thus:

I.—Hungary proper, containing the following districts and population:

1. Hungary west of the Danube; divided into eleven komitats, or counties; population in 1842, 2,109,510.
2. East of the Danube; thirteen counties; population, 2,764,247.
3. West of the Thies; eleven counties population, 1,789,700.

4. East of the Thies; twelve counties; population, 2,631,600.

II.—Sclavonia; three counties; Syrmia, Verócz, and Posegan; population, 336,100.

III.—Croatia; three counties; Kreutz, Waradin, and Agram; population, 506,500.

IV.—Transylvania; containing:

1. The Hungarian country; eleven counties; population, 1,279,700.

2. The Szekler country; five cantons; population, 373,000.

3. The Saxon country; nine cantons; population, 446,700; making, with a military force of 9,005, a total of 2,108,405.

V.—Five small separate districts; population, 296,100; making, with 66,243 military for the districts, exclusive of Transylvania, a total population of 10,500,000, according to an approximate estimate made in 1842.

The bulk of the population is composed of three races: 1. The Magyars, or Hungarians *par excellence*. 2. The Sclavonians, or Slaves, comprising various tribes, as the Slovacs, Croats, Serbs, &c. 3. Germans. The relative proportions are thus stated by M. Fényes: Magyars, 4,812,759; Slovacs, 1,687,256; Germans, 1,273,677; Wallaks, 2,202,542; Croats, 886,079; Raiks, or Raitzes, 828,365; Schocks, 429,868; Wends, 40,864; Ruthenians, 442,903; Bulgarians, 12,000; French, 6,150; Greeks, 5,680; Armenians, 3,798; Montenegrins, 2,830; Clementins, 1,600; Jews, 244,035=12,880,406.*

The chief settlements of the Magyars are the plains west and east of the Danube. The Germans are for the most part of Saxon and Suabian descent, and dwell on the Austrian frontier and the mining districts. The Slovacs, who are supposed to be the oldest settlers, and who came of the Czecs of Bohemia, people the northern districts along with the Ruthenians or Russniaks (from Red Russia,) and the slopes of the Carpathians. The Schocks inhabit Sclavonia; and with the Raitzes, who people that province as well as the district called the Banat, lying between the rivers Danube, Thies, and Arad and Transylvania, are of the Serbian stock of Slaves. Many of this race took shelter in Hungary from the persecution of the Turks, and settled in the country. The Croats inhabit the district of Croatia. The Wends are of the Styrian tribe of Slaves. The Walaques or Wallaks are supposed to be of

Sclavo-Roman origin, the descendants of the Roman colonists who peopled Dacia in the time of Trajan.

The statistics of the religious faith of these populations, according to the tables of 1842, for the whole kingdom, including Transylvania, are these: Roman Catholics, 6,444,418; Greek Church (united,) 1,379,717; (non-united) 2,603,060=3,982,777. Protestants (Lutheran,) 1,014,518; (Calvinists,) 1,949,606=2,964,124; Unitarians, 45,769; Jews, 258,882. To this bird's-eye view of the country it may be interesting to the English reader to add an outline of the history of Hungary, for which information must still be sought in the chronicles of the kingdom.

The history of Hungary is copious in incidents, replete with romance and deeds of chivalry, and affords ample materials for philosophical reflection. We cannot, however, do more than indicate the prominent points necessary to illustrate the origin, progress, and recent liberal development of the Hungarian Constitution. The earliest accounts are fabulous and obscure. We know nothing certain prior to the Roman conquest of Pannonia. And from that period till the Magyar settlement, about the close of the ninth century, there is little to arrest the attention of the political inquirer. The Hungarians, in the common desire of mankind to trace their origin to a noted ancestry, have reckoned the conquering Huns of Attila as their ancestors; but ethnology and history alike fail to support the assertion.* The country which we now call Hungary, prior to the period when it received that name, appears, according to the best authorities, to have been successively occupied by the Huns, the Goths, and Gepidæ, (between the years 489 and 526;) by the Lombards, till 568; and by the far-conquering Abares or Avars. Towards the close of the ninth century, the progenitors of the Magyar or Hungarian nation obtained their first settlement in the country. The received opinion is, that they

* Gibbon has graphically described the Calmuck characteristics of Attila's Huns. The Magyars bear no traces of the personal peculiarities of that race. On the historical point we may quote Gibbon, for the brevity of his summary: "Hungary has been successively occupied by three Scythian colonies.—1. The Huns of Attila; 2. The Abares, in the sixth century; and 3. The Turks, or Majiars, A. D. 889—the immediate and genuine ancestors of the modern Hungarians, whose connection with the two former is extremely faint and remote."—*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, chapter xxxiv.

* "Statistique du Royaume de Hongrie," par Alexis de Fényes. Three vols., 1843-1844-1845.

were of an Asian tribe which wandered westward in search of a better land, from their original settlement to the south of the Black Sea; a learned but fanciful attempt has even been made to trace them to the family of the ancient Egyptians.* As in all attempts to determine the etymology of names, there is much diversity of opinion on the origin of the Hungarian name. Some of the hypotheses are curious. It is said that the Huns of the race of Attila returned to Pannonia in the eighth century, under the leadership of their chieftain Hungar—a word signifying the valiant, or the conqueror; and that, having acquired a settlement, they gave the name of their commander to the land of his conquest. Others affirm that it is but a compound of the national denominations of the two races who had previously peopled the land—the Huns and the Avari. A third legend says, that near the spot where the nomade warriors first encamped, stood a fortification called Hungvar, which they made their stronghold; and that, when they sallied forth on raid or foray, the terrified natives of the plains, as they prepared for defense or fled, warned their brethren that the Hungvarians were coming. In northwestern Hungary there is a town called Unghvar, which gives the name to one of the eleven komitats of the district west of the Thieiss. The town is situated on the river Ungh. But there is no bound to the fancy of the etymologist. The comic historian could possibly support an hypothesis as plausible, that the name was not given from the ferocity, but from the voracity of the conquerors.†

* Dr. F. Thomas—*Conjecturæ de origine prima sede et linguâ Hungarorum*. Budæ, 1806.

† In Dr. Bowring's interesting specimens of the poetry of the Magyars, there is a translation of a national ballad of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, much admired by the Magyars, and often sung at their festivals—"On the conquest of the Magyar Land." The minstrel sings how their sires, in search of a better land, left their Scythian home, and came to Erdely or Transylvania—

"And glorious were their doings then,
Seven bands composed the host;
Seven valiant chieftains led the men,
And each a *Var* (fort) could boast."

Arpad, "The Magyars' pride," was the leader. In their wanderings they came on the broad waters of the Duna or Danube, and much charmed were they with the fatness of the land. An embassy was sent to the ruler, the "Lengvel lord," at his court at Vezprim. The ambassador cunningly represented that he had come to learn the people's laws, at which the Herczeg or Duke expressed much self-satisfaction. The messenger returned to Erdely, with a

Tradition says that seven tribes of these Magyar wanderers, under the conduct of Almus, or of his son Arpad, entered the country near the Thieiss, and gradually won settlements in the fertile plain, but that it was ten years before they conquered the country. Whatever may have been the origin of the race and of the Hungarian name, these Magyar warriors had brave notions of liberty; if they enslaved the vanquished, they were yet resolved themselves to live free; they exercised but the right of the sword, which, nine centuries later in the march of civilization, is still the "*ultimus ratio regis*." The very foundation of their State was laid on the right divine of the people. To concentrate their strength, they chose Arpad as their duke, or leader; and a solemn compact was made between that chief and the heads of the tribes, that the office of chief magistrate should be hereditary to his line, but that the right of the tribes to choose their governor, if they so willed, should never be questioned. It was, in short, a federal aristocracy, or union of clans owing a limited obedience to a superior chief; for there appears to have been an express stipulation made by the heads of the tribes, that the ducal title, on every new accession to the leadership must be solemnly acknowledged by the State, and that a refusal to take certain oaths prescribed, to observe the popular liberties, should be followed by rejection. The fullest liberty of action was reserved by the people, or rather by their chiefs. They promised to yield military

glowing account of his sojourn at the Duke's court. After a council of the chiefs had been held, the messenger was sent back to Vezprim, with a snow-white steed meetly caparisoned,

"With golden bit and saddle rich,"

as a peace-offering to his Grace the Herczeg; and the messenger craved the boon of a quiet settlement in the country for his tribe. Alas! poor Duke—his love of a snow-white steed cost him his ducal dominions. The Magyars advanced to the conquest of the land—

"In those proud wars, the Magyars,
By God upheld, their foemen quelled,
And weighty was their gain."

The Duke sought oblivion in Duna's flood, and the Magyar occupied the land which his race still retains. The poet thus triumphantly concludes his song:

"Of those who gained the Magyar land,
A chief as bold as any
Was Budon, who, when Arpad died,
Was Magyars' Kapitany.

He reared his throne by Duna's banks,
Near Pesth, along the hill;
And Buda's city, fair and rich,
Preserves his memory still."

service to the State, to defend the country from internal turmoil and foreign invasion; but, like the militia force of England, they could not be compelled to go beyond the bounds of the country—a useful check, undoubtedly, on the ambition of adventurous spirits. So long as military skill was requisite to keep the Magyars in their new government, their aristocratical political system came within the moral sense of the term, “the government of the *ἀριστοι*, or the best;” but when more settled times enabled leaders to serve themselves as well as the State, the wealthiest became the best, territorial lords the most excellent of the land, and the aristocracy of young Hungary degenerated, step by step, into a plutocracy. Geysa, or Geyson, the third in descent from Arpad, embraced Christianity; and his son Stephen, who attained the dukedom in the year 1000, under the proselyting patronage of the Roman See, exchanged his coronet for a crown. The diadem consecrated by Pope Sylvester, and by him presented to Hungary’s saintly king, still exists in the dear regards of the nation.* But Holy Church is prudent in her generosity. When she could patronize monarchs, and bestow rich gifts, she expected a tenfold profit. The enrolment of Hungary in the array of Christendom was no exception. Stephen built churches and monasteries, and endowed rich sees. A new, powerful, and oftentimes most troublesome branch was thus engrafted on the original aristocratic stem of the Constitution. Stephen divided the kingdom into seventy-two *komitats* or lordships, over each of which he placed a chief. The declining aristocracy of merit, under the genial glow of priestly influence, expanded into a more unbending system of class distinction. Three orders of privileged men were instituted in the kingdom: foremost were the princes, the magnate churchmen, and the barons of the king-

dom; next to them in rank were the king’s chief retainers, with the holders of fiefs under the princes and prelates, with their principal retainers; the third order of magnates consisted of the untitled gentry—the *eidelmen*, or primal squirearchy of Hungary, all of noble descent. The rest of the people were serfs. The privileged classes were exceedingly tenacious of their rights and privileges; they yielded military service to the State, and pecuniary aid, when admitted by themselves to be requisite; but the sovereign could exact no aids from his subjects, without an express vote to that effect in the national assembly. The *comitia* or national council was not a representative body, for all members of the privileged classes attended in person; neither could it be termed a deliberative assembly, for, accompanied as the magnates were by their retainers, the *comitiæ* were sometimes attended by eighty thousand men. Stephen added Transylvania to the Hungarian kingdom. In the course of the next two centuries, Sclavonia, Croatia, Dalmatia, Bosnia, Servia and Gallicia were successively added to the dominions of the crown.

On the death of Stephen without issue, the country for a time lapsed into a state of anarchy; but order was restored by the election of Ladislaus, the representative of a junior branch of the house of Arpad, in 1077. It was during the rule of this prince that Croatia and Sclavonia were added to Hungary.* The march of social refinement made some progress in softening the rude manners of the martial nobles in the twelfth century; especially toward the close of it, when Belas the Second married a daughter of Henry of France.

In the first quarter of the thirteenth century, we come to a marked and interesting era in Hungarian history—namely, to the establishment of the rudiments of a regularly-defined constitutional and representative system. In the reign of Andreas the Second, in the year 1223, eight years after the barons of England had compelled John to grant *Magna Charta*, the magnates of Hungary obtained a similar charter, under the title of the Golden Bull.

The charter, after recognizing the ancient privileges of the nobility, in substance provided that the magnates should sit as heredi-

* The fated stone of Scone, carried off by Edward I. for a coronation-chair for his saintly namesake’s chapel at Westminster, was not more devoutly regarded by the Scottish nation, than is Stephen’s crown by the Magyars. Joseph II. deeply offended the nation by removing the crown to Vienna. Since it was restored by his successor, it has, till very recently, been preserved with reverent care in the chapel of the palace at Buda. On the advance of the Austrians to attack the capital, in the present war, to save it from the unholy touch of the hands of these Philistines, the crown was taken to Debreczin; and with what a burst of pious horror did the scribes of our oligarchical press narrate that Kossuth had stolen the crown. Peace to their troubled souls! Stephen’s crown will probably long outlast his monarchy!

* His daughter, the Princess Sophia, married a prince of the house of Hapsburg, the origin of the family connection of the present imperial family with Hungary.

tary legislators in the national diet or assembly; and that the inferior nobility, or untitled gentry, with the body of the clergy, should be represented by members of their respective bodies; but all other classes of the community were beyond the pale of citizenship. With the progress of social civilization, there gradually arose a middle class between the nobles and their peasant serfs; and about a century and a half after the Golden Bull was granted, they received a *quasi* political recognition. In the reign of Sigismund, the representative branch of the legislature was increased by a burgess class, the delegates or deputies from the free towns and royal cities. To trace the exact historical progress and development of the Constitution, would far exceed our allotted space; it is enough to say, that the Constitution of Hungary, under the rule of the imperial dynasty, has been successively recognized and confirmed by the treaties of Vienna, in 1606, and Leutz, in 1647; and by the inaugural diploma of the Emperor Joseph the Second, in 1790. And here it may be convenient to anticipate the course of history, and give a brief sketch of the Hungarian Constitution as it existed down to 1848, when the patriotism of the nation enlarged its boundaries, admitting all classes of the people as free citizens of the commonwealth.

The Constitution may be theoretically described as a mixed form of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy; but practically it was a rigid oligarchy. It had king and lords, with the phantom of a Commons.

The monarchy was limited, and latterly hereditary, in the dynasty chosen by the portion of the nation having legislative power. The person of the king is sacred. He is the executive chief magistrate, by whom all civil appointments are made. He is the temporal head of the Church, appoints to all ecclesiastical dignities, and receives the proceeds of all vacant benefices.* He is the fountain of honor, the head of the army, the arbiter of war or peace; and with him rests the power to call out the Honveds, or national force, to the field; he has also the power to summon and dissolve the States. The Constitution requires that, within six months after his accession, the sovereign shall call together the States of the realm, take the oath of fealty† to the

Constitution,* and that he shall be invested with all the insignia of royalty.† There is a curious and somewhat anomalous office attached and subsidiary to the regal dignity. The Palatin of Hungary discharges the double functions of viceroy of Hungary

Hapsburg line, was elected to the throne, he took the following oath, which has been the form of the act of fealty observed by all his successors down to the coronation of Ferdinand V.: "Nos Ferdinandus, Dei gratiâ Hungariæ, Bohemiæ, Dalmatiæ, Croatiae, Scavloniæ, &c., Rex Apostolicus, Archi-dux Austriæ, &c. Qua prælibati Regni Hungariæ, et aliorum regnorum, ac partium eidem adnexarum Rex, juramus per Deum vivum, per ejus Sanctissimam Genitricem Virginem Mariam, ac omnes sanctos; quod ecclesias Dei dominos, prælatos barones, magnates, nobiles, civitates liberas, et omnes regnicolas, in suis immunitatibus et libertatibus, juribus, legibus, privilegiis, ac in antiquis bonis, et approbatis, consuetudinibus, conservabimus, omnibusque justitiam faciemus; Serenissimi quondam Andreæ Regis decreta: (Exclusa tamen et semota Articula 31 ejusdem decreti clausula incipienti: Quod si vero nos, &c., usque ad verba in pertutinium facultatem) observabimus. Fines regni nostri Hungariæ, et quæ ad illud quocunque jure aut titulo pertinent, non abalienabimus, nec minuemus, sed quoad poterimus, augebimus et extendemus, omniaque illa faciemus, quæcunque pro bono publico, honore et incremento omnium statuum, ac totius Regni Hungariæ juste facere poterimus; sic nos Deus adjuvet et omnes sancti."

* So important is this ceremony deemed by the nation, that it has been customary, during the reign of the King of Hungary, to crown his successor as heir presumptive. The late emperor, Ferdinand I. of Austria, (the fifth Ferdinand of Hungary,) who abdicated his Imperial throne last year, was crowned King of Hungary some years before the decease of his father. His abdication has never been recognized by the Diet of Hungary; he is, therefore, still, *de jure*, King of Hungary, and his nephew and imperial successor, the "Boy Emperor," is consequently a usurper within the kingdom of Hungary.

† The coronation, which takes place at Presburg, is described as a ceremony of great solemnity and splendor. "Like its counterpart among ourselves," says Mr. Gleig, in his interesting account of a tour in Hungary, in 1837, "it is regarded as the ratification of a covenant between the sovereign and the people, and is performed amid much pomp, both religious and civil. The monarch elect, attended by his magnates and councillors, repairs to the cathedral, where the officiating prelate administers to him the customary oaths. He is anointed with the holy oil, and undergoes the usual routine of enrobing and crowning; after which he proceeds on horseback, the states of the realm in his train, to the Königsberg. It is a circular mound, perhaps fifty feet high, which stands just outside the city, and commands an extensive view over the plain, both eastward and southward. This the king ascends, his nobles and knights, and dignified clergy, being collected in a mass round its base; and as all are on horseback—as their dresses are picturesque, their arms and housings costly, and their port chivalrous in the extreme—the spectacle is, perhaps, as grand

* On failure of heirs, all property in Hungary is *ipso facto* inherited by the crown.

† When Ferdinand I., the first prince of the

proper, during the absence of the king. While the sovereign is in the kingdom, the palatin acts as a kind of mediator for the whole country, between king and people, with a view of preventing an encroachment on the popular liberties and regal prerogatives on or by either side.* The palatin is elected for life by the Diet, from one of a list of four persons presented to the king. Till the Reform Act of 1848, the administration of the kingdom was conducted through the Hungarian Court of Chancery at Vienna.

The States or Diet of Hungary are divided into two Chambers or Tables as they are termed—the Lords and the Commons of the kingdom. The first Table is composed of the royal barons, the high officers of the crown, the prelates, counts, and free landlords of the kingdom. The house is hereditary, and the members number from six hundred to seven hundred. The palatin is president of this assembly. The second Table consists of the deputies from the komitats, (that is, the representatives of the untitled gentry,) and from the enfranchised cities and towns. There is a third and very singular element, viz: the elected representatives of those nobles who do not personally attend in the upper house. These members are termed “*ablegati absentium*.” The total number of deputies does not exceed two hundred and fifty. The representatives were paid by their constituents. The Speaker or President of this House of Commons, whose official title is “*Personalis presentatiæ Regiæ in judiciis locum tenens*,” as far as respects the double offices of president of a legislative house and of one of the supreme courts, resembles our Lord High Chancellor.

The legislative functions of these two bodies are these: the election of a new sovereign, in the event of the extinction of a dynasty, or of the confirmation of a successor in the case of an ordinary demise by death; the election of Palatin of Hungary; the granting of subsidies and imposing taxes,

as can be met with in any part of Europe. Meanwhile, the king has ridden to the crest of the hill, where, before the bishops, he again gives the pledges which had been exacted from him in the cathedral. Finally, he draws his sword, and making a cut towards each of the cardinal points, thereby denotes that, let danger come from what quarter it may, he will repel it. Then are medals scattered among the crowd; then is the air rent with shouts; and the princely cavalcade returns to the city in the same order which attended its outward progress.”

* In Croatia and Slavonia, the viceregal chief or governor is called the Ban; in Transylvania, the Vayvóde.

and to give assent to or reject new laws proposed by the executive power. The Constitution requires that a Diet shall be held once at least in five years. The only other legislative feature that requires to be noticed here is, with respect to the mode of voting. The two Tables vote in four distinct bodies, each of which votes separately on the question proposed. The absolute majority determines the question. There is, or was, we believe, a parliamentary rule to the effect that no member should vote on a question unless he had previously spoken on it; but on this point we do not speak confidently. Of the social working and effects of this political system, we shall have to speak when we come to describe the changes introduced into the constitution, or, more properly speaking, for its popular development, through the liberal and enlightened policy and patriotism of the Diet of 1847–48.

We must now resume our narrative, and briefly state the leading events of Hungarian history subsequent to the grant of the Golden Bull by Andreas II. In 1301, the male line of Arpad became extinct in the person of Andreas IV. The crown then passed into the house of Anjou, by election of the States. Through the female line, these princes claimed descent from Arpad thus: Charles le Boiteux, son to Charles the first Count of Anjou, and King of Sicily, and the younger brother of Louis IX. of France, married the Princess Maria, daughter of Stephen IV., King of Hungary. His eldest son, Charles Martel, (who pre-deceased his father,) was elected king by the states of Hungary, on failure of the male line of Arpad. On the death of this prince, who left a son named Carobert, his younger brother Robert disputed the succession, which gave rise to some confusion in the kingdom. The pope decided in favor of Carobert, who reigned from 1308 to 1342; and was succeeded by his son Louis, surnamed the great—1342–1382—who, marrying the princess Elizabeth, daughter of king Ladislaus of Poland, united that country to Hungary. Louis contributed much to the splendor of the Hungarian throne, the dominion of which extended from the Baltic Sea to the Adriatic. Considerable intellectual progress was also made, and the University of Buda was founded in this reign. Louis left two daughters: Maria betrothed to Sigismund of Luxemburg, afterwards emperor; and Hedwig, who subsequently married Jagellon, Grand Duke of Lithuania.

This failure of issue male involved the kingdom in many troubles, and resulted in the separation of Poland from Hungary. During the minority of Maria, the government was conducted by the queen dowager and the palatin Gare; but being very unpopular, the States sent an embassy to Charles king of Naples to offer him the crown. Charles, who was a kinsman to the young queen, accepted the offer, and was crowned at Buda in 1386. A reaction of popular feeling, however, soon arose in behalf of the young princess, and Gare and the queen-mother treacherously invited the king to their apartment, under pretense of showing him a letter from Sigismund, resigning pretension to the throne, and he was killed by an assassin in their service. But a terrible revenge overtook the murderers. The queens, accompanied by the palatin, having occasion to journey into Lower Hungary, Hiornard, the governor of Croatia, who owed his rise to the murdered king, hastily assembling a body of troops, surprised the royal cavalcade. The palatin and his attendants were instantly put to death; the dowager queen, after the most humiliating appeals for mercy, was drowned in the river Boseth, and the young princess was cast into a frightful dungeon. Sigismund, who had been living in retirement in Bohemia, put himself at the head of some troops, and, entering Hungary, was well received by the nobles. Hiornard thereupon relaxed the severity of his treatment of his royal prisoner, and even offered to set her at liberty if she would procure his pardon. This she promised; and she was escorted to Buda, and received amidst public rejoicings. Sigismund, who was then but twenty years of age, was soon after crowned king of Hungary; but despite the guaranty his queen had given, the governor of Croatia and his followers were put to death with great cruelty. The queen died very soon after these transactions; and Sigismund commenced a series of the most tyrannical persecutions against all who supported the ill-fated king of Naples. The Count Stephen Contus, and many of the principal magnates, were seized and beheaded with cold-blooded malignity. This barbarous murder excited the princes and nobles so much, that they one after the other took up arms against the tyrant. We have detailed these tragical events, because they mark the commencement of a series of troubles which afflicted Hungary for centuries. Bajazet, Sultan of the Turks, profiting by the internal

dissensions of the country, invaded Hungary, and seized Nicopolis, on the Danube. Sigismund having applied for foreign aid, France sent a fine army to his assistance, commanded by the son of the Duke of Burgundy, and comprising the Count D'Eu the constable, Jean de Vienne admiral, and Jean le Maingre Boucicaut, marshal of France, and the flower of her chivalry. Men of other nations and all arms joined the host of 100,000 soldiers which Sigismund led against the Turk.

"Ils firent du commencement des actions d'une valeur incroyable," says the historian Mezeray, when alluding to this enterprise of his countrymen, "mais leurs folies et leur dissolution les rendirent ridicules aux *Turcs mêmes*."* The Christians met with some partial successes at first, which they abused by murdering the prisoners whom they had captured. Having besieged Nicopolis, Bajazet the Thunderbolt marched to its relief; and in the battle of Nicopolis, on the 28th of September, 1396, the allies were signally defeated. Bajazet made terrible reprisals on his captives. Sigismund, instead of making exertions to repair this disaster, sank into luxurious repose, which further alienated his nobility to such an extent that, in 1401, they seized and detained him prisoner. In 1410, the captive, having gained the ears of his guards, succeeded in escaping into Bohemia; whence he soon returned, with a force which enabled him to remount his throne. Sigismund was one who profited by the bitter lessons of misfortune, for the remainder of his Hungarian rule was characterized by moderation and justice. His election to the head of the Germanic Empire in 1411, belongs to general history. Hungary continued to be ravaged by the Turks; and Sigismund's last military achievement was to lead the Hussites against the infidels, with considerable success. By his second queen, Barbara of Cilley, whose gallantries are celebrated in story, Sigismund left one daughter, Elizabeth, married to Albert, Duke of Austria. The nomination of this prince made by Sigismund as his successor, was confirmed by the States. Amurath, the Turkish Sultan, having entered Bulgaria, and laid siege to Sideravia, Albert marched against him; but a violent dysentery put an end to his short reign, in 1439. He left his queen pregnant with Ladislas the Fifth, commonly called Ladislas Posthumus.

* Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire de France, iii. 151.

At this period the famous name of John Hunnyades appears in history. This chivalrous soldier was a Wallachian, surnamed Corvinus, from the place of his birth. Having rendered Hungary essential service in the defense of the borders against the Turks, he acquired high reputation and influence in the nation. The Turks again ravaged Hungary and alarmed Christendom. Through the influence of Hunnyades, Wladislas, king of Poland, was raised to the throne, and Hunnyades was made Vayvóde of Transylvania and chief leader of the army. A solemn truce, concluded between Wladislas and the Sultan, for ten years, having been broken at the instigation of Julian, the papal legate, and on the papal morality that "no faith is to be kept with heretics," the fatal battle of Warnau, in Moldavia, was fought in 1444, in which the Polish and Hungarian host were completely worsted, and Wladislas perished. Hunnyades was elected captain-general and governor of the kingdom, which he ruled gloriously for ten years. In the mean time, the emperor Frederic III., to whom the guardianship of the young Ladislas, son of King Albert, had been committed, delaying to restore his ward to the Hungarian nation, Hannyades marched against the emperor at Neustad, and compelled him to come to terms of accommodation; by which the prince was placed under the guardianship of his maternal uncle, the Count Ulric of Cilley; but Ladislas tasted little of the sweets or bitters of power, for he died at Prague in his 18th year. Hungary was again ravaged by the Turks, under Mahomet I., the successor of Amurath. Then it was that Hunnyades marched to the relief of Belgrade, and gained his celebrated victory; and the "joyful nations," to quote the words of Gibbon, "celebrated Hunnyades and Belgrade as the bulwarks of Christendom." But a month after that event Hunnyades died, in 1456; and two years later the nation elected his son, Matthias Corvinus, to the throne.* The character of Matthew has been painted in glowing colors by the historians of his court.† Learning was patronized, and flourished; the country enjoyed much prosperity; Matthew

gained new dominions, and regained several provinces lost by his predecessors; and one of his achievements was the expulsion of the Turks from Bosnia. Matthew died in 1490; and Wladislas, of Bohemia, grandson of Albert and Elizabeth, was elected king by the States. His reign was unfortunate, and the country was sorely troubled by internal dissensions and Turkish invasion. An attempt was made in 1505, by Count Zapoyla, a powerful magnate, to pass an act in the assembly of the States to revive an ancient law, to the effect, that in the event of the failure of the royal line, the choice of a sovereign should be limited to natives of Hungary. The opposition of the royal party led to an insurrection, which was not quelled till 1512, nor without the aid of the emperor. Wladislas was succeeded by his son Louis, a youth who fell at the battle of Mohacs, in 1526, when Solymán defeated and drove the *élite* of the Magyar chivalry into the fatal swamp of Czetze. On this event, the party which had supported Zapoyla now declared for his succession to the throne. This nobleman had previously persecuted the Protestants, who had become a numerous denomination in the State; and they now threw their influence into the scale in favor of Ferdinand of Austria, brother to the emperor Charles V., who had acquired a family connection with Hungary, through marriage with the Princess Anna, daughter of Wladislas.* A civil war ensued, in which Ferdinand was the victor, and at an assembly of the States, in 1547, he was placed on the throne,† which ever since has been occupied by his descendants, the emperors of Germany or Austria, &c., and *Kings* of Hungary.‡

The history of the Hungarian monarchy is, from this point, included in that of Austria. On the history of the Hungarian nation it is not necessary that we should here dwell. It presents a long series of invasions by their active enemies, the Turks, and of bold encroachments on the national liberties on the

* The marital fortunes of this lucky house were celebrated in a popular Latin couplet—

Bella gerant alii, tu fœlix Austria nube;
Quæ dat Mars aliis; hæc tibi regna Venus.

† On the abdication of Charles V., in 1556, Ferdinand was raised to the imperial throne.

‡ The gender is not, perhaps, historically correct; but it is so constitutionally. The "*moriatur pro rege nostro Maria Theresa*" of the enthusiastic nobility has been laughed at as a Hungarian bull; but it was in reality a legal or constitutional expression, which probably had its origin in the tradition of the preference given to the male line, in the compact made with Arpad.

* This occurred on the death of Ladislas, in the preceding year. Matthew was not a complete constitutional king for some years, inasmuch as the Emperor Frederic, a pretender to the Hungarian throne, held the insignia of royalty, which he had obtained from Ladislas.

† See Bonfinius III., 1, and Galeotti, (librarian to King Matthew,) "*De Jocosè dictis ac factis regis Matt. Corvini.*"

part of the sovereigns; but there are some points of political importance which it will be convenient to detail.

From the accession of Ferdinand I., till the Hungarian throne was made hereditary in the house of Hapsburg in 1687, seven princes had ruled over the country in the following succession: Ferdinand I., 1526—virtually (or by formal recognition, in 1547) to 1564; Maximilian, 1564-1572; Rodolph, 1572-1611, all in succession of primogeniture. Matthias II., his brother, 1607 to 1618, when he relinquished the crown in favor of his cousin-german, Ferdinand II., 1618-1625. Ferdinand III., his son, 1625-1655; Leopold, from 1655-1687, when he abdicated in favor of his son Joseph.*

Shortly after the accession of Maximilian, he was compelled to take arms against John Sigismund, Prince of Transylvania, vassal to the Sultan, who aspired to the Hungarian throne. After the capture of Tokay and some other places, a peace was concluded, and John transferred his feudality from the Turks to the emperor. That prince died shortly afterwards; and Stephen Bathori, elected as his successor by the States of Transylvania, renewed the treaty. A war with the Turks succeeded, who laid siege to the city of Sigath, on the Slavonian frontier, bravely defended by Count Zerini, who with 300 men of Spartan valor, made a sally, and died with glory. The town fell in 1566, although Maximilian was close by with a large army. The king ingloriously abandoned the war, and concluded a truce for eight years. Amurath III., successor to Solymán, the party to the truce, following the Christian example set his ancestors in the previous century, broke the truce, and invaded Croatia in 1592. Rodolph beat one army, killing or drowning 12,000 men. Amurath, however, entered Hungary with another large force, and committed great ravages. Rodolph advanced toward Belgrade and gave battle to the infidels, signally defeated them, and killed 12,000 of their most warlike Janizaries. The Imperial forces captured many places of great strength, which had long remained in the hands of the Turks; and in the pitched battle of Hatvan, in 1594, they were again victorious. The war was conducted with great spirit by the Archduke Matthias, till 1606, when an advantageous

peace was concluded. In 1604 an arrangement was concluded with Stephen Botschay, a Hungarian noble of the Calvinistic faith, by which the Catholics, Lutherans, and Calvinists, were to have equally the free privilege of religious worship in Hungary. The reign of Matthias was tranquil and prosperous; but his policy toward the Protestants, in the end, involved Hungary in the troubles of the Thirty Years' war. While the Protestants of the empire composing the evangelical union, were supporting the Palatin Frederic against Ferdinand II., Bethlem Gabor, Prince of Transylvania, on the invocation of the Hungarian Protestants, who offered to support him for the crown, entered the country in 1620, at the head of 60,000 troops, composed of Turks, Tartars, and men of other nations; but his efforts were badly seconded, and after an army had been sent against him, he concluded a truce, in which he resigned all pretension to the crown, and received very advantageous terms. He died in 1629. After the base assassination of Wallenstein, the King of Hungary took command of the Imperial troops up to the pacification of Prague.

In 1663 Hungary was again invaded by the Grand Vizier Kupruli, at the head of 100,000 Turks, and defeated by Monteculi, at the great battle of St. Godard on the Raab, in the following year. As Hungary was then threatened with serious internal troubles, the king was fain to conclude a peace as speedily as possible. The policy of Leopold was most despotic; his aim was to subvert the national institutions of Hungary, and bring the country completely under imperial sway. Under pretense that a conspiracy had been formed against the life of the emperor, several of the leading magnates of the kingdom were put to death. The brave and high-spirited people, unable to bear the oppression of this despot, flew to arms. The king sent General Sporth with a large force against the insurgents. That commander, aided by the Marquis of Baden and Prince Charles of Lorraine, treated the Hungarians with great rigor. After a brief but brave struggle, the patriots were compelled to succumb to the fortune of war. But, though conquered, they were not won; their affections were alienated, and the house of Austria never permanently regained the love of the Hungarian people. So intolerable was the German rule of Leopold, that the struggle was renewed in 1679. The leaders of the national party assembled secretly, drew up a plan of action, and engaged in their in-

*The regnal years of Hungary and the Empire do not correspond; for in almost every instance, as before stated in the text, the heir-apparent was elected and crowned in the lifetime of the king.

terest the Prince Abassi of Transylvania, who aided them with a large body of troops, under the command of the famous Count Emerik Tekeli. When the emperor-king heard the news, he sent a numerous army against the insurgents, who were defeated in several engagements. In their extremity they applied to and obtained aid from the Sultan Mahomet VI., stipulated in a treaty by which Tekeli was to become King of Hungary, and pay tribute to the Sultan. Tekeli, in the mean time, was elected king by his party. In the spring of 1683, the Grand Vizier Kara Mustapha entered Hungary with a magnificent army of 280,000 men, with the design of marching on and besieging the Imperial capital itself. In his terror, Leopold sought and obtained the military alliance of John Sobieski, King of Poland. The Turks advanced in their conquering progress on the right bank of the Danube, and Tekeli on the left. The Duke of Lorraine was sent, at the head of the Imperialists, to prevent a junction of the invading armies, in which he was successful. About the middle of July the Turks invested the city of Vienna, defended by a force of 65,000 men and armed citizens. Sobieski with his own troops and those of Saxony, Bavaria, and the Circles, to the number of 64,000, attacked the besiegers with great fury, who simultaneously with a defensive movement assaulted the city with 20,000 soldiers. The Ottomans, seized by one of those unaccountable panics which at times prostrate the moral and physical powers of armed hosts, fled, and Vienna was saved. Sobieski followed them to the plain of Barakan, where they were again signally defeated. But the noble Poles, when they had vanquished "the enemies of Christendom," had done enough for duty and for glory; they would not fight against men who were in arms for the defense of their national liberties. Sobieski, therefore, persuaded the Duke of Lorraine, the Imperial commander, to listen to proposals for peace; and in the tent of the Polish Lion, the following demands were made by the Vice-Chancellor of Hungary: The confirmation of the ancient liberties and institutions of the Hungarians; liberty of conscience; the restitution of confiscated property; the convocation of a free Diet; winter quarters, and a suspension of arms pending the negotiations; and, lastly, a confirmation of the lordship of Tekeli in the territorial possession which he had acquired in the preceding year. The Duke of Lorraine replied that he had not the power to grant the terms, and Sobieski quitted the

field. The Hungarian war, and successive incursions of the Turks, engaged the Imperial arms, until the peace of Carlowitz, concluded on the 26th of January, 1699, freed the emperor from the attacks of the latter.

Down to 1687, the throne, although practically confined to the house of Lorraine, was elective by the States of the kingdom, and to ensure the succession to that house, it had been the practice with the emperor to secure the Hungarian throne by the election and coronation of his heir during his lifetime. By his later victories over the Turks, and by the capture of all the principal strongholds of the kingdom, Leopold acquired great power and legislative influence in the country, which was in fact under the domination of a German army. He convoked a Diet at Presburg, composed of men nearly all devoted to his interests. A number of Hungarian magnates, who had come up to the capital to plead the cause of their country, were seized by Leopold on the pretext that they had been engaged in correspondence with the Count Tekeli, then living in the Turkish dominions. Many of them were dragged from the churches, and some even from their bed-chambers. No tittle of the charge was proved against them, and they died without one word of confession extorted from their lips. The Diet was kept under the most rigid constraint, and was compelled to assent to whatever the court dictated. Nevertheless, some of the members had the courage to refuse to exercise their suffrages; and Leopold, in the full license of despotism, with a stroke of his pen repealed the electoral formalities of seven centuries. On a pretended resolution of the Diet, he founded and issued an edict, declaring that the choice of the kingdom had fallen on the Archduke Joseph as their legitimate sovereign. The hand that dared to strike this blow against the primal privileges of the Hungarian nation, was not scrupulous in cutting down other ancient laws to suit his despotic purposes. The patriots remonstrated earnestly, and fought and died bravely; but the Imperial troops carried out the imperious will of their master, and the crown became hereditary in the house of Austria.

The popular struggle for national independence was continued, in the beginning of the next century, with the same zeal of purpose, but uncertainty of process, which had previously characterized the military efforts of the insurgents. Under the leadership of Prince Rakoczy, they baffled all the efforts of the Imperial court to subdue them. Proposals of peace were made on these, the prin-

cipal terms, that notwithstanding the result of the pretended Diet of Presburg in 1687, the Hungarian nation should exercise their ancient liberty of choosing their king after the death of Joseph, and that meanwhile he should take a new oath of fealty to the constitution; that Catholics and Protestants should enjoy equal religious liberty; that a general amnesty should be granted to all who had been in arms against Austria; freedom of commerce and from taxes, except those imposed by the States; that three months after the ratification of the proposed treaty, a general Diet should be held to determine the laws of the nation, and to restore those which had been arbitrarily abrogated; that a Diet should be triennially, or oftener if necessary, convened to deliberate on the affairs of the nation; and that the Diet should nominate one or two deputies to reside at Vienna in the capacity of counsellors of the King of Hungary, to assist in the administration of affairs concerning the kingdom. A mediation ensued on the part of Great Britain and the States-General of Holland, respectively represented by Mr. Stepney and the Count Rechteren. The emperor-king was desirous to draw his troops from Hungary, in order to employ them against France and Spain, and a meeting of plenipotentiaries was accordingly held at Chemnitz, in Upper Hungary. The Imperialists, however, in insisting that Tekeli should relinquish his rank as Prince of Transylvania, prevented the conclusion of the treaty.

Meantime, in 1705, the Emperor Leopold went to the great judgment-bar of kings and tyrants. His son, Joseph I. of Hungary, became Emperor of Germany. Joseph made an offer of peace to the Hungarian insurgents, in which he proposed to restore confiscated Protestant property; to convoke a general Diet, at which all grievances should be stated in writing; that the liberties, privileges, and prerogatives of the nation should be established and confirmed, in as far as they did not interfere with the hereditary succession to the crown; the convocation of Diets triennially; an examination of the claims of the Prince Rakoczy and the other patriot leaders; a general amnesty; and, lastly, that, within five months, the Hungarians should lay down their arms, on penalty of losing all benefit under the treaty. But the leaders were not so easily to be persuaded to place themselves at the mercy of a faithless court. A grand council of the patriot Hungarians was held, when it was resolved that they should on no pretense lay

down their arms, until they had first obtained their demands. They likewise declared that the Protestant religion should be maintained in the country; that the proceedings of the Diet held at Presburg in 1687 were illegal and contrary to the written law of Hungary; that they must be annulled, and the ancient liberty to choose their king, whenever a vacancy occurred, restored to the people; that without the express permission of the Diet no troops should garrison the country but those of Hungary; and that all offices of trust should be filled by Hungarians, unless the Diet specially declared that signal service to the State entitled foreigners to reward. The members of the council themselves solemnly swore to observe these resolutions, and to treat as criminals and traitors to their country all who should abandon the confederation, or enter into any separate treaty with the Imperial court.

The war still continued, and the insurgents increased in numbers as well as in the earnestness of their demands. Joseph convoked a Diet at Presburg in 1708, but the result only tended to show him the firm resolve the nation had made to resist the Imperial despotism. The patriots were beaten at Trentschin, but on the other hand, General Heisler was obliged to raise the siege of Neuhausel. The struggle proceeded, and by the end of 1710 the insurgents lost, with but one considerable exception, all the positions they had gained. In 1711 Joseph died, and during the interregnum of six months, when the dowager Empress Eleonora Magdalen administered power in all the hereditary States, a pacification was accomplished. By the treaty of Zaturar on the 29th of April, 1711, all the property confiscated during the troubles was restored to the lawful owners; the Protestants had accorded to them liberty of worship and conscience, and a confirmation was made of all the national liberties and privileges.

Charles III. (Charles VI. of Germany) succeeded his father. Of the events of this reign it is unnecessary here to speak, more than of the Pragmatic Sanction of 13th April, 1713, by which Charles regulated the order of Austrian succession in favor of males—failing whom, females; and in failure of both, to the Archduchesses, daughters of the Emperor Joseph, to the Queen of Portugal, and to the other daughters of Joseph, and their descendants in perpetuity. The Diet accepted this line of succession; and on the death of Charles, his daughter, the famous Maria Theresa, married to Francis of Lor-

raine, Grand Duke of Tuscany, came to the throne, and the Hungarian States took the oaths of allegiance. This princess, by her voluntary recognition of the ancient laws and liberties of Hungary, and by her personal qualities and troubles, won the hearts of the chivalrous Magyars. How she invoked and secured their aid in the hour of her need, is one of the golden pages of history. The great European war which followed the extinction of the Austrian house as emperors of Germany, contributed to place the husband of Maria Theresa on the Imperial throne, as Francis I., after the death of the Emperor Charles VII., in 1746. Joseph II. succeeded to the Hungarian kingdom. In an earnest desire for that system of centralization, or bureaucratic rule, at Vienna, which has ever since been the policy of the Imperial Court, he made many attempts to amalgamate or incorporate Hungary with Austria; but the nation boldly and successfully resisted them; and in 1790 the Diet of Presburg exacted from him an express recognition of their rights, in Article 10 of which he solemnly declared—"That Hungary is a free and independent nation in her entire system of legislation and administration, and not subject to any other State or any other people; but that she shall always have her own separate existence and constitution, and shall consequently be governed by kings crowned according to her national laws and customs." It is to defend these rights that the Hungarian nation, in this year of 1849, are now in arms.

From this sketch of the political history of Hungary, it will be seen that the throne was elective from the accession of Ferdinand I. in 1526, to the coercion of the Diet at Presburg, in 1687, by Leopold. By force of the Imperial arms, the hereditary succession of the Austrian house was maintained in the male line till the failure of the heirs of King Charles III. transferred it to a female—Maria Theresa, under the Pragmatic Sanction. In Francis of Lorraine, the male line was restored, and has since continued in the house of Hapsburg Lorraine. Hungary was never conquered by Austria. Moreover, it has been a constitutional requirement as well under the hereditary as the elective system of monarchy, that the king must swear fealty to the constitution, and be crowned king with all the solemnities required by custom of the kingdom. The monarch might be king *de facto*, by succession or might of arms; but *de jure*, he was not recognized as sovereign till he had fulfilled the conditions of the con-

stitution. The Pragmatic Sanction only provided that Hungary should accept the terms of succession therein stipulated; it altered not the political relations of the two countries, nor did it affect the ancient constitution of Hungary. The declaration of Joseph II., and the solemn oaths sworn at their coronation by all his successors, are all additional guaranties and proofs of Hungarian independence. Hungary, therefore, is not an Austrian province, but a free and independent nation.*

As one of the political institutions of Hungary, we must pause for a moment to describe the establishment of a military government on the Turkish frontier, which has remained in all its integrity to the present day, and has served as a powerful aid to Austrian influence in the country. We allude to the military komitats or colonies of the frontier; devised and established by Prince Eugene during the Turkish wars, and considerably improved in the system of working, at a later period, by the French Marshal, Lascey. The "Gränz comitates," as they are termed in Austrian phrase, extend from New Orsova on the Danube, opposite the southwestern boundary of Transylvania, to the Adriatic, a distance, to follow the boundary line, of not less than 500 miles. The maximum breadth is thirty miles; and the country is politically, or rather strategetically, divided into fourteen komitats. The government, in fact everything connected with this territory, is peculiar to itself. There is a governor, or commander-in-chief at Peterwardein, and subordinate to him are several generals of district. All the land belongs to the crown; and it is portioned out to the inhabitants on a military tenure. Every man is a peasant-soldier. In peace each county must keep on foot two battalions, of 1,200 men each; in war the number is increased to four. In case of exigency, the emperor may call out every man between the ages of 18 and 36. All above and below that age, capable of

* A monarchical event in our own history, *mutatis mutandis*, is a case in point. When James VI. of Scotland, by the death of Elizabeth, became James I. of England, England did not therefore become a Scottish province, nor *vice versa*. What would the independent citizens and stout 'prentices of London, or the brave old yeomen of the provinces have said and done, had the British Solomon led the kilted caterans and borderers (mitigated prototypes of Jellachich's murdering red mantles) to force England to become a Caledonian province? The parallel will hold good if we suppose a like folly in any Scoto-Anglian king down to the legislative union of the two countries, when they became Great Britain.

bearing arms, must arm for local defense. In peace the emperor has, therefore, always at his disposal 30,000 admirably disciplined infantry, which by a mere order from the War Department may be increased to 60,000, without seriously affecting the defense of the border. The men cultivate the soil, and once a week assume the garb and arms of soldiers, and are splendidly drilled into companies. Once a month they are exercised in battalion. Along the whole of the frontier, a regular chain of posts is established night and day, on a system of as rigid observation as if an enemy were in front. Each county is governed by colonels, majors, captains, lieutenants, sergeant-majors, sergeants, and corporals, who each has his department of office allotted to him; and to such perfection is the supervision carried, that the most private affairs of every man are known and registered. Civil and judicial functions are performed by the chiefs. In short, it is a military colony, governed with Spartan discipline and severity—an institution, the sole end and purpose of which was, and is, to train a race of soldiers for the service of the Imperial State. These men know no duty but services to the emperor; no law but obedience to the commands of their military superiors.*

Up to this point we have been detailing the successions and transactions of kings and nobles; let us now see what has been the condition, political and social, of the great mass of the people. That the legislative constitution was essentially aristocratical, must have been apparent to the reader in our brief statement of its composition. The Upper Table was entirely noble in its elements, either by birth in its laity, or position in the ecclesiastical dignitaries. In the Lower Table noble birth prevailed, for the members for the komitats were the representatives of an inferior, because an untitled nobility, and of their order or class.† The only democratic element in the legislature was the burghal or

city representatives; and that, if political terms are to be taken according to electoral and non-electoral proportions, was essentially oligarchical. But all discussion on this point is precluded by the statistics of the case; for of the persons either having influence in, or an electoral influence on the Hungarian Diet, the aggregate hardly exceeded 200,000 souls—about the number composing the electoral colleges of France under Louis Philippe. Two hundred thousand males alone enjoyed the liberties, rights, and privileges of the Hungarian constitution; all other classes and conditions of men were beyond the pale of citizenship. Political duties they had abundantly allotted to them in the exclusive payment of the taxes of the State, and in the military service of the Honved when an "insurrection" or general muster was required for the defense of the country; but political rights they had none; not even in the sense attached to the unmeaning phrase of a "virtual representation," beyond a limited protection by the common law of the land.

When we come to look at the more social aspect of the position of the people, we are compelled to admit that the peasant class—the great bulk of the population—were socially and politically in serfdom. The Hungarian peasantry corresponded in some respects to the second class of Roman slaves—the *adscripti*, or *adscriptii*—who were bound to perpetual service in cultivating a particular field or farm, and who were rather slaves to that farm than to the owner of it; so that he could not transfer his right in them without alienating the farm to which they were astricted or bound. In some respects, also, they corresponded to the ancient *naviti*, or bondsmen of Scotland.* The

mittees deal with the poor voters in boroughs. There is prodigious feasting at the castle—there is no end of magnanimous declarations—no lack of brilliant and spirit-stirring speeches; under the influence of which, and of the wine and strong drinks that accompany them, the pauper eidelman becomes a hero in his own eyes. But alas! political gratitude is not more enduring in Hungary than elsewhere. The crisis has its course, and the scion of a glorious race—the representative of a family which followed Almus to the Thiess, and gave the coronet to Arpad—goes back to his hovel, and his daily toil, and his filth, and his wretchedness, there to chew the cud of bitter fancy, till the return of an electioneering season shall call him forth once more to act a part upon the stage of life."—*Germany, Bohemia, and Hungary visited in 1837. By the Reverend G. R. Gleig, M. A., Chaplain to the Royal Hospital, Chelsea*; vol. ii. p. 408.

* The curious reader is referred, for complete information as to the details of the system, to the work of Marshal Marmont, who was governor in the Southern Slavonian district during the occupation of the country by Napoleon.

† "Of these (the county constituency) very many are, in point of fact, mere peasants, whom the misfortunes or imprudence of their ancestors have reduced to poverty; but all must have noble blood in their veins, for it is an honorable descent, and not the possession of lands or houses which entitles a man to exercise the elective franchise in Hungary. Such poor nobles are of course controlled and managed by their wealthier neighbors, who, when the season of an election comes round, deal with them pretty much as our own candidates and their com-

* See Reg. Maj., ii. c. 12, s. 45; quoted in "Erskine's Inst.," ii. c. 2, s. 60.

Rev. Mr. Gleig's account of his visit to Hungary in 1837, an impartial and unpretending work, contains several graphic sketches of Hungarian manners, so life-like, that one regrets that pen so competent for the task had not entered more fully into the subject. Mr. Gleig's tour was limited to an excursion in the Carpathian district of the north-western corner; to a brief sojourn in the ancient and modern capitals; to a voyage down the Danube to Semlin; and to a rapid ride thence along the military frontier, through Slavonia and Croatia to Hungary's sole seaport, Fiume. But as he journeyed as a pedestrian in the north, with keen and intelligent observation, he had many opportunities of obtaining information; and his pictures are acknowledged to be faithful. One or two extracts from his work will convey some notion of the politico-social position of the people down to the radical changes in the Hungarian constitution made by the Diet in 1847-48.

"The people, properly so called," says Mr. Gleig, writing in 1838, "the peasants who cultivate the soil, the mechanics who construct the dwellings, the artisans who fabricate the household utensils, the wearing apparel, the carriages, the ships, the machinery, these are precisely in the condition of Gurth and Wamba, in Sir Walter Scott's romance of *Ivanhoe*. In the rural districts, every man whom you meet, provided he be neither a noble nor a soldier, belongs to somebody.* He has no rights of his own. He is a portion of another man's chattels; he is bought and sold with the land, as if he were a horse or an ox. On him, too, all the common burdens of the State are thrown. If the parliament vote an increase of the taxes, it is from the peasants that these taxes are wrung; for the lord takes care, though he himself pay immediately, that he shall be indemnified by the deduction which he makes from his serf's allowances.† It is the same spirit which provides that the peasantry who make the roads, and, by the labor of their hands, keep them in repair, shall be the only class of persons of whom toll is anywhere exacted. An eidelman in his chariot passes free through every barrier; a poor peasant's wagon is stopped at each, till the full amount of *mout*, as it is called, has been settled. But this is not all. Till the year 1835, each landed proprietor possessed over his peasantry an almost unlimited power of punish-

ment, into his manner of exercising which no human being ever took the trouble to inquire. Accordingly, you still find, as an appendage to each mansion, a prison with its bolts and chains and other implements of torture; while the rod was as freely applied to the backs of delinquents, real or imaginary, as ever the whip made acquaintance with the persons of our own negroes in a West Indian sugar-field."

In his descriptions of the domestic arrangements of a Hungarian country gentleman, which Mr. Gleig aptly compares to those of the Highland laird of half a century ago, there are some traits worthy of note. The eidelman, or "squire," was surrounded by an endless number of retainers, who each, according to his ability, contributed country produce, not as good-will offerings, but as the feudal perquisites which the chief claimed:

"The precise amount, either of labor or of tribute, which the land-owner might exact from his serfs or peasants, was never fixed by any pretext, either of law or custom, till 1764. It was then that Maria Theresa published her *Urbarium*, a mere royal proclamation, to which the Diet never gave its sanction, but which, being adopted as a standard of justice, has ever since obtained universal observance. Accordingly, a full farm is now estimated to contain twenty-five acres of arable land, and of grass as much as a man shall be able to mow in twelve days. For this the tenant pays annually a ninth of his whole produce, as well as of all lambs, kids, and bees, which he may rear upon his farm, two chickens, two capons, twelve eggs, and half a pound of butter. Moreover, he is bound to furnish to his landlord during the year an hundred and eleven days' labor with a pair of hands, as well as one day's service in every week with a wagon and four horses. Then again, when the proprietor marries, or a child is born to him, or his son takes a wife, or a new incumbent is inducted, a donation of poultry, or corn, or some other species of produce becomes due; while, to sum up all, the peasant's whole property, should he die without natural heirs, is immediately seized upon by his landlord. On the other hand, a peasant once put in possession of a farm, becomes almost as much a fixture there as if the land were his own freehold. If he leave sons behind him, they succeed to the occupancy, of course sharing it among them till it is split into mere shreds, and uniting their means to make good the tribute that is due, and without a faithful discharge of which they are liable to punishment. All the serfs on a land-owner's property are not, however, farmers. There are multitudes who inhabit cottages only, and who find a subsistence, as well as they can, from their gardens and their labor. Each of these pays to the land-owner one florin, or two shillings yearly, as the rent of his cottage, and eighteen days' labor in the fields. During the remaining three hundred and forty-seven days he is paid for his exertions. But though every

* In the *strictest* sense mentioned in the text.

† There was one exemption to the general exception of the nobility from taxation, and it marked, in an odd way, the connection of the Church with the State in Hungary. The church militant, or rather the prelates, as the possessors of the sees, were taxed to support the principal fortresses of the kingdom. Imagine Harry of Exeter being compelled to pay annually a tenth of his episcopal revenue for the repair of the Tower!

land-owner in Hungary is likewise a farmer on a large scale, it rarely happens that, in the dull season of the year, very many of these poor creatures do not find it a hard matter to earn the scantiest subsistence; for all the rights of hunting, shooting, and fishing belong strictly to the lords of the soil; nay, the woods themselves being theirs, except where townships may have obtained them, the very acorns are reserved exclusively for feeding the swine of the great proprietors."

The forstban is another privilege enjoyed by all nobles and government functionaries, that is, of impressing the horses of the peasantry in travelling. They are paid, it is true; but the system is most vexatious during the operations of harvest. The villages and habitations of the peasantry, especially amongst the Slavonian population of the highlands, are squalid and unhealthy. The habits of the peasant are gregarious. In the fertile plains one vast tract of golden corn is bounded only by the horizon, and the weary traveller may journey far in fields of bounteous plenty, ere he is cheered by sight of human habitation. At remote intervals there are peasant towns—cities of hovels with serf citizens, varying from three to thirty thousand souls. There they herd together during the winter, till seed-time calls them forth to the labor of husbandry, when they squat in rude huts till harvest-home. This gregarious practice had its origin in the fierce times when the great plains were ravaged by invading Turks. What was begun as necessity, has continued from the choice of a class too degraded, perhaps, to seek out even physical means of elevating their social state, or too poor and powerless to effect a change. But in the bounty of Providence, and in the march of liberal ideas, there is much hope, even for the peasant-serf of Hungary's broad plains. It would seem that the feudal rule in Croatia is even more severe than in the palatinate; for some years ago, what threatened to be a fierce servile war was only put down by an overpowering military force. However, all attempts to draw distinctions in vassalage must be shadowy, for Mr. Gleig tells us that, in the household of the Prince-bishop of Kreutz, he saw men and women with logs and chains upon their ankles. It seems astonishing, under such an unequal distribution of power, and with slavery as a domestic institution, how the nobility succeeded so long in maintaining the integrity of their political constitution. It can only, we think, be attributed to the incessant engagement in foreign and domestic wars, and in a strong feeling of nationality in antago-

nism to Austria, and to the incessant attempts of that house to subdue the nation; for Magyar and Slave forgot their antipathies of race in the necessity for union against the common enemy of both.

Of the social and territorial position of the Hungarian aristocracy, it may be interesting to say a word or two. We have no data on which to determine the proprietary division of the soil; but it was, up to 1847, very much smaller than the electoral constituency. Some of the nobility possess enormous territory, and plain country gentlemen are the owners of whole komitats. In as far as an abundant produce of corn, and wine, and flocks, the land-owners are rich exceedingly; but from the want of markets and good communications for export, they cannot be termed wealthy in the commercial sense. The nobles are exceedingly fond of grand equipages, equipments, and other forms of aristocratic display; and to procure the ready money necessary for the indulgence of that taste, they make great sacrifices at the shrine of the Hebrew Mammon.* The Sidonias, great and small, are indeed almost the only capitalists in Hungary. Mr. Gleig gives some curious instances of the money power they possess over the needy nobility, and incidentally notices some striking peculiarities in the system of land tenure. The influence of the Caucasian does not tend to mitigate the vassalage of the astricted races. The Hungarian land-owner enjoyed the undisputed right of sovereignty within his own domain. No one could open an inn or public-house except by permission of the great man. Nor could any man introduce alcoholic liquors without the lord's permission. Temperance is not a peasant virtue among the Slaves, and here was a valuable and meet monopoly for the money-loving sons of Israel.

"Accordingly, the Jew, when applied to for a loan, invariably stipulates with the needy eidelman for the exclusive privilege of tenancing the inns upon his estate, and of retailing wine and spirits to his people. Once established, however, in the enjoyment of these rights, and he holds both lord and vassal at his mercy. The former dare not move, lest the loan, with difficulty obtained, should be demanded back again; while the latter, a slave to his appetite, may be either won to anything, or deterred from it, by the promise of a dram, or the refusal even to sell it. So far the power of the Jew is felt, and so far his privileges extend, but they go no farther. A Jew cannot, for example,

* Prince Esterhazy's diamond-gemmed jacket was a nine days' wonder in the kingdom of Cockaigne, some years ago.

become the avowed owner of a rood of land. He may encumber the noble's estate so entirely, that the produce shall, in fact, become his own; or, should the produce be inadequate to cover the interest of the loans, he may even force the debtor to sell his lands, and himself take possession of the purchase-money. But he may not, in his own person, enter upon the occupation of these lands and retain them. Let him, indeed, renounce his religion, and this disability passes away. His reception of the sacrament of baptism puts him at once on a political level with other eidelmen; for it is curious enough that the descendants of Abraham, though utterly despised, are in Hungary treated as freemen."

The peculiarities of land tenure, and of the practice of the Hungarian law as effecting it, are these:

"It is a remarkable fact that, in Hungary, estates cannot, in strict propriety of speech, be sold at all. A man may burden his land with mortgages to any amount; and if he fail in paying the interest, or satisfying others of the creditor's claims, the creditor may enter upon possession. But neither in this case, nor in the event of a special bargain, is the original owner supposed to forfeit, either for himself or his heirs, the right of recovery. A stranger purchases, in fact, but a thirty years' occupancy, and no more; at the expiration of which, it is competent for the former proprietor, if he be alive—or, in the event of his death, for his nearest of kin—to commence proceedings of retriever. But it is much easier to begin a suit in Hungary, than to obtain a judgment. The courts, which consist of the magistracy of each county, afford the utmost imaginable facilities to delay. They hear every statement on both sides; they pause long and often, to weigh their relative plausibility; they send back the suitors again and again to amend their pleas; and when, at length, a decision is obtained, the party defeated may apply for a new trial, which is in no instance refused him. Finally, when all the quirks of the first tribunal are exhausted, an appeal lies elsewhere; till the case comes at last before the supreme court in Pesth, where years may elapse before it be called on. The consequence is, that he who has once disposed of his property, because he was unable otherwise to sustain his credit, may, unless some extraordinary change in his circumstances befall, relinquish all hope of ever recovering it. His right may be admitted everywhere—ay, even in the courts before which it is necessary to establish it; but the sort of proof required is so strange, and the process of deducing it so tedious and so expensive, that more than the value of the property at issue is sure to be expended in the prosecution of the claim. I was told of several suits which had been pending for five-and-twenty years, and nobody appeared to anticipate that decisions would be obtained for five-and-twenty years longer."

Free trade in land was a point for the Hungarian reformer as well as at home.

These details may seem irrelevant to a statement of the merits of the great Hungarian question now at issue; but it will presently be seen that they are of great importance in estimating the magnitude of the changes, social as well as political, which the popular party in Hungary have instituted within the last two years.

Since the time of Joseph II. a movement in favor of large social reform has grown and gathered strength. The first important point gained was under the administration of Count Szechenzi in 1835, who carried a measure in the Diet for the protection of the serfs from the capricious violence of the nobles. Under that statute magistrates were appointed for each komitat, before whom delinquents must be brought, and without whose sanction the punishment of the lash could not legally be inflicted. The Hungarian Tories grumbled much at the change; and direful were the predictions, by the protectionists of the country party, of ruin to Hungary from the abolition of the monopoly of corporal punishment. Mr. Gleig tells us, that in 1837 this was the constant burden of the comments of the eidelmen on Count Szechenzi's measure:—"Do you think this is possible? Do you suppose that the nobles can or will obey an edict in itself so preposterous? We do not obey it. We do punish in the face of the law, and some of our people know, while they submit, that we are acting illegally. Can this continue? Surely not. Depend upon it, that Hungary is on the eve of great changes, and what the consequences may be time only can determine." The changes came almost within the decade; and happily, too, a change came o'er the spirit of the best of the nobles.

The Count Szechenzi's reform policy was principally directed to the development of the physical resources of the country, by the construction of public works, roads, bridges, and other aids to intercommunication. But an earnest, and in time a powerful popular party, sprang up, desirous of effecting radical improvements in the condition of the people. Their political position may seem anomalous. They were the conservative radicals of Hungary, defending the ancient rights and privileges of the constitution against the encroachments of Austria on the one hand, and advocating broad popular reforms on the other. The policy of the court party being imperial centralization, was revolutionary as opposed to the first point, and stationary to the other.

Conspicuous in the ranks of the patriot

party, and ever foremost in earnestness of purpose and liberality of opinion and policy, was Ludwig or Louis Kossuth, of Kossuthfalva, in Zemplin. He comes of a noble but decayed Magyar family, who gave much service to the Hungarian State; for during the wars of national conservatism, from 1527 to 1715, seventeen members of the family were declared by Austria guilty of high treason. Kossuth was born at Monok in 1801, and according to the custom of Hungarian gentlemen, was sent to study law; he adopted the bar as his profession, and became a learned and popular advocate. But his vocation was statesmanship; and about twenty years ago, he earnestly directed his attention to political studies. In 1832 he went to the Diet in the capacity of reporter, and edited its transactions in a manuscript journal; for at that time the Hungarian legislature adopted the favorite policy of an Irish member in our own, and excluded the press.* After the close of the Diet, Kossuth continued his journal, and published the transactions of the county meetings, which were very interesting in 1836, as the reactionary ministry of Count Palfy was then threatening a serious inroad on the constitution. The country was in a ferment, and many arrests were made on charges of high treason. On the 6th of May, 1837, Kossuth was arrested for refusing to obey a ministerial order forbidding the appearance of his manuscript journal, and for having declared that order illegal. His trial excited great public interest; and his personal defense was eloquent and masterly, but he was found guilty, and sentenced to imprisonment for ten years. This increased the ferment of the country; and after an earnest protestation by the Diet, Kossuth was released under the general amnesty of 1840, granted by Count Mailath, the successor of Palfy. In the following year he commenced the editorship of the *Pesti Hirlap*, the first liberal newspaper published in Hungary; and he became the centre for the liberal party, all the leaders of which rallied round him, with the exception of Szechenzi, whose policy, as we have seen, was to promote material reforms. Owing to some misunderstandings amongst the members of his party, Kossuth relinquished his connection with the journal in 1844, and for two years devoted himself to educational and other reforms—establishing, during that period, a

gratuitous school for apprentices; an industrial union; lectures on natural philosophy, chemistry, and mathematics; and competition for the promotion of the industrial arts. In 1847, he was elected deputy for the komitat of Pesth, by a splendid majority; and in the Diet, his large powers of mind, fervid eloquence, skillful debating talent, and thorough knowledge of public affairs, at once raised him to the leadership of his party, which had now become the majority. It was then that the Diet devoted itself to the great work—to use the emphatic words of Count Tekeli—"TO GIVE CITIZENS TO HUNGARY."

To accomplish that end, the Diet proclaimed civil and political equality, without distinction of language or religion, equal and proportionate participation in the public imposts by all Hungarians, and the complete abolition of all privileges.

"The nobility," says Count Tekeli, "did not consider that they accomplished all their duties by merely doing away the privileges they enjoyed; they consented to deprive themselves of a portion of their property, to concede gratuitously to the peasants the land they had received from them as peasants. Thus, certainly, there were many families ruined and fortunes shattered; but it was necessary to give citizens to Hungary—it was necessary to take advantage of the first day of liberty which shone upon their native land, and to assure to it a morrow. Thus they did not stop short after proclaiming liberty; they finally established its foundation, in granting property to those who heretofore were not qualified to possess land; they did not merely proclaim equality, they firmly established it, in promoting prosperity universally amongst all classes; and in giving to the cultivator of the soil the land of which, until then, he had only been the occupier, and to the possession of which he owes his present political rights."

The suffrage law requires that the elector should have for qualification what is barely sufficient to live upon. Every one who is possessed of real or personal property to the amount of £30, exercises electoral rights. In the towns, these rights are extended to those who are in receipt of an annual sum of £10, to those who possess a college diploma, and to workmen having apprentices. The laws were first proposed in the second Table, or Chamber of Deputies, and voted unanimously; and at the request of the Archduke Stephen, the Palatine, cousin to the Emperor King, they were passed unanimously also by the Table of Magnates. On the 11th of April, 1848, the king came personally to the Diet, and

* The debates were, however, afterwards officially published in the Hungarian "Hansard."

solemnly confirmed the statutes in these words:

"Having graciously listened to and graciously granted the prayers of our beloved and faithful dignitaries of the Church and of the State, magnates and nobles of Hungary and her dependencies, we ordain, that the before-mentioned laws be registered in these presents, word for word; and, as we consider these laws, and their entire contents, both collectively and separately, fitting and suitable, we give them our consent and approbation. In exercise of our royal will, we have accepted, adopted, approved, and sanctioned them, in assuring at the same time our faithful States, that we will respect the said laws, and will cause them to be respected by our faithful subjects.

(Signed) "FERDINAND,
(Countersigned) "BATHYANYI."

But there were questions of national integrity, as well as of internal progress, which demanded reform. It was necessary to assure to Hungary a Parliamentary Government, and an independent ministry, emanating from and responsible to the National Assembly. In short, it was necessary to give force to pre-existing laws, to create a national government, and consecrate forever the ancient independence of the country; that is to say, establishing in practice that which always existed according to the laws.

"Article III. of 1848," remarks Count Tekeli, "modified considerably the situation of Hungary in relation to Austria; so that the old imperial policy, tending to incorporate Hungary with the empire, received a decisive check, and that the tendency towards a central government, residing at Vienna, and making Hungary a dependency, became a dream not to be realized without the overthrow of two States and two constitutions, for the benefit of absolute power—a pretension which cannot be clothed with the slightest pretext of legality."

Accordingly, amongst the laws to which the solemn assent of the king was given, as already stated, it was provided that Hungary should have a national and independent government.*

* Here is the text of the most important sections of Article III. of 1847-48, on the formation of the responsible Hungarian ministry:

Section 1. The person of the king is sacred and inviolable.

2. In the absence of the king, the executive power, limited by the laws and by the constitution, is administered in the kingdom and its dependencies by the palatine-vice-roy, with full powers, save the unity of the crown, and the main-

tenance of its alliance with the monarchy; and under these circumstances, the person of his Royal Highness, the Archduke Palatine Stephen, is equally inviolable.

3. His majesty, and in his absence the palatine-vice-roy, are to exercise the executive power, in accordance with the laws, through the organ of the independent Hungarian ministry; and their decrees, orders, and judgments, whatever they may be, shall not be valid until they have been countersigned by one of the ministers residing at Budapest.

6. Whatever has been, or ought to have been, up to the present time, under the jurisdiction of the Hungarian Chancery, the Council of Lieutenancy, the Aulic Chamber, (including the mines,) and all affairs civil, military, and ecclesiastic, as well as everything that concerns the finances and defense of the country, shall for the future be regulated and directed by the Hungarian ministry; and his majesty shall exercise the executive power exclusively through his ministry.

11. The prime-minister shall be named, in the absence of his majesty, by the palatine-vice-roy; reserving to his majesty the power to ratify or annul the appointment.

12. The other ministers shall be presented for the approval of the king, by the prime-minister.

13. One of the ministers shall always reside near the person of the king; and charged to take part in those affairs which concern at the same time his own country and the hereditary States, he shall be the responsible representative of the kingdom.

14. In addition to the minister residing near the king's person, according to section 13—to watch over the interests hereinbefore mentioned, the ministry shall be composed of the following departments:

- A. The Home department.
- B. Finance.
- C. Public works, roads, canals, and navigation.
- D. Agriculture, industry, and commerce.
- E. Public worship and instruction.
- F. Justice and grace.
- G. Defense of the country (war).

18. Each minister is responsible for the ordinance that he has countersigned.

19. To protect the public interests of the king-

old feudal title of the Ban. It differed materially from Hungary proper in respect to religious freedom; for Croatia would tolerate no public Protestant worship. There were some disturbances, a few years ago, on the subject of the language of official life. When the Magyar tongue was substituted in Hungary proper in 1830 for the Latin, in the legislature and courts of law, the Croats demanded the use of the Slavonian dialect of Croatia. That there was hostility of feeling between Croat and Magyar, was as undoubted as that antagonism is felt by the Celt to the Saxon within our own realm.

It is, however, erroneous to suppose that the warlike attitude assumed by Croatia under Jellachich, last year, had any peculiar connection with the general Slavonic movement commenced by the Protestant pastor, Kollar, of Buda, in 1828, and which has been designated Panslavism.* The prime object of that movement was an intellectual communion between the scattered nations and tribes of the race, and to establish a literary reciprocity amongst all the Slavonic nations. Later, it acquired a political complexion, in which boundless aspirations were breathed of Slavonian empire. That

dom, a Council of State shall be established at Buda-Pesth, under the presidency of the king, the palatine-vice-roy, or the prime-minister. The definite organization of this council shall be settled in the next session.

27. The tribunals shall be maintained in their legal independence, and according to their present system, until further decisions.

28. The ministers have seats in both chambers of the Diet, and are to be heard whenever they think proper.

29. The ministers are to obey the summons of each of the Chambers, and are obliged to give all the information asked of them.

32. The ministers may be impeached:

- A. For any acts or decrees prejudicial to the independence of the country, to her constitutional guaranties, to existing laws, to individual liberty, or to private property, which may have been published by them in their capacity of ministers;
- B. For dereliction of duty, fraud, or misapplication of the money which may be entrusted to them;
- C. For neglect in the execution of the laws, or in the maintenance of the public tranquillity and security, as far as the powers which have been entrusted to them are sufficient.

33. The impeachment of ministers can only be decreed by the absolute majority of the Chamber of Representatives.

* For information on this subject, see the interesting work of Count Valerian Krasinski—entitled "Panslavism and Germanism." London: Newby, 1847.

Slavonia and Croatia shared in these day-dreams of the national ambition of a conquered race, we do not deny; but there was a long step to be accomplished in the task of uniting the many-tongued Slaves of the Hungarian kingdom in that harmonious union of sentiment and feeling which could only be effected by constant intercommunication, and expressed in a common language. Between the Sclovac and Rusniak-Slaves of Carpathia, and the disunited tribes of the south, there was no communication; and in language there were dialectic differences so marked, that each was and is to the other as a foreign tongue. Besides, as we shall presently show, the antagonism of Croatia, or rather of Jellachich's Croats, to the Hungarian government, was an isolated temporary movement—the impulse of an hour, stirred up and excited by the Austrian court. In the wise policy of the Hungarian Diet, they extended to Croatia all the blessings of freedom and of equal laws, which they had given to Hungary in the widest sense of the term. Distinction of races was abolished; the Slave was as free as the Magyar. But the Diet went beyond this. While the old feudal offices of the State were abolished in Hungary, the dignity and power of the Ban of Croatia were preserved. The influence of Croatia in the Diet was increased by giving eighteen instead of three representatives. Croats were called to fill the State employments of Croatia. The use of the Slavonian language of Croatia was guaranteed in the official business of the country; and Hungary undertook to examine all demands which the Croats might otherwise prefer. But Hungary, in her liberality, even went a step beyond justice, and ministered to the religious intolerance of her province, by maintaining the former supremacy and exclusive domination of the Roman Catholic Church. Away, then, with the flimsy mass of argumentative assertion, and the affectations of sympathy expressed by the oligarchical writers, that Jellachich and his barbarian Croats were fighting for the independence of an oppressed nation, against a small but dominant faction.

The reader may remember that, about the time that the emperor-king expressed his assent to the unanimous voice of the nation, despotism seemed prostrate in Vienna. It soon breathed again, and reaction was animated by its respiration. But Austria was not daring enough openly and at once to put down the newly-developed and extended

liberties of Hungary; between the assent of the king to the reforms of the Diet of 1847-48, and the convocation of a new Diet, according to the new suffrage, in the beginning of July, Austria magnanimously set herself to work to stir up a civil war in Hungary, and to excite Croat and Serb against Magyar, that the Imperial power might step in and overthrow the liberties of the Hungarian nation. Louis Gay, a Croat journalist, devoted to Austria, was sent down by the government to Agram, to create an agitation in favor of Austria, and against the Hungarian government; and so faithfully did he discharge his mission, that a military chief was speedily required to head the revolt. A leader was found in the person of Baron Joseph Jellachich, the representative of a family who had rendered considerable military service to the empire, and colonel of a Croat regiment, who was raised to the dignity of the Ban of Croatia, without the consent of the Hungarian ministry.

The character of the Ban has been misrepresented by friend and foe; senseless lavish adulation on the one hand, and unmitigated vituperation on the other, have been poured forth in the journals on both sides. In truth, Jellachich possesses many personal qualities to endear him to friends. A poet, scholar, and wit; a bold chivalrous and generous officer, he was highly popular amongst soldiers;* but on the other hand his devotion to Vienna was a soldier's—he has scanty notions of popular liberty, and he has proved himself by no means scrupulous in the exercise of the right of the sword. Up to this time he has neither displayed genius in strategy, nor in council. In mediæval times the Ban might have been a gallant and adventurous knight for the troubadour's lay or for romance to praise; but he has not yet displayed the powers to found the Slavonic Empire which floats in the teeming imaginations of his injudicious panegyrists. The appointment of Jellachich was Austria's first breach of faith with the Hungarian government. Anxious to avoid all conflict, at a time when internal peace and good will were of so much importance, the government did not protest against this nomination of the Ban, but invited him to put himself in communication with them, in order to fix a day for convoking the General Assembly of Croatia, in which he was to be officially in-

stalled. At the same time, they addressed the population of the military and civil districts of Croatia, to get them to make known their wishes through the medium of special delegates. The Ban elect replied to this friendly invitation by forbidding the Croat magistrates to hold any intercourse whatever with the Hungarian government, and by declaring martial law against those who should make any reference to the legal connection between Hungary and Croatia. The Hungarian ministry called upon the Ban to retract these orders; and the Palatine ordered an inquiry into his conduct. A commissioner was accordingly sent down into Croatia, but his entrance was violently opposed by Jellachich, who boldly declared that he in no way recognized the authority of the Hungarian ministry. On his own authority, and in violence to the constitution, because the act was without the authority of the king, he convoked the General Assembly for the 5th of June. The Croat-Viennese agitators having declared, in the name of the Ban, that the King encouraged the Croat revolt, the Hungarian ministry called upon the sovereign for a formal contradiction of these reports. On the 29th of May, the king, in an autograph letter, forbade Jellachich to convoke an Assembly, and summoned him to Inspruck to confer with the Hungarian government. Jellachich, apparently, having a desire to play the despot on his own account, put the letter aside, and opened the General Assembly, consisting of his own nominees, under the title of the Croato-Sclavo-Dalmatian Diet.* This daring outrage against the central authority of Hungary, produced a strong remonstrance on the part of the Hungarian ministry at the Imperial Court; and the King was forced, on the 10th of June, to issue an ordinance suspending Jellachich from all his functions, civil and military. That this was what, in vulgar parlance, is termed "a sham," is abundantly evident in the succeeding transaction. Jellachich's Assembly was at the same time declared illegal, and a royal commissioner was sent into the country for the purpose of convoking a new Assembly. Jellachich did not submit, but declared that, in consequence of the changes that had occurred in the government of Hungary,

* Jellachich's songs are very popular in the Austrian service, especially his "Garrison's-lied," or garrison song.

* In the month of August, an influential party of the Croat provinces issued a manifesto against this pretended Assembly, and the policy of Jellachich. This important document will be found in the Appendix to Count Tekeli's statement.

Croatia no longer wished to be united to that kingdom, but to the empire of Austria. In the mean time, the partial revolt of Croatia was aided and abetted by a conspiracy against Hungary in the Banat; and in the komitats of Bacs and Szerem, in concert with the Serbs of Serbia.

"The population of these countries," says Count Tekeli, "of the Greek religion, and of the Serb race, took refuge in Hungary at different periods, to escape Turkish oppression. At the time of their settling in the country they obtained the same rights as Hungarians; but the Imperial Government, the enemy of religious liberty, and which at that time persecuted the Hungarian Protestants, did not allow them the free enjoyment of their form of worship. The States of Hungary succeeded, by different efforts, in ameliorating the lot of the members of the Greek church; but it was the Diet of 1848, to which it was granted to diffuse liberty universally, which assured their legitimate rights by pronouncing the perfect equality of all creeds. The Hungarian Government, in order to become acquainted with the further demands that the Greek church might put forward, convoked a meeting of the Greek clergy for the 27th of May, which was to be charged with the investigation of the questions of instruction and religion. The Serbs, grateful for what the Diet had done for them, declared themselves perfectly satisfied, and testified their attachment to the Hungarian people. But, after a little, the influence which had agitated and divided Croatia, commenced to re-act upon them also. Stephen Suplikacz, colonel, like Jellachich, of a frontier regiment, put himself at the head of the Serb movement. Under the pretext of holding a meeting preparatory to that which was to take place on the 27th of May, the Serbs convoked a National Assembly for the 13th, to which a great number of the Ottoman Serbs were called. The Assembly, opened first at Ujvidek, was moved afterwards to Carlowitz.

"The Serbs named patriarch Joseph Rajacsis, Archbishop of Carlowitz, and elected Suplikacz as Vayvode. Putting forward the most illegitimate pretexts, they formed their Vayvodat of the Banat and the military frontiers, with the counties of Bacs, Szerem, and Baranya; thus being the first to violate the rights of nationality which they invoked, inasmuch as a considerable portion of this territory is principally peopled by Hungarians, Wallacks, and Germans. They decreed that the Serb Vayvodat should form an alliance with Croatia, and nominated a permanent committee to govern it. Finally, a deputation was commissioned to make these determinations known to the king.

"The two deputations, the Croat and that of the Serbs, the first under the direction of Jellachich, the second under that of Rajacsis, met at Inspruck. Notwithstanding the murders of Hungarians which had been committed by the Serb insurgents, and in defiance of the royal decree, which a few days before had dismissed Jellachich,

and authorized an indictment against him for high treason, these two deputations were formally received by the King, and the Archduke Francis Charles, his brother. Still the members who composed them were received as private individuals, not as delegates. It was yet impossible to brave Hungary openly. The Croats and the Serbs were also obliged to hear a few words of blame. But, at the same time, and by a contradiction which betrayed it, the court addressed their demands to the Hungarian ministry, in order that they should become the base of new negotiations."

The Croats and Serbs having been favorably received by various members of the royal family at court, it was generally believed in Croatia, that the imperial house of Austria encouraged the insurrections against Hungary. Jellachich, indeed, on the 4th June, wrote to that effect, in a letter addressed to the frontier regiments stationed in Italy. The result was, that the Croat movement displayed itself every day under a more threatening aspect. The murder and pillage committed by the Serbs on the lower Danube, were faintly stated at the time in some of the newspapers; but description can hardly convey an idea of the atrocity of these disciplined marauders. Villages and towns were burned, and the inhabitants put to the sword, with an atrocity only equalled in the most barbarous times. The Hungarian government had only at its disposal a few troops hastily assembled, and for the most part foreign or national guards, badly equipped, and most of them not armed at all; for the Hungarian troops of the line were then distributed through the different provinces of Austria. The continued refusal of the Imperial court to send back these troops to the country, is additional evidence that the court party favored the Croato-Serbian rebellion, and its atrocities. The Hungarian government, therefore, resorted to the creation of new battalions.

As the Servian insurgents continued to push forward their cause in the name of the Emperor-King, the Hungarian ministers requested his majesty to come in person to Pesth, on the occasion of the approaching opening of the Diet, in order, by his presence, to give a positive contradiction to the enemies of Hungary. But the invitation had no effect. They also requested the Archduke John to address himself directly to the Croats, declaring that the king disapproved and disavowed all insurrection; but with no better success.

On the 2nd of July, the new National As-

sembly of Hungary, founded for the first time on the real suffrage of the nation, was opened at Pesth. At the opening of the session, in the king's speech, pronounced in his name by the Palatine, the king expressed his unalterable determination to maintain the integrity of the kingdom of Hungary, and of her laws, particularly those that he had sanctioned in the last Diet at Presburg. He stigmatized as revolts and as hostile to these laws, the Serb and Croat movements, and declared that all the members of the Imperial dynasty participated in his determination. The Diet sent a deputation to beg the king to come to Pesth, to prove to the insurgent population that he spoke sincerely, but his majesty declined to do so.

At last the Austrian ministry, in a communication to the Hungarian ministry, dated the 29th of June, declared that it was about to put an end to the neutrality it had observed hitherto, and to support Croatia openly. Hungary then began to see that the cause of national independence and integrity must be defended by arms.

The Diet accordingly decreed a levy to increase the army to the number of 200,000 troops, and opened the credit this measure required. Two laws were passed to this effect: one as to the enlistment, the other as to the issue of bank-notes to cover the deficits. The two enactments were presented for the royal sanction by the prime minister and the minister of justice. A long period having elapsed without reply, and the position of affairs on the frontier being every day more critical, the Diet sent a deputation to the king, demanding the sanction of those laws which were requisite to save the country, the recall of the Hungarian troops, and that the foreign troops appointed to defend Hungary should be ordered to discharge their duty faithfully. Lastly, they again requested the king to come into his kingdom, to restore peace and order.

The deputation received an evasive reply. But at the same time, and while the two ministers were at Vienna, the king, without acquainting them, dispatched, on the 31st of August, a letter to the Palatine, directing him to send several members of the Hungarian ministry to Vienna, to concert measures with the Austrian ministry, to consolidate and ensure the unity of the government of the monarchy, and to open negotiations with the Croats, in order to conciliate their interests with those of Hungary. The king declared it as an indispensable preliminary condition of any such arrangements, that Jel-

lachich should take a part in the conferences, and that all preparations for war should cease on both sides. Finally, in this same document, a communication was made to the Hungarian ministry, of a note from the Austrian government, on the subject of the relations to be established between Austria and Hungary. It was stated in it, that the provisions of the law of 1848, by which the Archduke Palatine had been appointed depository of the royal authority, and chief of the executive power in the absence of the king, and by which a responsible ministry had been conceded to Hungary, detaching from the central government of Vienna the administration of war, finance, and commerce, were contrary to the Pragmatic Sanction, opposed to the legal relations between Austria and Hungary, and detrimental alike to the interests of Hungary and Austria. These concessions were declared illegal and of none effect, under the pretext that they had not been consented to by the responsible Austrian ministry; and although they had been sanctioned by the royal word on the 11th of April, and again formally recognized in the speech from the throne on the 2nd of July, it was announced that these laws were to be considerably modified, in order that a central power might be established in Vienna. On the 4th of September the Austrian ministry made the Emperor-King withdraw the decree which suspended Jellachich from all his dignities, as a person accused of high treason, on the ground that all the accusations against the Ban were false, and that he had exhibited an unflinching fidelity to the house of Austria.* Jellachich was reinstated in all his offices, although he was actually encamped with his army on the frontiers of Hungary, ready to invade her. The Hungarian ministry thereupon resigned, and the Diet decided, that the two laws presented in vain for the royal consent, should be put in force provisionally.† At the same time the Count Louis Bathyanyi, president of the ministry

* If true the plea, what a pleasant notion it gives one of Austrian justice! In olden times there was a rude kind of tribunal on the Scottish border, which executed what was called "Jeddart justice"—the offender was suspended by a halter to the first convenient tree, and tried at leisure.

† A deputation was also sent to the National Assembly of Austria, to propose that the two countries should mutually guaranty to each other their constitution and independence, and to declare that Hungary was ready to negotiate for the common interests of Austria and Hungary, upon a footing of liberty and justice. But the Diet did not receive the deputation.

which had just resigned, having received the orders of the Palatine to form a new ministry, was charged with the legal government of the country, and he accepted the trust on condition that Jellachich should be ordered to retire beyond the Hungarian boundary. The king parried the condition by demanding the list of the ministry before he replied to the demand; and the cunning of his fence was manifest, for Jellachich passed the Drave, with his Croat and Austrian regiments, and advanced to the lake Balaton. The Diet then gave the command of the Hungarian forces to the Palatine, as Captain General of the country, who joined the army then retiring towards Buda-Pesth. But after attempting to effect an arrangement, which failed by Jellachich breaking his appointment, he quitted the camp, passed through Buda to Vienna, and forwarded his resignation to the Hungarians! At the same time, the Court intimated to Bathyanyi that his ministry was not accepted, and that the Baron Nicholas Vay had been called on to form a ministry. On the 25th of September a royal ordinance, without the signature of any minister, placed all the troops stationed in Hungary under the command-in-chief of the Count Lamberg. But the Diet were not dispirited; two days after the publication of the ordinance, they declared that the appointment was illegal under sect. 3 of the third article of the constitution of 1848; and they called upon the authorities, the citizens, the army, and Count Lamberg himself, to obey the decree under pain of high treason. They finally resolved to oppose the violence of Austria and her rebel allies by force.

"To oppose the danger, the Diet appealed to the heroism of the nation. The people rose en masse; defenders of their country flocked from all quarters; their ranks swelled from day to day, from hour to hour. The Hungarian regiments of the line, until then shaken by the intrigues of the reactionary party, were carried away by the universal enthusiasm. The resistance was organized with surprising rapidity under the impulse of the Diet, collecting all its energies. It was in consequence of this unanimous excitement, occasioned by so many treacheries, that the Count Francis Lamberg, who had braved the decree issued against him, unfortunately fell a victim to an unjustifiable attack. His death, however, should be considered as a fact by itself; for the Diet having understood its duties, and having ordered the murderers to be brought to trial, the public peace and security have not been again disturbed in the capital of Hungary."

On the 29th of September a decisive bat-

tle was fought within twelve miles of Buda, and the Austro-Croat rebels were defeated. Jellachich obtained an armistice and fled; and the rear-guard, 10,000 strong, which was marching to his aid, fell into the hands of the Hungarians, with Generals Roth and Philippovits. Jellachich, pursued by the Hungarians, took refuge in the Austrian territory.

The next step of the Court was to nominate Count Adam Recsey as president of the Hungarian ministry, to dissolve the Hungarian Diet, annul its decrees, and to appoint Jellachich royal commissioner of the executive power in Hungary, with the command-in-chief of all the Hungarian troops. The country was also declared under martial law. Jellachich announced his appointment to all the military authorities, to all the commanders of corps, as well as to the chief of the Serb revolt, Joseph Rajacsis, and directed that all the troops that could be spared should be sent towards Buda-Pesth. Taking their stand upon the constitution, the Diet declared the self-styled royal ordinance, which invested Jellachich with the executive power, null and void; and the measures that accompanied this ordinance illegal and unconstitutional both in form and substance. The Diet further decided that it would continue its sittings, and would persist in the fulfilment of its duties. It declared Joseph Jellachich, and all those who aided him, traitors to their country; and decreed that Adam Recsey, guilty of having countersigned an illegal ordinance, should be brought to trial, in accordance with the constitution. Finally, in the absence of a ministry, the country not being able to remain without a government, the executive power was entrusted to a committee of defense, which had been previously formed to assist the administration of Louis Bathyanyi, and which from that time was invested with the extraordinary power that circumstances might render necessary. Louis Kossuth, representative of the people, and until then Minister of Finance, was named president of this committee.

In this position of affairs, Jellachich retired to Vienna, and was there joined by the Austrian regiments stationed in Hungary. On the western frontier Suplikacz simultaneously occupied the Serb country in the name of the emperor; Colonel Meyerhofer attacked Hungary on the side of Syerem; Colonel Blomberg invaded the Banat, and General Simovich the Gallician frontier. Count Latour, the minister of war, having directed Baron Puckner to send all the battalions at his disposi-

tion and a regiment of Austrian cavalry to Grand Varadin, the memorable insurrection of the 6th of October broke out at Vienna, and for a time suspended the war in Hungary. It may be recollected that the first collision occurred in the effort to prevent the departure of the troops to Hungary. Jellachich crossed the Austrian frontier at Bruck on the Sth, and advanced with his troops on the capital, and subsequently united with Auersperg and Windischgratz in crushing the movement of freedom in Vienna. The terrible atrocities committed by Jellachich's Croats on the devoted city are unparalleled in modern warfare. Had the Hungarians at once marched against him, the fortune of war might have been changed; but the Hungarian army was not then freed from the destructive influence of the Austrian *camarilla*. After the terrible bombardment of Vienna, in the latter days of October, a partial agreement for surrender was made; when on the 30th the Hungarians were observed from the tower of St. Stephen's attacking the besieging army. For a moment there was a brave rally; but avarice, indecision, and timid counsels had done their work; the true-hearted and the brave had now only to fight like men for whom there was no hope of mercy—they died as soldiers, good men and true; and Vienna became the prey of the brutal force of the Imperial arms.

Meanwhile, the noble Hungarians were watering the plain with their life's blood. The eloquence and energy of Kossuth had collected a considerable body of troops. "It is an eternal law of God," said he, in one of his grand proclamations, "that whoso'er abandoneth himself will be forsaken by the Lord. It is an eternal law that whosoever assisteth himself, him will the Lord assist. It is a divine law that false swearing by its results chastiseth itself. It is a law of our Lord's that whosoever availeth himself of perjury and injustice, prepareth himself the triumph of justice. Standing firm on these eternal laws of the universe, I swear that my prophecy will be fulfilled—it is, that the *freedom* of Hungary will be effected by this invasion of Hungary by Jellachich." And he thus invoked the patriotism of the nation: "Between Vezprim and Weissenburg the women shall dig a deep grave, in which we will bury the name, the honor, the nation of Hungary, or our enemies. And on this grave shall stand a monument, inscribed with a record of our shame, 'So God punishes cowardice:' or we will plant on it the tree

of freedom, eternally green, from out of whose foliage shall be heard the voice of God speaking, as from the fiery bush to Moses, 'The spot on which thou standest is holy ground; thus do I reward the brave. To the Magyars freedom, renown, well-being, and happiness.'" This noble invocation was nobly answered by the patriot citizens, who hastened to the field.

Although the Diet in the month of July had voted an enlistment of 200,000 men, up to this point the levy and equipment had proceeded but slowly. Of the 40,000 regular troops in Hungary, about 24,000 had declared for the nation. By the 24th of November Kossuth had, however, collected 12,000 regulars, and 8,000 of the Honved or national force, to march against Jellachich in the direction of Vienna. The regulars, by the departure of officers, were inefficiently led, and the Honved recruits and volunteers were badly armed, many of them only with scythes. The force was subsequently increased to 50,000 infantry, with 54 cannon and 1,200 hussars. It was in the interval of this increase that the hopes and fears of the beleaguered Viennese were so painfully excited. With this force the Hungarians marched on the plains of Vienna, where were opposed to them the united armies of Auersperg, Jellachich, and Windischgratz, amounting to 120,000 splendid infantry, four heavy calvary regiments, and a park of 272 heavy cannon. Fearful odds these; but strong in the might of a just cause, the Hungarians boldly met the foe in the battle of Schwachat, on the 30th of October. Their right wing gallantly carried the village of Mannswerth with the bayonet; but being exposed to a murderous cross-fire from the forts of Schwachat, and disappointed of aid from a Viennese sally, they were compelled to retreat, leaving 6,000 dead on the field. In that battle many noble deeds of personal courage were performed. The scythe-men armed themselves with the muskets of the slain. A gallant countryman of ours, Captain Guyon, who led a Honved battalion of scythe-men, received his rank of colonel on the field. The Hungarians finally retreated, in tolerable order, through Bruck and Raab to Buda-Pesth.

The defeat of Schwachat did not dispirit the Hungarians. The enlistment and equipment of the Honveds proceeded, under the extraordinary energy of Kossuth, with marvellous rapidity. The anvils of the towns rang with the clang of the arms which their artisans forged by night and day, and the

bells of the churches were cast into cannon. Everywhere did the local committees of defense promote the work of recruitment. The nobles mortgaged their properties, to aid the patriotic movement with money; and heading their dependants, brought whole battalions and regiments into the field. Even women, casting aside the vestments of their sex, took arms as soldiers. It was a great and generous movement.*

By the end of December about sixty battalions of from 1,200 to 1,500 men each, were equipped, officered by the magnates, and men from foreign services; but merit always received foremost recognition. The humblest men who manifested talent for leadership were sure of promotion.† The Honved battalions are now considerably upwards of two hundred. Buda-Pesth was the centre of these movements up to the close of December; but at that time the united force of Jellachich and Windischgratz, amounting to 110,000 men, made their advance on the capital, on both sides of the Danube. Kossuth, to oppose them, erected barricades throughout the route by which they must approach the capital; but this effort, which was attended with vast labor, was defeated by a severe frost, which enabled the Austrians to avoid these formidable obstructions by crossing the frozen marshes on each side. The Hungarians wisely avoided the risk of a battle on a plain, at that time; and in the beginning of January in the present year, they abandoned the capital and fell back westwards, to the more important strategetic position of Debreczin, on the eastern side of the Thiess. They, however, left a strong garrison in the commanding fortress of Komorn, by which they retained a hold on the communication of the Danube. Debreczin now became the provisional seat of government. The army was divided thus. Under the command of the heroic Arthur Gorgey—a young man who in

the previous year was but sub-lieutenant of his regiment—60,000 men with 100 cannon held the plains between the Danube and the Thiess. The centre at Szolnok operated thence along the only road which leads from Pesth into the plains of the Thiess through Abany. A second corps extended on the right wing covering the passage over the Thiess, in the famous vintage district of Tokay; and it thus kept up the communication with Gallicia, whence important auxiliaries in men and money were drawn. To them were opposed the corps of General Schlick. The third division of the army stationed in Hungary proper, covered the passages lower down the Thiess near Keks-kemet, to check the advance of Jellachich.

To cover the rear, General Bem was sent into Transylvania at the head of from 15,000 to 20,000 men. The brilliant career of this general, not only in subduing the hostile elements of the country, but in annihilating the Russian auxiliaries, deserves a word or two of personal detail. Bem has been too conspicuous in the battles of freedom to escape the calumny of despotic pens. His career has been eventful and glorious. Of a noble Gallician family, he first saw service as a lieutenant under Davoust and Macdonald, in the French expedition against Russia. On the reorganization of the Polish army, his military talents secured him a military professorship, but his independent spirit and his bold utterance of free opinions, subjected him to long imprisonment and even to torture. In the Polish Revolution his great skill as an artillery officer gained him the command of that branch of the service. Up to a recent period he has lived in retirement in France and England, devoted to scientific pursuits. He was on his return to his native land when the command of the National Guard of Vienna was conferred on him, which he held with honor up to the surrender of the city. A price being put upon his head, he escaped to Pesth; and Kossuth and the war committee gladly availed themselves of his military genius, since so amply displayed in the fields of Transylvania. Bem's greatness and gallantry as a soldier are not more remarkable than his humanity as a man. Despite the vile calumnies of the insatiate libellers of freedom in the German and English press, he has in no single instance abused the fortune of war, but has been generous to excess in forbearance. Indeed, throughout the war, the whole conduct of the Hungarians towards their prisoners has been chivalrous, and offers a noble contrast to the cold-blooded

* The Hungarian correspondent of the *Daily News*, to whom we are indebted for some of these details, states, that in a band of 140 prisoners, subsequently captured by the Austrians, sixteen were women. He adds, that "a countess, who is living in the midst of the Austrians, and not unseldom seen at court, has equipped for war all her tenants capable of bearing arms, and completed a regiment of 1,300 hussars, who are commanded by her sister in person."

† What a fine opportunity for those ardent spirits who have sought military enterprise in the fields of Portugal and Spain, to do the cause of liberty a service. Good artillery officers are eagerly sought after by the Hungarians.

fusillades on defenseless men, and the scourings of delicate women, of the Austrians.

To return to our general view of the strategical divisions of the Hungarian army, we find further south a strong force in the direction of the Banat, to check the Serbians. From the left wing of the Hungarian centre, 17,000 men under Perczel acted in the direction of Styria and Croatia. Another corps of 18,000 were sent under Blagowic and Casimir Bathyany in the direction of Slavonia and Sirmia. Lastly, 15,000 men under the command of Colonel Kiss, were dispatched against the great centre of the Serb revolt, the fortress of St. Thomas. This outline chart of the division of the army may perhaps aid the reader in following out the details of the brilliant movements chronicled by the newspapers during the last two or three months—movements which have given Hungary possession of Transylvania, with a great additional strength to the army, the Banat, and many strong and important fortresses in that quarter; which have enabled her to beat back the Ban from Kekskemet, and enabled the defensive force to unite with Gorgey. In the north, a series of successes has established the Hungarian position. But we cannot describe the movements in detail, for they would fill a volume; nor can we speak of the well-fought fields of Kapolna, and Gyön gyös, nor of Hatvar, nor of the crowning success in the storming of Waitzen. On the 21st of May, the victorious Hungarians captured and re-entered Buda. Three words, in imitation of the three-worded dispatch of Cæsar, "Hurrah! Buda! Gorgey!" announced the victory. And so falls the curtain on Austrian chivalry, to rise again when the energies of the Hungarian nation are called to defend their country from the inroads of the Czar and his hosts.

We have travelled far in the field of Hungarian history, and led the reader through many stirring and changeful scenes. Let us hope that we have contributed to promote a

juster knowledge of the merits of the Hungarian war—a struggle not only for the preservation of venerable institutions, but one in which are involved the personal liberties of nine millions of men.

"Now let us be judged!" says Count Tekeli, in the eloquent and masterly statement he has published in the name of his country, "we are a free and independent people; we are restored to our original liberty by the violation of the charter which united us to the Austrian dynasty, and we rebel by force of arms the foreigner who attempts to enslave us. Our crime is having unfurled the flag of liberty and progress in the east of Europe. It is to punish us for this, and overturn what we have built up, that several armies at a time are directed against us. As conquerors our object will be for the future, as the advance-guard of civilization, to defend the principles we have rescued—as conquered, for expiation, we shall leave to Europe the pain of seeing the people retrograding towards the darkness of the past; and Russian absolutism, which every day extends its bounds, raise itself above our ruins, in order subsequently to overthrow liberty in the west. For it is only in passing over us, that the Cossacks will fulfil the prophecy of Napoleon. This thought animates us as we descend into the array of battle. We feel that we are, for a portion of the world, the champions of liberty; that all that is noble and generous ought to fight with us. Our national history tells us what blood our fathers have heretofore shed for the safety of Europe. We are prepared for the same sacrifices, and we glory in seeing our country, now as then, serving the cause of civilization, even by her suffering. Confident in the sanctity of our cause, we accept the war that is declared against us, which we have not provoked. May Providence decide the victory!"

What will be the final result of this great battle of liberty, it is not within the narrow bounds of human power to estimate. But it is evident that we are approaching one of the alternative political results predicted by Napoleon—republican institutions, or the dominion of the Cossack.

From the Quarterly Review.

LYELL'S SECOND VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES.

A Second Visit to the United States, in the years 1845-6. By Sir CHARLES LYELL.
2 vols. 1849.

[The liberal and candid tone of the following article is in such striking contrast with that which has hitherto usually characterized Tory criticisms upon our national character and customs, as to be quite worthy of note.—*Ed.*]

THIS is very pleasant and at the same time very instructive reading. Sir Charles Lyell ranges with great ease, liveliness, and rapidity over an infinite variety of subjects, religious, scientific, political, social—from the most profound inquiries into the structure of the immense continent of North America, and the institutions, the resources, the destiny of the mighty nation which is spreading over it with such unexampled activity, down to the lightest touches of transatlantic character and manners. Now we are discussing the grooves and indentations which the icebergs have left, as they grated over the rocks, when great part of Canada and the United States formed the bottom of an unfathomed ocean; we are taking measure of the enormous coal-fields, as large as most European kingdoms, which promise to be the wealth and strength of this great federation; or we are calculating the thousands of years before man became an inhabitant of our planet, when the Mississippi began to accumulate its delta. We are now amusing ourselves among the every-day topics of American steamboats and railroads, with incidental anecdotes of the language, habits, modes of feeling in the various races and classes or conditions of American citizens; we may almost see the growth of cities springing into existence, we trust under happier auspices, as in a more genial clime, but hardly less rapidly, than that which Milton describes as "rising like an exhalation." We are discussing the exhausted Oregon question, the inexhaustible Slavery question; even to the Millerites, a set of fanatical impostors and dupes, who sat up in their winding-sheets, or in more becoming white robes, awaiting, on the night of October 23, 1844, the dissolution of this world and all its geology.

Sir Charles Lyell's present volumes will command the interest of the ordinary reader in a much higher degree than his former valuable tour, which we can take some shame to ourselves for not having reviewed in this Journal.* Not only do the author's peculiar pursuits occupy in proportion much less space, but the scientific part, without being condescendingly popular, from his perfect mastery of his topics and the lively perspicuity of his style, has the rare merit of making the most abstruse discussions intelligible, we cannot but think even attractive, if not to the absolutely uninitiate, to those who have but slight elementary acquaintance with this new philosophy. If on the other grave questions with which Sir Charles Lyell, in the strong curiosity of an active and ardent mind, delights to grapple, his judgments do not always obtain our assent, they command our respect for their honesty, calmness, and moderation. If from the natural bias of his mind, predisposed and kindled by the wonderful revelations of his own science to the utmost speculative freedom and boldness, from gratitude for the more than generous hospitality which he everywhere met with, from the honor paid to his philosophical pursuits, the universal acceptance which he encountered in all parts of the land, he is inclined to take a favorable view of American institutions and American life—to look forward with sanguine hope to the future of this great unprecedented experiment in political society; there is, nevertheless, no blind flattery, no courteous reticence of that which is socially dangerous or disagreeable, if not worse, in

* The former tour was made in 1841-2, and the account of it (2 vols.) published in 1845. This ought to be at hand while one reads the new book.

the result of those institutions or in the prevailing character of that life. The work may at once enlighten and render us more just and fair on our side of the Atlantic; on the other side, by the strong predominance of good will, by the total absence of acrimony, though now and then there is a touch of sly, perhaps involuntary satire, (in some of the quiet anecdotes there is a singular force and poignancy,) it may afford matter for serious reflection to the thoughtful and dispassionate, and force or win some to sober thought who are in danger of surrendering themselves to the unsafe guidance of passion, jealousy, or national vanity. We cannot but hail with satisfaction anything which may tend to promote the mutual harmony and good will of the great Anglo-Saxon race, on whom, at present at least, seems to depend the cause of order, civilization, and religion.

We write with fear and trembling when, amid this universal breaking up of the fountains of human affairs, we dwell on the stability of any political institutions. The Almighty might seem to have written on the crystal arch of the all-seen heavens, or rather on the crumbling walls of earthly palaces, for all mankind to read, the simple Apostolic axiom, "Be not high-minded, but fear." It is in no spirit of boasting, therefore, but in humble gratitude to the Supreme Disposer of all things, that we refuse to close our eyes upon this inevitable fact. So far as the world as yet has shown—partly, perhaps, from some innate national idiosyncrasy, but far more from its slow and gradual training, its widely ramified and universal scheme of self-government, the growth of its laws and polity out of its character, the strengthening of its character in congeniality and in attachment to its laws and polity—the Anglo-Saxon race alone seems gifted with the power of building up for duration free institutions in the two majestic forms of an ancient constitutional monarchy and of a new federal republic. To each its station has manifestly been appointed by irrepealable laws, and by the force of uncontrollable circumstances. England, in the nature of things, could no more have become—could no more become—a flourishing republic, than America could have started as a dignified monarchy. England could no more, with safety, without endangering all that is her pride, her glory, and her strength, even her existence—without hazarding her wealth, her culture, her place among the nations—break with the

Past, sweep away her throne, her aristocracy, and her church; dismantle her Windsor, demolish her Alnwicks, and Chatsworths, and Belvoirs, and Blenheims, and Hatfields; break up her cathedrals into congregational churches—than America, when the inevitable day of her independence was come, could have vested her presidency in an hereditary line of sovereigns, or attempted to create an aristocracy without descent, wealth, traditionary names, or those great professional fortunes and distinctions, or fortunes and distinctions from public services, which are the popular element constantly renewing our aristocracy. This subject—"this great much injured name"—the aristocracy of England, with its influence, we have long wished to see treated with the fullness, the freedom, the philosophic impartiality of M. de Tocqueville's celebrated work on the Democracy of America; but we confess that among the most profound, as among the more empiric or ignorant continental writers, including among the former M. de Tocqueville himself—even among the most enlightened Americans—there seems so complete an incapacity of comprehending its real nature and bearings, that we almost despair of the fulfilment of our earnest desire. Yet, so long as such a work is wanting—a work developing and illustrating worthily the profound and real meaning of a phrase which with most writers conveys but a vulgar and utterly erroneous reproach—we take the freedom to say that no political writer can judge, with the least justice, the absolute necessity of our present institutions to our political and social well-being; nay, the *fact*, that while the slow, and gradual, and inevitable expansion of those institutions in their own spirit and in their own principles is their one safeguard, a revolution which would shatter them to the earth would, in Europe at least, throw back for ages the civilization, the order, the social happiness of mankind. We might then seek in far western realms old English institutions under totally different circumstances, growing out into the laws and usages of orderly and of happy republics; we might find our laws, our language, our letters renewing their youth under new social forms. As we may now, we might perhaps for centuries contrast North America with South America—the grave legislative assemblies of New York or Pennsylvania with the lawless bands in Monte Video or Paraguay, which rise one day to power and have disappeared the next—the great system of

education established in Massachusetts, where the whole community cheerfully submits to a very heavy taxation to secure the intellectual and religious advancement of every order, even the lowest of the citizens, with the anarchy of Peru and Mexico, where to judge from some recent travellers, (Mr. Ruxton in Mexico, or Dr. Von Tehudi in Peru,) the land would hardly lose in peacefulness, or in intelligence and cultivation, if it were resumed by the Indian tribes. We might with deep and reverential sorrow acknowledge the truth of Bishop Berkeley's famous prophecy as to the western course of empire and civilization—a prophecy which we will not believe so long as our throne and our three estates maintain their ancient authority.

Enough, perhaps too much of this; more especially since, while we attend our accomplished traveller in his wanderings over almost the whole continent of North America, we shall be perpetually reminded at once of those points of kindred and sympathy which arise out of our common descent—of the contrasts and differences which spring from the different forms taken by institutions primarily of the same origin, but developed under different auspices—when we shall behold the strange, striking, and amusing juxtaposition of the European life of Boston or New York, with the savage squattings in the far West; the inflexible law, which the sovereign people, even while we write, are vindicating against a furious mob by the right royal argument of files of soldiers and discharges of musket-balls—to the law of Judge Lynch, which the Borderers assured Sir Charles he would duly respect as his best, his necessary protection, if he were to settle among themselves. This consummation, indeed, they seemed to consider the necessary consequence, as it could be the sole object, of travelling so far westward.

Sir C. Lyell left England as far back as Sept. 4, 1845, in one of those magnificent steam-ships which have, as it were, bridged the Atlantic; and have brought Halifax, and even Boston, almost as much within the reach of London as Dublin was in the earlier part of this century. We have heard a retired Home Secretary of the old school say, that in his active days, between the transmission of a dispatch and an answer received from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, owing to adverse winds on both sides of the channel, several weeks had been known to elapse. The average passage to

Boston is now fourteen days. Here is something still more startling:

"In September, 1848, one of my London friends sent a message by telegraph to Liverpool, which reached Boston by mail-steamer *via* Halifax in twelve days, and was sent on immediately by electric telegraph to New Orleans in one day, the answer returning to Boston the day after. Three days were then lost in waiting for the steam-packet, which conveyed the message back to England in twelve days, so that the reply reached London on the twenty-ninth day from the sending of the question; the whole distance being more than 10,000 miles, which had been traversed at an average rate exceeding 350 miles a day."—vol. i. p. 244.

Another singular contrast suggests itself to Sir Charles; his noble vessel, the *Britannia*, was of 1200 tons burden; the first discoverers of America committed themselves to the unknown ocean in barks, one not above 15, Frobisher in two vessels of 20 or 25 tons; Sir Humphrey Gilbert in one of 10 tons only. Sir Charles had the great good fortune—a good fortune which can only be duly appreciated by those who know how important a part the glacier theory fills in modern geology—to behold, and at safe distance, one of those gigantic icebergs which warp slowly down the Atlantic: he could judge, to a certain extent by ocular demonstration, how far those mighty masses, "voyaging in the greatness of their strength," might achieve all the wonders now assigned to them—the transport of enormous boulders, the furrowing of the hardest rocks, the transplantation of the seeds of arctic or antarctic vegetation. On his return home he had the advantage of a nearer view, and detected a huge iceberg, the base of which towards the steamer covered 600 feet, actually conveying two pieces of rock, not indeed of any very great dimensions, to be deposited somewhere at the bottom of the sea, a long way to the south. Yet, after all, modern philosophers are prudent and unenthusiastic compared to those of old. He who

—"ardentem frigidus Ætnam
Insiluit,"

is said to have been urged to his awful leap, either by the desire of knowing more, or despair at his knowing nothing, of the causes of volcanic action. We do not read of Sir Charles Lyell, nor do we hear of any other more self-devoted geologist, desiring to be left, as some melancholy bears sometimes are, on one of these majestically-moving and

tardily-melting islands, as on an exploring voyage to test the powers and follow out the slow workings of these great geological agents.

Sir Charles was no stranger in Boston—though Boston, from its great improvement in handsome buildings during but three years, was in some degree new to him. Before his first journey to the United States an invitation to read a course of lectures in that city had happily fallen in with his own desire to explore the geology of North America. One of those munificent donations for the promotion of intellectual culture, to their honor now becoming of frequent occurrence—particularly in the Northern States—had excited the laudable ambition of the conductors of the “Lowell Institute” to obtain aid from some of the most distinguished philosophers in Europe; and if we may judge from the eager curiosity, as well as from the intelligent behavior of the audiences which assembled to hear the author of the “Principles of Geology,” this munificence is not wasted on an ungrateful soil. “The tickets were given gratuitously to the number of 4500. The class usually attending amounted to above 3000. It was necessary, therefore, to divide them into two classes, and to repeat in the evening the lecture of the morning. Among my hearers were persons of both sexes, of every station in society—from the most affluent and eminent in the various learned professions, to the humblest mechanics—all well-dressed, and observing the utmost decorum.” (*First Tour*, vol. i. p. 108.) The scientific traveller, indeed, enjoys peculiar advantages. Throughout the civilized world he is welcomed at once by persons of kindred minds and congenial pursuits—these being in Europe sometimes of the highest rank and position—everywhere of superior education and intelligence. The man of science may be but a man of science—his entire mind narrowed to one study—his conversation on one subject; the whole talk of a zoologist may be of Mammalia and Mollusks—of Ornithorhynchi Paradoxi and the last of the Dodos; the botanist may be but a “culler of simples;” even the geologist may have such a mole-like vision for that which is under the earth as to see nothing upon it—he may seem to despise everything not pre-Adamitic—his vocabulary may not go beyond greywacke, eocene and miocene, ichthyosauri and plesiosauri. But these are the rare exceptions—the hermits and devotees of an exclusive study. Far more usually men of science are not merely under the

strong desire, almost the necessity, of extending their knowledge to kindred branches of natural philosophy; but they are likewise men of keen observation, quickened intelligence, extensive information on all general subjects. It must be of inestimable use to the traveller to be thrown at once under the guidance of such persons; instead of being entirely dependent, at best, on chance letters of introduction, on the casual acquaintance of the steamboat, the railway-carriage, or the table d'hôte, (though, of course, much that is amusing and characteristic may be gleaned by the clever and communicative tourist from these sources, and, well weighed and winnowed, may assist in judgments on graver subjects)—or, last and worst of all, on the professional guide or lacquey-de-place. Nor is it only in cities like Boston, in meetings held in that capital of American geologists, that Sir Charles Lyell finds a zealous interest in his own inquiries, as well as society calculated to give him sound views on the state and prospects of the country. It is remarkable that in the most remote and untravelled quarters of the spacious land—on the edge of the wilderness—even within the primeval forest, where men have just hewn themselves out room for a few dwellings—he encounters persons familiar with his own works, who are delighted to accompany him on his expeditions, and to make an honorable exchange of their own local observations for the more profound and comprehensive theories, the larger and universal knowledge, of a great European master of the science. Of course, now and then, he will fall in with admirers of his science rather solicitous to turn it to practical than to philosophical advantage—men who would not be sorry to have the name of the famous geologist as at least encouraging the hope of finding coal or valuable minerals on certain lands, the value of which would rise thereby in the market with the rapidity once possessed by railway shares. A geological Dousterswivel would find plenty of victims—or Face would be content to agree with Subtle for a full share in the vast profits of such “smart” transactions. We have heard of advances of this kind, only prevented from becoming more explicit, only crushed in the bud, by certain unmistakable signs of impracticability, of an unapproachable dignity of honor and honesty, which even awed such men. But—besides and beyond the facilities thus afforded to Sir C. Lyell for his more complete geological survey of the land—our knowledge of the intimate footing on which

he stood with the intellectual aristocracy of United States, his opportunities, of which he seems constantly to have availed himself, of gathering information from those most trustworthy authorities, gives far greater weight to his statements on these more general subjects. We are hearing through him educated and accomplished Americans speaking of themselves and of their own country; while at the same time the pursuits of the geologist, leading him almost over the whole vast area of the United States, to its wildest and most untravelled regions, are constantly setting him down in the strangest quarters, bringing him into contact with every gradation of wild as well as of civilized life. He is among abolitionists and slaveholders—people of color, and of every shade and hue of color; he is lodging in a splendid hotel or in a log-hut; travelling smoothly in well-appointed railroad carriages, in splendid floating hotels on the great rivers, or jolting over corduroy roads in cars or in stage-coaches, which might seem to be making their own road as they proceed; on Sundays he is listening to Dr. Channing—to Dr. Hawkes or some other of our eloquent Episcopalian divines—or to a black Baptist preacher, himself the only white man in a large congregation.

We return to our traveller at Boston—admonishing the reader that we are about to dwell far more on these general topics than on the author's scientific inquiries. To geologists his work will not want our commendation: his name, and if more than his name were wanting, his former volumes, his masterly account of Niagara, his description of the organic remains discovered in various parts of the continent, as well as his other papers on the geology of the New World, will at once command their attention. Our first impression, not only at Boston, but throughout the extensive journeys on which we accompany Sir Charles Lyell, is that we are travelling in a transatlantic England; yet we can never forget that it is transatlantic: the points of resemblance and dissimilitude—of kindred, and of departure from the original stock—of national sympathies and national peculiarities—are equally striking; and give at once the interest of that which is native and familiar, and the freshness of a strange and untrodden land. "It is an agreeable novelty to a naturalist to combine the speed of a railway and the luxury of good inns with the sight of a native forest; the advantages of civilization with the beauty of unreclaimed nature—no hedges, few ploughed fields, the wild plants, trees, birds, and animals undis-

turbed." This is a slight and casual illustration of our travelling in a transatlantic England. But the affinity and the difference extend much further. England is circumscribed within two comparatively small islands—the United States stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the St. Lawrence to the Bay of Mexico. England, with colonies and dependencies almost as vast as America itself, but distant, scattered over remote regions, in every continent—America, swallowing up, as if already not spacious enough, bordering territory, but those territories only divided by mountain ranges or uncultivated provinces; England, therefore, with an excessive population pent within her narrow pale, is finding a vent only at great cost and with great difficulty, and is ever threatened by explosion from its accumulation in crowded quarters—America is spreading freely, and year after year adding almost new States to her Union; making highways of rivers which but a short time before were rarely broken by the canoe of the Indian, but are now daily and nightly foaming up before the prow and the paddles of the huge steamboat; exemplifying Cooper's famous sentence, quoted by Sir Charles Lyell, that Heaven itself would have no charm for the backwoodsman if he heard of any place farther west. England proper has long completely amalgamated her earlier races—the Briton, the Saxon, the Dane, and the Norman for centuries have been merged undistinguishably into the Englishman; we may say nearly the same as to Scotland; yet England has her Celtic population in Ireland—either from her impolitic and haughty exclusiveness, or the stubborn aversion on the other part, or what may almost seem a natural and inextinguishable oppugnancy, a mutual repulsion—still lying on the outside of her higher civilization, a separate, unmingling nation. America has not the less dangerous black races, apparently repelled by a more indelible aversion, in a state of actual slavery—of which we wish that we could foresee some safe and speedy termination. England from her remote youth has slowly and gradually built up her history, her laws, her constitution, her cities, her wealth, her arts, her letters, her commerce, her conquests:—America, in some respects born old, is starting at the point where most nations terminate, with all the elements of European civilization, to be employed, quickened it may be, and sharpened by her own busy acuteness and restless activity; with a complete literature, in which it might almost seem impossible to find

place for any great genius, should such arise among our American sons, in its highest branches—at least of poetry and inventive fiction; with English books in every cottage; with the English Bible the book of her religion. She is receiving with every packet all the products of our mind—and we must not deny making some valuable returns in the writings of her Prescotts, Irvings, Bancrofts, Channings; America, in short, is an England almost without a Past—a Past at the furthest but of a few centuries; if calculated from her Declaration of Independence, a Past not of one century—though assuredly, if it had but given birth to Washington, no inglorious Past. But she has, it must seem, a Future (and this is the conclusion from Sir Charles Lyell's book) which, if there be any calculation to be formed on all the elements of power, wealth, greatness, happiness—if we have not fondly esteemed more highly than we ought, the precious inheritance of our old English institutions, and the peculiar social development which may counteract and correct, at least for a long period, the dangers inseparable from republican politics—a Future which might almost tempt us to the sanguine presumption of supposing, in favor of this Transatlantic England, an exception to the great mysterious law of Providence—

"Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginosâ nocte premit Deus."

Boston itself forces upon us, in more than one point, the analogy and the divergence of England and America. America is an England without a capital, without a London. A London she could not have had without a king, without an aristocracy, without a strong central government, without a central legislature, central courts of law, without a court, without an hereditary peerage, we may well add, without a St. Paul's and a Westminster Abbey. It is singular, but it is both significant and intelligible, that Washington is the only city in America which has not grown with rapidity:

"In spite of some new public edifices built in a handsome style of Greek architecture, we are struck with the small progress made in three years since we were last here. The vacant spaces are not filling up with private houses, so that the would-be metropolis wears still the air of some projected scheme which has failed."—vol. i. p. 265.

The cities of America answer to our great modern commercial towns, Liverpool, Man-

chester, Birmingham. Many of these English towns have boasted and may still boast of scientific and literary circles, to which have belonged men not equal perhaps to those of whom Boston is now proud, but still—notwithstanding the natural flow of the life-blood to the heart, the gravitation which draws all the more eminent talent to London—of deserved name and estimation. Yet Boston, New York, perhaps Philadelphia and Baltimore (New Orleans seems to stand by itself, with some faint kindred with Paris) are, though not the capitals of the Federation, the capitals of States. Boston in one respect, as likewise the province of Massachusetts, and indeed the New England States in general, may glory in one distinction, of which we cannot boast, the cheerful, unreluctant submission to general and by no means light taxation for the purposes of public education. We have before us, besides Sir C. Lyell's volumes, a report of the Massachusetts Board of Education, and an eloquent speech of the late most highly respected Minister of the United States in England, Mr. Everett, for a short time the president of Harvard College, near Boston. In the main facts they fully agree:

"The number of public or free schools in Massachusetts in 1845-6, for a population of 800,000 souls, was about 500, which would allow a teacher for each twenty-five or thirty children, as many as they can well attend to. The sum raised by *direct taxation* for the wages and board of the tutors and for fuel for the schools is upwards of \$600,000, or 120,000 guineas, [Mr. Everett states the amount for 1848, at \$754,000,] but this is exclusive of all expenditure for school-houses, libraries, and apparatus, for which other funds are appropriated, and every year a great number of newer and finer buildings are erected. Upon the whole about one million of dollars is spent in teaching a population of 800,000 souls, *independently of the sums expended on private instruction*, which in the city of Boston is supposed to be equal to the money levied by taxes for the free schools, or \$260,000 (£55,000.) If we were to impose a school-rate in Great Britain, bearing the same proportion to our population of twenty-eight millions, the tax would amount annually to more than seven millions sterling, and would then be far less effective, owing to the higher cost of living and the comparative average standard of income among professional and official men."—vol. i. p. 190.

The State of New York, it appears, is not behind Massachusetts; the population in 1845, was 2,604,495. The schools 11,000. The children in the schools for the whole or part of the year 807,200, being almost one-third; and of these only 31,240 in private

schools. The expenditure, chiefly raised by rates, \$1,191,697, equal to about £250,000.

Sir Charles Lyell discusses at some length the causes which have led to this universal acquiescence in the duty and even the necessity of providing, at so large a cost to the whole State, this system of popular education:

"During my first visit to the New England States, I was greatly at a loss to comprehend by what means so large a population had been brought to unite great earnestness of religious feeling with so much real toleration. In seeking for the cause, we must go further back than the common schools, or at least the present improved state of popular education; for we are still met with the question—How could such schools be maintained by the State, or by compulsory assessments, on so liberal a footing, in spite of the fanaticism and sectarian prejudices of the vulgar? When we call to mind the enthusiasm of the early Puritans—how these religionists, who did not hesitate to condemn several citizens to be publicly whipped for denying that the Jewish code was obligatory on Christians as a rule of life, and who were fully persuaded that they alone were the chosen people of God, should bequeath to their immediate posterity such a philosophical spirit as must precede the organization by the whole people of a system of secular education acceptable to all, and accompanied by the social and political equality of religious sects such as no other civilized community has yet achieved—this certainly is a problem well worthy of the study of every reflecting mind. To attribute this national characteristic to the voluntary system would be an anachronism, as that is of comparatively modern date in New England; besides that the dependence of the ministers on their flocks, by transferring ecclesiastical power to the multitude, only gives to their bigotry, if they be ignorant, a more dangerous sway. So also of universal suffrage; by investing the million with political power, it renders the average amount of their enlightenment the measure of the liberty enjoyed by those who entertain religious opinions disapproved of by the majority. Of the natural effects of such power, and the homage paid to it by the higher classes, even when the political institutions are only partially democratic, we have abundant exemplification in Europe, where the educated of the laity and clergy, in spite of their comparative independence of the popular will, defer outwardly to many theological notions of the vulgar with which they have often no real sympathy."—vol. i. pp. 49, 50.

Our author illustrates largely the mutual toleration which prevails, not only as to the great purpose of the common education. Thus, we read concerning the cheerful, smokeless town of Portland, the principal city of Maine:

"There are churches here of every religious de-
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nomination: Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, Free-will Baptists, Universalists, Unitarians, Episcopalians, Roman Catholics, and Quakers, all living harmoniously together. The late governor of the State was a Unitarian; and as if to prove the perfect toleration of churches the most opposed to each other, they have recently had a Roman Catholic governor."—vol. i. p. 48.

Sir Charles is disposed to attribute great influence in this change of the staunch exclusionists, the old Puritan settlers, into perfect religious cosmopolitans, "to the reaction against the extreme Calvinism of the Church first established in this part of America, a movement which has had a powerful tendency to subdue and mitigate sectarian bitterness." He gives us some curious extracts (vol. i. pp. 53-5) from an old religious poem, the "Day of Doom," written by one Michael Wigglesworth, teacher of the town of Maldon, New England. In this strange homily in verse the extreme Calvinistic opinions are followed out to their most appalling conclusions with unflinching fearlessness; and this poem was, not more than seventy years ago, a *school-book* in New England. We forget which was the teacher, within or without the Church, of the last century, who noted in his diary: "Enjoyed some hours comfortable meditation on the infinite mercy of God in damning little babes!" Of this race was our poet, who, in his picture of the Last Day, has this group:

"Then to the bar all they drew near who died in infancy,
And never had, or good or bad, effected personally"—

Alleging that it was hard for them to suffer for the guilt of Adam:

"Not we, but he, ate of the tree whose fruit was interdicted,
Yet on us all, of his sad fall, the punishment's inflicted."

To which the Judge replies that none can suffer "for what they never did."

"But what you call old Adam's fall, and only his trespass,
You call amiss to call it his; both his and yours it was.
He was designed of all mankind to be a public head,
A common root whence all should shoot; and stood in all their stead."

With more to the like effect—when

"The glorious King thus answering, they cease
and plead no longer,
Their consciences must needs confess his reasons
are the stronger."

We are then instructed that the elect mothers admitted to heaven are not permitted to be disturbed by any compassion for their babes consigned to the place where

—"God's vengeance feeds the flame
With piles of wood and brimstone flood, that none
can quench the same."

After which it cannot startle us to hear that

"The godly wife conceives no grief, nor can she
shed a tear,
For the sad fate of her dear mate, when she his
doom doth hear."*

* Our transatlantic friends need not suspect us of the slightest wish to discompose them by transcribing a few of Sir C. Lyell's extracts from the poet Wigglesworth, who died, and by the way had a funeral sermon highly eulogistic preached over him by the celebrated Cotton Mather, in 1710. We do not need to be reminded that the "Day of Doom" might be paralleled, stanza for stanza, from hymn-books of more recent composition, and even now current in old England. For example, we have on our table the seventeenth edition of the Hymns of Daniel Herbert, (2 vols. *Simkin & Marshall*.) The preface is dated 1825, and the poet says,

"I live in Sudbury, that dirty place,
Where are a few poor sinners saved by grace."—ii. p. 3.

These hymns are at this day, we believe, chanted throughout the communion of our Whitfield Methodists. Imagine a Christian congregation singing "to the praise and glory of God" in 1849 such strains as—

"God's own elect, how oft they fall, as often rise again;
Not one shall ever fall to hell; for Christ bore all their sin;
Although he falls ten times a day, (which often is the case.)
These falls will make him cry to God to hold him up by grace.
Then, oh! my soul, take courage then; thy God permits all
this;
To prove that he hath chosen thee for everlasting bliss."—i. pp. 66, 67.

"The things I would I cannot do, because the flesh oppose,
And what I would not that I do, thro' these my carnal foes;
But shall Satan ever have to boast of one that fell from grace?
I'd tell the man that dare say so he's one of Satan's race.
If one might fall, then all might fall—but ah! that cannot be!
Will Jesus lose the souls he loved from all eternity?"—*Ibid.*, p. 129.

"'Twas mercy made poor Peter mourn and weep,
For Mercy knew he was a chosen sheep;
'Twas mercy found its way to David's heart,
Though he was found to act the murderer's part:
He was a sheep before he killed Uriah,
'Twas sovereign mercy saved him from hell-fire."—*Ibid.*, p. 43.

"Too many trust, he saved they must, because of their behavior;
Christ must be all, or none at all; he won't be half a Saviour."—*Ibid.*, p. 52.

Again (p. 92)—

"If Jesus is holy, his people are holy, for Christ and his people
are one:
As Jehovah's gift in the counsels of old, ere creation's work
was begun."

"Were such a composition," proceeds our author, "now submitted to any committee of school managers or teachers in New England, they would not only reject it, but the most orthodox amongst them would shrewdly suspect it to be a weak invention of the enemy, designed to caricature, or give undue prominence to, precisely those tenets of the dominant Calvinism which the moderate party object to, as outraging human reason, and as derogatory to the moral attributes of the Supreme Being." No doubt it is the inevitable tendency of these extreme Calvinistic opinions to produce a violent revulsion. Calvinism is everywhere the legitimate parent of Unitarianism. It has been so in Calvin's own city, in Geneva; it has been so in England,

In another of these hymns we read (*ib.* p. 8)—

"That day when he brings all the nations from afar,
When Caiaphas and Pilate shall stand at his bar—
The Arian will tremble, Socinians will quake,
For he'll plunge such as those in the fiery lake."

Once more, (vol. ii. p. 125)—

"Read then Paul's Epistles, you rotten Arminian!
You will not find a passage support your opinion."

But why go so far as to the Whitfield Methodists or 1825? Here is a neat little volume just published in London, (Nisbet & Co., 1849,) entitled "Evangelical Melodies," the author of which professes himself to be a member of the Church of England, animated by a fervent desire to redeem the piano-forte and the poetry of Moore and Burns from the service of the Evil One; and in this volume, which probably has already attained great circulation and success within the bills of mortality, we find old favorites of younger days metamorphosed in certainly a most astounding fashion. For example—

"The Pilgrim Boy on his way has gone,
In the path of Life you'll find him," &c.—p. 13.

"Sing, sing—if music desire
Themes that with ravishing rapture are glowing,
Surely believers can proffer her lyre
Themes with such rapture replete to o'erflowing," &c.—p. 18.

"Ah! think it not—the notion
No warrant gleams from truth and fact—
That to this creed devotion
Brings lawlessness in outward act!"—p. 56.

"It is not an act at a moment done,
On the spur of some one occasion,
Can attest that a soul has lost or won
The treasures of true salvation."—p. 78.

Campbell too has his share in the pious transmutation.

"Ye spirits of our Fathers
Who (instrumentally)
From England's church did exorcise
The demon Popery!" &c.—p. 108.

But Moore is the staple, and we hope, if he has not seen the precious little tome, that this incidental notice of it may both gratify and edify the recluse of Sloperton Cottage:

it has been so in America. The process is simple, and, if slow, direct. The human mind directly it subsides from that high-wrought agony of belief which trembles before and submissively adores the Calvinistic Deity, can no longer endure the presumption which has thus harshly defined, and, as it were, materialized the divine counsels; which has hardened into rigid, clear dogma, all which must be unfathomable mystery. It becomes impatient of all circumscription of the spiritual nature as of the moral attributes of the Godhead. All other dogmas now appear as purely of human invention as those intolerable dogmas relating to predestination, election, the five points, with their hideous consequences. Calvinism has already snapped asunder the long chain of traditionary theology, and contemptuously cast aside its links. No restraint remains; the whole doctrinal system of older Christianity is broken up. In truth, the one leading thought throughout that school of powerful, eloquent, and, in justice we cannot but add, deeply devotional American writers, Channing, Dewey, Norton, is the abnegation of Calvinism; this is the key to all their doctrinal system, as far as they have any system; without this they cannot be fairly judged, or addressed

"There is not in this fallen world season more sweet
Than is that when the Lord in the closet we meet."—p. 162.

"Go where duty calls thee," &c.—p. 148.

"Yes! Praise to the Lord for the good City Mission."—p. 94.

"The voice that once within these walls the Gospel trumpet
blew."—p. 179.

"When in death I at length recline,
This message bear to my kindred dear!
Tell them I sought upon grace divine
Day and night to live while I sojourned here.
If a stone on my grave reposes,
I pray you upon its surface write—
That he the mouth of whose grave it closes
Held free-grace principles, main and might."—p. 190.

Our own feelings of respect and veneration for the prelate lately, mostly fitly and happily advanced to the first place in our national hierarchy, must not prevent us from adding a single stave *after* Moore's well-known tribute to his illustrious countryman, the hero of Waterloo:

"While History the record was mournfully keeping
Of all that false doctrine had done in our age,
O'er her shoulder Britannia in sadness leaned weeping,
As though she would weep out the tale from her page.
But oh! what a sunshine—how joyous! how bright!
Dispelled on the instant the blush from her brow,
When she saw the pen write,
In letters of light,
John, Bishop of Chester, is Archbishop now!" &c.—p. 114.

The modest author of this work is anonymous. It appears from a parody on *John Anderson my Joe*, at p. 90, that he is a mercantile gentleman, and is, or once was, connected in worldly fortunes with a devout citizen named *Jones*. Whether the firm was "Jones, Blifil & Co.," we cannot say.

with any hope of success. It is a curious and significant fact, that exactly the same process went on among the English descendants of the Puritans, though in far more unfavorable times, in times dangerous to all religion, and under auspices less likely to maintain any hold on the religious mind. This change too was chiefly in our great commercial and manufacturing towns, which, as we have observed, are our nearest types of the American cities. In almost all these towns—if not the actual offspring, the growth of our rapid, almost sudden, manufacturing prosperity—the Church of England was at its weakest. A single parish-church, in general a miserably poor vicarage, saw itself almost in a few years the centre of a vast city. Many of the master-manufacturers were of the shrewd, sober, money-making race of the old Dissenters. For them, as they grew in intelligence and mingled more with mankind, the old stern Puritan creed became too narrow. Then arose Priestley and his school—we could follow out this whole history with far greater closeness and particularity—but it is well known how great a number of the old Presbyterian congregations utterly threw aside the old Presbyterian creed. Calvinism found refuge chiefly among the Whitfieldian Methodists, where it still broods in all its harrowing darkness; where it still (it is but justice to say) is crushing many hard hearts into religious belief; with amiable inconsistency bringing forth from that iron soil a large harvest of Christian gentleness and love.

As to the United States, we confess that we have grave doubts whether the whole secret of this mutual toleration is not in the multiplicity of the sects; in the weakness of each single one against the hostile aggregate. But after all, is this more than outward reconciliation, a compulsory treaty in which all have been compelled to yield up to the common use the neutral ground of education, because no one has such a superiority of force as to occupy it as his exclusive possession? We have been very much struck by a passage from a sermon by a writer of a very high order, of the school of Channing—in some respects, we think, his superior—the Rev. Orville Dewey. Dr. Dewey wants perhaps some of that almost passionate earnestness, that copious flow, that melting tenderness, which carries away the reader of Dr. Channing; but he is a more keen observer of human nature, writes more directly to what we will call the rational conscience, has, with almost equal command of vigorous, at times nobly sustained language, a strong and prac-

tical good sense, not often surpassed in our common literature. If suspected as a religious writer—(and we may observe that whoever wishes to be acquainted with the real tenets of the American Unitarians will find in his writings the most *distinct* statement of them)—as an ethical writer, as an expositor of the modes of moral, social, religious thought and feeling among our New England kindred, he might be studied with great advantage. In a very remarkable sermon *On Associations*, (Dewey's Works, p. 259,) we read :

"With regard to those great associations denominated religious sects, I fear that the case involves no less peril to the mental independence of our people. I allow that the multiplicity of sects in this country is some bond for their mutual forbearance and freedom ; but the strength and repose of a great establishment are, in some respects, more favorable to private liberty. If less favor is shown to those without, there is usually more liberality to those within. It is in the protected soil of great establishments that the germs of every great reform in the Church have quietly taken root. For myself, if I were ever to permit my liberty to be compromised by such considerations, I would rather take my chance in the bosom of a great national religion than amidst the jealous eyes of small and contending sects, and I think it will be found that a more liberal and catholic theology has always pervaded establishments than the bodies of dissenters from them. Nay, I much doubt whether intolerance itself in such countries, in England and Germany for instance, has ever gone to the length of Jewish and Samaritan exclusion that has sometimes been practised among us. In saying this, I am not the enemy of dissent : nor do I deny that it is often the offspring of freedom. It certainly is the usual condition of progress. But this I say, that dissent sometimes binds stronger chains than it broke, and this is especially apt to be the case for a time when several rival and contending sects spring from the general freedom. Then the parent principle is often devoured by its own children."

Fas est et ab hoste doceri. These are wise words, of the wisdom drawn from experience. We need not observe, that even under the broad shade of our establishment opinions such as those of Mr. Dewey would of course find no repose ; but we recommend this line of thought to those who have long been murmuring in secret, and are now openly clamoring for the dissolution of Church and State, which, if it means anything, must mean the abrogation of our Establishment. These zealots can hardly suppose that they are to unite the perfect independence of self-government with the privileges of a national church ; that the Anglican Church is to re-

tain the endowments, the glebes, tithes, estates, rights, honors, when it is no longer the Church of England. The Pope, it seems, is now to be put on the voluntary system ; let us wait the result before we reduce our own clergy to that state, of something far worse than poverty, subserviency to their congregations. Break up the Establishment—which, we repeat, must be the inevitable consequence of the severance from the State—and what a Cadmean army of sects, not yet compelled as in America, and wearied out into mutual toleration ! What a wild din of controversy ! Poor Charity, where wilt thou find refuge, but in thy native heaven ?

Sir Charles Lyell is no less at a loss to reconcile the excellent and universal New England system of education with the outbursts of fanaticism, of which the latest, the most ludicrous, and in some respects most deplorable, was what is called the Millerite movement. The leader of this sect, one Miller, taught that the millennium would come to pass on the 23d of October, 1844—the year before our author revisited Boston. He has many whimsical stories of the proselytes. Some would not reap their harvest ; it was mocking of Providence to store up useless grain ; some gave their landlord warning that he was to expect no more rent. There were shops for the sale of white robes. A tabernacle was built out of plunder cruelly extorted from simple girls and others, for the accommodation of between two thousand and three thousand, who were to meet, pray, and "go up" at Boston. As the building was only to last a short time, but for the interference of the magistrates, who compelled the erection of walls of more providence-despising solidity, their Last Day might have come to many of these poor people sooner than they expected. But oh the fate of human things ! In the winter of 1845 Sir Charles and Lady Lyell saw in this same tabernacle, now turned into a theatre, the profane stage-play of *Macbeth*, by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, where Hecate's "Now I mount and now I fly," reminded some of the audience of the former use of the building.

"I observed," proceeds the traveller, "to one of my New England friends, that the number of Millerite proselytes, and also the fact that the prophet of the nineteenth century, Joseph Smith, could reckon at the lowest estimate sixty thousand followers in the United States, and, according to some accounts, one hundred and twenty thousand, did not argue much in favor of the working

of their plan of national education. 'As for the Mormons,' he replied, 'you must bear in mind that they were largely recruited from the manufacturing districts of England and Wales, and from European emigrants recently arrived. They were drawn chiefly from an illiterate class of the Western States, where society is in its rudest condition. The progress of the Millerites, however, although confined to a fraction of the population, reflects undoubtedly much discredit on the educational and religious training in New England; but, since the year 1000, when all Christendom believed that the world was to come to an end, there have never been wanting interpreters of prophecy, who have confidently assigned some exact date, and one near at hand, for the millennium. Your Faber on the Prophecies, and the writings of Croly, and even some articles in the [query? a] Quarterly Review, helped for a time to keep up this spirit here, and make it fashionable. But the Millerite movement, like the recent exhibition of the Holy Coat at Treves, has done much to open men's minds; and the exertions made of late to check this fanatical movement, have advanced the cause of truth.'

Other apologists observed to me, that so long as a part of the population was very ignorant, even the well-educated would occasionally participate in fanatical movements; 'for religious enthusiasm, being very contagious, resembles a famine-fever, which first attacks those who are starving, but afterwards infects some of the healthiest and best-fed individuals in the whole community.' This explanation, plausible and ingenious as it may appear, is, I believe, a fallacy. If they who have gone through school and college, and have been for years in the habit of listening to preachers, become the victims of popular fanaticism, it proves that, however accomplished and learned they may be, their reasoning powers have not been cultivated, their understandings have not been enlarged; they have not been trained in habits of judging and thinking for themselves; in fact, they are ill-educated. Instead of being told that it is their duty carefully to investigate historical evidence for themselves, and to cherish an independent frame of mind, they have probably been brought up to think that a docile, submissive, and child-like deference to the authority of churchmen, is the highest merit of a Christian. They have perhaps heard much about the pride of philosophy, and how all human learning is a snare. In matters connected with religion they have been accustomed blindly to resign themselves to the guidance of others, and hence are prepared to yield themselves up to the influence of any new pretender to superior sanctity, who is a greater enthusiast than themselves."—vol. i. pp. 90-92.

Sir Charles Lyell, we see, argues that this is a fallacy. To a certain extent it may be so; but we venture to say that no culture, however careful and general, of the reason, no education, the most intellectual and systematic, will ever absolutely school the

world out of religious fanaticism. What was the rank—what had been the education of some of the believers in Mr. Edward Irving and the unknown tongues? Man cannot live on intellect alone; there are other parts of his moral being, his imagination, his feelings, his religious nature, which in certain constitutions, under certain circumstances, will be liable to excess. Where there is life, there will be at times too much blood; where there is not utter torpor, energy in accesses too highstrung and uncontrollable; without religious apathy, there must at times be religious eccentricity. We go further, we cannot wish it otherwise; we think that here, too, we see the divine wisdom and goodness. We would wish all mankind to be cultivated to the height of their reason; we would desire that all might be capable of comprehending as familiar things the great truths of philosophy. We have the supreme contempt for those who would limit philosophy in her inquiries by narrow views of religion; who (for example) would lose sight of this plain, irrefragable fact, that where there is one passage in the Old Testament, according to its rigid literal interpretation, which comes into collision with the principles of geology, there are twenty which must be forced out of the meaning which they bore when they were written, before they can be made to agree with the Newtonian astronomy. We are content, with the archbishop of Canterbury and our geological deans among ourselves, with Dr. Wiseman among Roman Catholics, and with Dr. Pye Smith among the Dissenters, to seek the history of man in the Bible intended for man. We would place geologists, like Sir Charles Lyell, on that serene eminence, where all who are conscious that they seek truth, and truth alone, have a right to take their seat far above the low murmurs of those who, setting the sacred Scriptures and modern science at issue with each other, show their want of profound and sober knowledge of both; we would leave the dean of York to that befitting answer, which we trust he will receive—silence. But this before us is a question entirely different, and to be judged on different principles. We believe that the irregularity of those individuals, or even of those sects of minds, which diverge into folly, into extravagance, into fanaticism, is the price which we pay for those irregularly great minds which are the glories and the benefactors of mankind, the creators, the inventors, the original impellers, in all great

works and movements in our race—the great poets, artists, patriots, philanthropists, even philosophers. Our *vision* of education, we confess, is rather that of Milton, which Sir Charles Lyell, we are inclined to think, has judged (p. 202) more from the report of Johnson, than from actual study of that noble treatise addressed to Master Samuel Hartlib. Science, indeed, finds a place in that all-embracing system, but rather an early and subordinate one; youth are to rise at length, having left “all these things behind,” to the height and summit of human wisdom.

“When all these employments (not merely natural philosophy, which Milton treats as almost elementary, but even politics, jurisprudence, and theology,) are well conquered, then will those choice histories, heroic poems, and Attic tragedies of stateliest and most royal argument, with all the famous political orations, offer themselves; which, if they were not only read, but some of them got by memory, and solemnly pronounced with right action and grace, as might be taught, would endue them even with the spirit of Demosthenes or Cicero, Euripides or Sophocles.”—*Of Education, Milton's Prose Works.*

We have dwelt long enough on these subjects; though there are others of the same class in which we should wish to join issue with Sir Charles; in truth, the whole twelfth chapter, on the higher education in New England, and all the great questions which arise out of that primal controversy, would require a number of our journal to itself. But it would be the greatest injustice to a work, the charm of which is its fertile and ever-changing variety, to give undue prominence to one class of topics. On one kindred point alone we are bound to touch briefly and emphatically, and this in justice to the writer, as regards his estimation among ourselves. Our readers are not to ascribe to Sir Charles Lyell, from his intercourse with the Unitarians of Boston, in private, or his attendance on their religious services, agreement or sympathy with their opinions. That intercourse was almost inevitable. To this community belong almost all the great names in science and in letters, at least, those known in England; their chief preachers are men of great eloquence, and it is their ordinary and avowed system to exclude controversial subjects from their teaching; they dwell on the great truths on which all Christians are agreed; they do not scruple to use, without comment or explanation favorable to their own views, the common phraseology of the Scripture. The

unsuspecting reader might indeed peruse almost volumes of Channing's writings without discovering his peculiar opinions. Sir Charles Lyell himself, however, has inserted this significant caution:

“But I should mislead my readers if I gave them to understand that they could frequent churches of this denomination without risk of sometimes having their feelings offended by hearing doctrines they have been taught to reverence treated slightly, or even with contempt. On one occasion, (and it was the only one in my experience,) I was taken, when at Boston, to hear an eminent Unitarian preacher who was prevented by illness from officiating, and his place was supplied by a self-satisfied young man, who, having talked dogmatically on points contested by many a rationalist, made it clear that he commiserated the weak minds of those who adhered to articles of faith rejected by his church. If this too common method of treating theological subjects be ill-calculated to convince or conciliate dissentients, it is equally reprehensible from its tendency to engender, in the minds of those who assent, a Pharisaical feeling of self-gratulation that they are not as other sectarians are.”—vol. ii. p. 347.

Our difficulty in turning to other topics is to know where to pause for discussion. We cannot, however, refrain from submitting to our readers' consideration the strong good sense with which he exposes one of the great dangers, as well as one of the inevitable abuses of republican institutions—of institutions which virtually rest the whole power of the State in a complete democracy—that which he aptly calls the “ostracism of wealth.” It is a wise lesson on the jealous impatience of a democracy as to trusting the least power out of their own hands; on their suspicion of the only true and legitimate guaranties for public order, and for a wise judgment on the public welfare—we mean property and distinction, either political or intellectual—on their overweening confidence in their own wisdom and knowledge. It strikingly displays their fear of subservience to those above them, which almost always betrays them into far more degrading subservience to those below them, needy and noisy demagogues. We are sorry not to quote the whole of a very instructive conversation between Sir Charles and a leading lawyer of Massachusetts. This gentleman said, *inter alia*—

“Every one of our representatives, whether in the State Legislatures, or in Congress, receives a certain sum daily when on duty, besides more than enough travelling money for carrying him to his post and home again. In choosing a delegate,

therefore, the people consider themselves as patrons who are giving away a place; and if an opulent man offers himself, they are disposed to say, 'You have enough already, let us help some one as good as you who needs it.'"

Sir C. Lyell adds:

"During my subsequent stay in New England I often conversed with men of the working classes on the same subject, and invariably found that they had made up their mind that it was not desirable to choose representatives from the wealthiest class. 'The rich,' they say, 'have less sympathy with our opinions and feelings; love their amusements, and go shooting, fishing, and travelling; keep hospitable houses, and are inaccessible when we want to talk with them, at all hours, and tell them *how we wish them to vote*.' I once asked a party of New England tradesmen whether, if Mr. B., already an eminent public man, came into a large fortune through his wife, as might soon be expected, he would stand a worse chance than before of being sent to Congress. The question gave rise to a discussion among themselves, and at last they assured me that they did not think his accession to a fortune would do him any harm. It clearly never struck them as possible that it could do him any good, or aid his chance of success.

"The chief motive, I apprehend, of preferring a poorer candidate, is the desire of reducing the members of their legislature to mere delegates. A rich man would be apt to have an opinion of his own, to be unwilling to make a sacrifice of his free agency; he would not always identify himself with the majority of his electors, condescend to become, like the wires of the electric telegraph, a mere piece of machinery for conveying to the capital of his State, or to Washington, the behests of the multitude. That there is, besides, a vulgar jealousy of superior wealth, especially in the less educated districts and newer States, I satisfied myself in the course of my tour; but in regard to envy, we must also bear in mind, on the other hand, that they who elevate to distinction one of their own class in society, have sometimes to achieve a greater victory over that passion than when they confer the same favor on one who occupies already, by virtue of great riches, a higher position."—vol. i. pp. 97-99.

America, like some of the old Greek republics, will need a law to compel her best men to take a part in her affairs.

"The great evil of universal suffrage is the irresistible temptation it affords to a needy set of adventurers to make politics a trade, and to devote all their time to agitation, electioneering, and flattering the passions of the multitude. The natural aristocracy of a republic consists of the most eminent men in the liberal professions—lawyers, divines, and physicians of note, merchants in extensive business, literary and scientific men of celebrity; and men of all these classes are apt to set too high a value on their time to be willing to

engage in the strife of elections perpetually going on, and in which they expose themselves to much calumny and accusations, which, however unfounded, are professionally injurious to them. The richer citizens, who might be more independent of such attacks, love their ease or their books, and from indolence often abandon the field to the more ignorant; but I met with many optimists who declared that whenever the country is threatened with any great danger or disgrace, there is a right-minded majority whose energies can be roused effectively into action. Nevertheless, the sacrifices required on such occasions to work upon the popular mind are so great that the field is in danger of being left open on all ordinary occasions to the demagogue."—vol. i. p. 101.

The second volume gives the comic side of this serious evil—its actual workings on the verge of civilized society:

"I heard many anecdotes, when associating with small proprietors in Alabama, which convinced me that envy has a much ranker growth among the aristocratic democracy of a newly settled slave State than in any part of New England which I visited. I can scarcely conceive the ostracism of wealth or superior attainments being carried farther. Let a gentleman who has made a fortune at the bar, in Mobile or elsewhere, settle in some retired part of the newly cleared country, his fences are pulled down, and his cattle left to stray in the woods, and various depredations committed, not by thieves, for none of his property is carried away, but by neighbors who, knowing nothing of him personally, have a vulgar jealousy of his riches, and take for granted that his pride must be great in proportion. In a recent election for Clarke county, the popular candidate admitted the upright character and high qualifications of his opponent, an old friend of his own, and simply dwelt on his riches as a sufficient ground for distrust. 'A rich man,' he said, 'cannot sympathize with the poor.' Even the anecdotes I heard, which may have been mere inventions, convinced me how intense was this feeling. One, who had for some time held a seat in the legislature, finding himself in a new canvass deserted by many of his former supporters, observed that he had always voted strictly according to his instructions. 'Do you think,' answered a former partisan, 'that they would vote for you after your daughter came to the ball in them fixings?' His daughter, in fact, having been at Mobile, had had a dress made there with *flounces* according to the newest Parisian fashion, and she had thus sided, as it were, with the aristocracy of the city, setting itself up above the democracy of the pine-woods. In the new settlements, there the small proprietors, or farmers, are keenly jealous of thriving lawyers, merchants, and capitalists. One of the candidates for a county in Alabama confessed to me that he had thought it good policy to go everywhere on foot when soliciting votes, though he could have commanded a horse, and the distances were great. That the young lady whose 'fixings' I have alluded to had been ambitiously in the fashion I make no doubt; for my wife found

that the cost of making up a dress at Mobile was twenty dollars, or four times the ordinary London price! The material costs about the same as in London or Paris. At New Orleans the charge for making a gown is equally high."—vol. ii. pp. 69-71.

From Boston we are tempted, indeed compelled by our limited space, to make as it were a wide leap to the farthest south: we are curious to place in their striking opposition the two extremes of American scenery, society, and civilization; the height of European culture with the most thoroughly American wildness, and, we must not say lawlessness, but that state where every small community of men is a law unto itself. We pass over at once the author's visits to New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Richmond in Virginia, Wilmington in North Carolina, Charleston, Savannah, Darien. We must decline of necessity much curious philosophical disquisition. We have a discussion of some length, and to us extremely satisfactory, arising out of the exhibition in Boston of that "colossal and terrible reptile the sea-serpent, which *when alive* measured thirty feet in circumference—the leviathan of the Book of Job!" There is nothing equal to the cool cruelty of men of science. Not only did Professor Owen ascertain that all which of right belonged to this monster was the remains of a vast zeuglodon, but it was likewise discovered that more than one reptile had contributed his vertebræ to this pic-nic giant, who was supposed to have lain floating many a rood in the swamps of Alabama; moreover, its whole serpentine form was due to the ingenuity and skillful arrangement of the proprietor. On the whole "sea-serpent" question* Sir Charles offers what appears to us an extremely probable and consistent theory, very rigidly reasoned out, from the various appearances dignified with that awful name. Sir Charles Lyell's conclusion, a conclusion which, even if we could follow it out at greater length, would be unintelligible without his engrav-

* A friend of the highest authority on scientific matters says, "The sea-serpent now in London is a fish, known to ichthyology for about a century, described by Black and Yarrell under the name of *Gymnetrus Hawkenii*, and rarely captured by reason of its being a deep-sea fish, and therefore not taking a bait, or getting in the way of nets; the last species to figure as the surface-swimming python, for its gills are so constructed that it dies very soon after they are exposed to the air." Some poor Germans, we hear, exhibit next door a most beautiful model of Cologne as the architect intended it to be—alas! will it now ever be? They bitterly complain that more people went in one day to see "de nasty stinking fisch, than to their model in a month."

ings, is that, wherever there has been a true sea monster—and some of the relations appear of undoubted veracity—it has been a variety of the "basking shark." We would call especial attention to an extract from Campbell's Life, as showing the value of unsifted contemporaneous testimony. We have besides many pages of lively description of scenery, which of course Sir Charles beholds rather with the keen and close observation of a naturalist than with the vague and brilliant sight of the painter. We have a great many very amusing facts in natural history. We have much about Irish quarters in the great towns; Irish votes, and, we regret to say, indelible Irish hatred of England. We have a debate in Congress, with one specimen of eloquence which we cannot pass over:

"It would be impossible to burlesque or caricature the ambitious style of certain members of Congress, especially some who have risen from humble stations, and whose schooling has been in the backwoods. A grave report, drawn up in the present session by the member for Illinois, as chairman of a post-office committee, may serve as an example. After speaking of the American Republic as 'the infant Hercules,' and the extension of their imperial dominion over the 'northern continent and oriental seas,' he exclaims: 'The destiny of our nation has now become revealed, and great events, quickening in the womb of time, reflect their clearly defined shadows into our very eye-balls. Oh, why does a cold generation frigidly repel ambrosial gifts like these, or sacrilegiously hesitate to embrace their glowing and resplendent fate? Must this backward pull of the government never cease, and the nation tug forever beneath a dead weight, which trips its heels at every stride?'" —vol. i. p. 263.

We have Mr. Webster pleading before the Supreme Court before judges, only one of whom, such has been the ascendancy of the democratic party, had been nominated by the Whigs. But we hasten southwards.

Be it remembered that the author is conveyed along all this wide and desultory route from city to city, with occasional divergences for geological purposes, by steam-vessel and railroad. He travels with perfect ease, at no great cost, from northern Boston to Savannah and Darien in Georgia, to Macon and Milledgeville in Alabama. We cannot show the change better than by the following extracts:

"When I got to Macon, my attention was forcibly called to the newness of things by my friend's pointing out to me the ground where

there had been a bloody fight with the Choctaws and Chickasaws, and I was told how many Indians had been slaughtered there, and how the present clerk of the Circuit Court was the last survivor of those who had won the battle. The memory of General Jackson is quite idolized here. It was enough for him to give public notice as he passed, that he should have great pleasure in meeting his friends at a given point on a given day, and there was sure to be a muster of several hundred settlers, armed with rifles, and prepared for a fight with 5000 or 7000 Indians."—vol. ii. p. 65.

This cause of General Jackson's popularity is quite new to us. Macon is now a considerable town.

"I often rejoiced, in this excursion, that we had brought no servants with us from England, so strong is the prejudice here against what they term a white body-servant. Besides, it would be unreasonable to expect any one, who is not riding his own hobby, to rough it in the backwoods. In many houses I hesitated to ask for water or towels for fear of giving offense, although the yeoman with whom I lodged for the night allowed me to pay a moderate charge for my accommodation. Nor could I venture to beg any one to rub a thick coat of mud off my boots or trowsers, lest I should be thought to reflect on the members of the family, who had no idea of indulging in such refinements themselves. I could have dispensed cheerfully with milk, butter, and other such luxuries; but I felt much the want of a private bedroom. Very soon, however, I came to regard it as no small privilege to be allowed to have even a bed to myself. On one occasion, when my host had humored my whims so far in regard to privacy, I felt almost ashamed to see, in consequence, a similar sized bed in the same room, occupied by my companion and two others. When I related these inconveniences afterwards to an Episcopal clergyman, he told me that the bishop and some of his clergy, when they travel through these woods in summer, and the lawyers, when on the circuit or canvassing for votes at elections, have, in addition to these privations, to endure the bites of countless mosquitoes, fleas, and bugs, so that I had great reason to congratulate myself that it was now so cold. Moreover, there are parties of emigrants in some of these woods, where women delicately brought up, accustomed to be waited on, and with infants at the breast, may now be seen on their way to Texas, camping out, although the ground within their tent is often soaked with heavy rain. 'If you were here in the hot season,' said another, 'the exuberant growth of the creepers and briars would render many paths in the woods, through which you now pass freely, impracticable, and venomous snakes would make the forest dangerous.'"—vol. ii. p. 72.

And yet even here science finds more than liberal hospitality; it has its ardent votaries:

"The different stages of civilization to which families have attained, who live here on terms of the strictest equality, is often amusing to a stranger, but must be intolerable to some of those settlers who have been driven by their losses from the more advanced districts of Virginia and South Carolina, having to begin the world again. Sometimes, in the morning, my host would be of the humblest class of 'crackers,' or some low, illiterate German or Irish emigrants, the wife sitting with a pipe in her mouth, doing no work and reading no books. In the evening, I came to a neighbor whose library was well stored with works of French and English authors, and whose first question to me was, 'Pray tell me, who do you really think is the author of the Vestiges of Creation?' If it is difficult in Europe, in the country far from towns, to select society on a principle of congeniality of taste and feeling, the reader may conceive what must be the control of geographical circumstances here, exaggerated by ultra-democratic notions of equality and the pride of race. Nevertheless, these regions will probably bear no unfavorable comparison with such part of our colonies, in Canada, the Cape, or Australia, as have been settled for an equally short term of years, and I am bound to say that I passed my time agreeably and profitably in Alabama, for every one, as I have usually found in newly peopled districts, was hospitable and obliging to a stranger. Instead of the ignorant wonder, very commonly expressed in out-of-the-way districts of England, France, or Italy, at travellers who devote money and time to a search for fossil bones and shells, each planter seemed to vie with another in his anxiety to give me information in regard to the precise spots where organic remains had been discovered. Many were curious to learn my opinion as to the kind of animal to which the huge vertebræ, against which their ploughs sometimes strike, may have belonged. The magnitude, indeed, and solidity of these relics of the colossal zeuglodon are such as might well excite the astonishment of the most indifferent. Dr. Buckley informed me that on the estate of Judge Creagh, which I visited, he had assisted in digging out one skeleton, where the vertebral column, almost unbroken, extended to the length of seventy feet, and Dr. Emmons afterwards showed me the greater part of this skeleton in the Museum of Albany, New York. On the same plantation, part of another back-bone, fifty feet long, was dug up, and a third was met with at no great distance. Before I left Alabama, I had obtained evidence of so many localities of similar fossils, chiefly between Macon and Clarksville, a distance of ten miles, that I concluded they must have belonged to at least forty distinct individuals."—vol. ii. p. 74.

Our philosopher is here in the south, in the midst of the Slave States. Throughout the Union, and here more especially, his object is to inform himself upon this vital question—the state of slavery, the condition and prospects of the slaves, the hope, the possi-

bility of an early and a peaceful adjustment of this awful feud of races. There is throughout a quiet dispassionateness, which gives great weight to his opinions. He has manifestly in his heart the true English, Christian abhorrence of slavery; yet neither, on the one hand, does he close his eyes to the fact that the actual slavery of the present time—in many parts of the country at least—has its compensations in the ease, comfort, plenty of food, good lodging, secure provision for old age, as compared with the condition of the laboring classes in most parts of the Old World; nor is he blind to the difficulties and perils, perils appallingly serious to the colored race, which would make rapid or inconsiderate emancipation a curse rather than a blessing. No more, on the other hand, does he disguise or mitigate the inherent evils of the system; the barbarous laws which in Georgia prohibit the education of the negroes; the barbarous jealousy which prevents their employment when free as workmen and mechanics; the more barbarous, it should seem indelible antipathy, which will not allow social intercourse, still less the connection of marriage, with one in whom there can possibly be suspected one drop of black blood. Sir Charles Lyell is disposed to take a favorable view of the capacity of the black, still more of the colored race, for moral and intellectual cultivation. We do not doubt this conclusion up to a certain point, (beyond this, evidence is wanting;) and below this point it is criminal and unchristian to attempt to keep down this race of God's creatures, of our brethren in Christ. In Virginia the question first presents itself in a practical form; at Richmond, in that province, the rector and proprietors of a handsome new church have set apart a side gallery for people of color. "This resolution had been taken in order that they and their servants might unite in the worship of the same God, as they hoped to enter hereafter together into his everlasting kingdom if they obeyed his laws." (p.275.) In this church there were few negroes; but the galleries of the Methodist and Baptist churches are crowded with them. The mixed races, it is allowed, are more intelligent and more agreeable as domestic servants; whether from physical causes, or intercourse with the whites, is still matter of controversy:

"Several Virginian planters have spoken to me of the negro race as naturally warm-hearted, patient, and cheerful, grateful for benefits, and forgiving of injuries. They are also of a reli-

gious temperament, bordering on superstition. Even those who think they ought forever to remain in servitude give them a character which leads one to the belief that steps ought long ago to have been taken towards their gradual emancipation. Had some legislative provision been made with this view before the annexation of Texas, a period being fixed after which all the children born in this State should be free, that new territory would have afforded a useful outlet for the black population of Virginia, and whites would have supplied the vacancies which are now filled up by the breeding of negroes. In the absence of such enactments, Texas prolongs the duration of negro slavery in Virginia, aggravating one of its worst consequences, the internal slave-trade, and keeping up the price of negroes at home. They are now selling for 500, 750, and 1000 dollars each, according to their qualifications. There are always dealers at Richmond, whose business it is to collect slaves for the southern market, and, until a gang is ready to start for the south, they are kept here well fed, and as cheerful as possible. In a court of the gaol, where they are lodged, I see them every day amusing themselves by playing at quoits. How much this traffic is abhorred, even by those who encourage it, is shown by the low social position held by the dealer, even when he has made a large fortune. When they conduct gangs of fifty slaves at a time across the mountains to the Ohio river, they usually manacle some of the men, but on reaching the Ohio they have no longer any fear of their attempting an escape, and they then unshackle them. That the condition of slaves in Virginia is steadily improving, all here seem agreed."—vol. i. p. 277.

There is great repugnance to the separation of families; and some persons have been known to make great sacrifices in order to do their duty by their dependants, whom they might profitably have thrown on the world; in other words, sent to market.

At Hopeton, further south, in Georgia, Sir Charles Lyell had an opportunity of examining the actual working of the system as he admits, on a well-regulated estate. There seems to be much mutual attachment between the master and the slave. Of 500 blacks on the property, some are old, superannuated, live at their ease in separate houses, in the society of neighbors and kinsfolk. There is no restraint, rather every encouragement to marriage. The out-door laborers have separate houses, "as neat as the greater part of the cottages in Scotland"—no flattering compliment, observes our author, himself a Scot; their hours of labor are from six in the morning, with an interval of an hour, till two or three. In summer they divide their work, and take a cool siesta in the middle of the day. In the evening they make merry, chat, pray, and

sing psalms. There is a hospital. To counterbalance all this there is the overseer and his whip, not a heavy one, and rarely used—but still there is a whip; though the number of stripes is generally limited, its terrors seems to have great effect:

"The most severe punishment required in the last forty years for a body of 500 negroes at Hopeton, was for the theft of one negro from another. In that period there has been no criminal act of the highest grade, for which a delinquent could be committed to the penitentiary in Georgia, and there have been only six cases of assault and battery. As a race, the negroes are mild and forgiving, and by no means so prone to indulge in drinking as the white man or the Indian. There were more serious quarrels and more broken heads among the Irish in a few years, when they came to dig the Brunswick canal, than had been known among the negroes in all the surrounding plantations for half a century. The murder of a husband by a black woman, whom he had beat violently, is the greatest crime remembered in this part of Georgia for a great length of time."—vol. i. p. 258.

The Baptist and Methodist missionaries were for some time the most active in evangelizing the negroes. Since Dr. Elliott has been bishop of Georgia, the Episcopalians have labored with much zeal and success. The negroes have no faith in the efficacy of baptism, except with a complete washing away of sin; the bishop has wisely adopted the rubric which allows immersion:

"It may be true that the poor negroes cherish a superstitious belief that the washing out of every taint of sin depends mainly on the particular manner of performing the rite, and the principal charm to the black women in the ceremony of total immersion, consists in decking themselves out in white robes like brides and having their shoes trimmed with silver. They well know that the waters of the Altamaha are chilly, and that they and the officiating minister run no small risk of catching cold, but to this penance they most cheerfully submit."—vol. i. p. 363.

Sir Charles Lyell attended at Savannah, first a black Baptist church with a black preacher, and then a black Methodist church with a white preacher. The black preacher delivered an extempore sermon, for the most part in good English, with only a few phrases in "talkee-talkee," to come more home to his audience:

"He got very successfully through one flight about the gloom of the valley of the shadow of death, and, speaking of the probationary state of a pious man left for a while to his own guidance, and when in danger of failing saved by the grace of God, he compared it to an eagle teaching her newly-fledged offspring to fly by carrying it up high into the air, then dropping it, and, if she sees

it falling to the earth, darting with the speed of lightning to save it before it reaches the ground. Whether any eagles really teach their young to fly in this manner, I leave the ornithologists to decide; but when described in animated and picturesque language, yet by no means inflated, the imagery was well calculated to keep the attention of his hearers awake. He also inculcated some good practical maxims of morality, and told them they were to look to a future state of rewards and punishments in which God would deal impartially with 'the poor and the rich, the black man and the white.'"—vol. ii. p. 3.

In neither of these churches did that odor, which is said to keep the two races apart, at all offend the sense. At another black Methodist church at Louisville, in Kentucky, built by subscription by the blacks themselves, and well lighted with gas, he heard another dark divine, (we regret to say that Sir Charles compares him with a white Puseyite Episcopalian, not much to the advantage of the latter.) This preacher was a full black, spoke good English, and quoted Scripture well. He laid down, it is true, metaphysical points of doctrine with a confidence which seemed to increase in proportion as the subjects transcended human understanding; but in this we discern the sect rather than the color. Our black Chrysostom received signs of assent—not the riotous clapping of hands which applauded him of Constantinople, nor the sighs and groans, so well known in other places, like those which are heard above the torrent's brawl on the hillsides in Wales. It was said of a celebrated metropolitan preacher of the last generation, that he had taken lessons of Mr. Kemble; our sable brother (as he would be called at Exeter Hall) was a manifest imitator of an eminent American actor who had been playing in those parts. We must not omit one point more; from his explanation of 'Whose image and superscription is this?' it was clear that he supposed that Cæsar had set his signature to a dollar note. Our author afterwards attended in Philadelphia a free black Episcopal church, in which the more solemn and quiet Anglican service was performed by a black clergyman with great propriety. While on this point we will add that, according to the account of Dr. Walsh, published many years ago, and confirmed, if we remember right, by later travellers, the black Roman Catholic priests in Brazil conduct the ceremonial of their faith with much greater impressiveness and dignity than those of European descent.

But there is much to be set against these hopeful signs of negro improvement, and the

better state of feeling between the two races. By an unfortunate schism, called the "Northern and Southern split," the black Methodist churches are severed from the great and powerful communities with whom it might have been to their pride as well as to their advantage to have been in close union. Still, likewise, in many parts there is a stern and jealous resistance to their education; a resistance which was dying away, but which has been provoked into life by the imprudent and fanatic crusade of the Abolitionists. Sir C. Lyell gives the barbarous law of Georgia, which we should read with more righteous indignation but for the compunctious remembrance of certain Irish penal statutes, abrogated only in latter days. Yet even in Georgia Sunday-schools arise in Christian defiance of the law. There is still almost everywhere the indelible antipathy of the races; the inextinguishable attainer of blood, on which M. de Beaumont founded his romance, and Miss Martineau her tale, which we wish that we could believe, like many of her tales, to be romance. Still the thumb-nail without its white crescent, still the heel betrays the lingering drops of black blood; those drops which annul marriage, even if fruitful in children; which drive back the most amiable, virtuous, intelligent, accomplished persons into the proscribed caste. Still slaves are carried openly about for sale; may be stolen like other objects of trade; may be shot by passionate overseers, without the overseer suffering in social estimation, (p. 92;) are advertised when runaways exactly like stray horses or dogs here; still, they are either, when free, prohibited by law from acting as mechanics, (they are very clever and ingenious in some arts,) or by the jealousy of the whites, who will not admit them of their guild. Still writers of the calm humanity of Sir Charles Lyell are obliged to waver and hesitate; at one time eagerly to look forward; at another, for the sake of the blacks themselves, to tremble at their immediate—even their speedy emancipation. The number of negroes in the Union is now three millions; and according to their present rate of increase may, by the close of the century, amount to twelve millions. But for "disturbing causes," he would cherish sanguine hopes of their ultimate fusion and amalgamation. But by his own account, are those disturbing causes likely to become less powerful as the two races show a broader front towards each other? The following passage seems to us to give a most impressive view of the difficulties of the question:

"One of the most reasonable advocates of immediate emancipation whom I met with in the North, said to me, 'You are like many of our politicians, who can look on one side only of a great question. Grant the possibility of these three millions of colored people, or even twelve millions of them fifty years hence, being capable of amalgamating with the whites, such a result might be to you perhaps, as a philanthropist or physiologist, a very interesting experiment; but would not the progress of the whites be retarded, and our race deteriorated, nearly in the same proportion as the negroes would gain? The whites constitute nearly six-sevenths of our whole population. As a philanthropist you are bound to look to the greatest good of the two races collectively, or the advantage of the whole population of the Union.'"
—vol. ii. p. 101.

From Alabama we arrive at New Orleans, a provincial Paris in the midst of this land of Anglo-Saxondom, with its Roman Catholic religion, its carnival, its theatres open on Sundays, its hotels with Louis XIV. furniture, its brilliant shops, its life and gaiety, but with its black slaves, its voluptuous quadron beauties. This must contrast strangely with the sober, busy, thriving cities of the North, the pale and fever-worn "crackers," in the new provinces, the restless pioneers of society pressing on towards Texas. From New Orleans Sir Charles makes his excursion to the delta of the Mississippi—perhaps the most important of his geological chapters. The delta he estimates at 14,000 square miles; the level alluvial plain to the north, which stretches above the junction of the Ohio, is 16,000 square miles; being reached by so gradual a slope that the junction of the Ohio is but 200 feet above the level of the bay of Mexico. He calculates by various processes, and from certain data furnished to him by skillful engineers and philosophic observers of the country, that the delta must have taken 67,000 years, the plain above—assuming a certain depth of alluvial matter—37,000 years more, to accumulate. These vast periods of time, like those of space in astronomy, alternately depress us with the most humiliating sense of our insignificance; and next awaken something like proud gratitude to our Divine Maker for the gift of those faculties which enable us thus, as it were, to gauge this overwhelming, this almost boundless time and space. As regards the Deity, while astronomy vindicates the majesty of space, so does geology that of time. What a comment on the scriptural phrase, that to Him a thousand years are but as a day! And all this time and space, so measured, is but a brief fragment of His eternity and infinity!

Our traveller's return is up the vast Mississippi, after an excursion to Grenville, in Missouri, upon the Ohio, and so across the Alleghany Mountains, back to the land of the older cities, to Philadelphia and New York. We must leave our readers to complete this immense circuit, feeling confident that, having once set forth with Sir Charles Lyell, they will not abandon him from weariness, from want of interest, or of gratitude for his varied and valuable communications.

The conclusion at which we arrive, which has never been forced upon us so strongly by any former tour in America as by these manly, sensible, and fearless volumes, is still growing astonishment at the resources of this great country. Here is an immense continent, not like old Asia, at times overshadowed into a seeming unity by some one Assyrian, or Babylonian, or Persian, or Mahometan empire, and at the death of the great conqueror, or the expiration at least of his dynasty, breaking up again into conflicting kingdoms, or almost reduced to the primitive anarchy of hostile tribes: not like Europe, attaining something like unity, first by the consolidating and annealing power of the Roman Empire, and afterwards in a wider but less rigorous form by the Church; in later times by the balance of power among the great monarchies—a balance only maintained by perpetual wars and by immense military establishments in times of peace. The New World is born as it were *one*; a federation with much of the vigor of separate independent states, with no necessary, no hereditary, principles of hostility, but rather bound together by the strongest community of interests; one in descent, at least with one race so predominant that the rest either melt away into it, or, if they remain without, are each, even the colored population, so small comparatively in numbers, that they may continue insulated and outlying sections of society, with no great danger to the general harmony; one in language, and that our noble, manly Anglo-Saxon, the language of Shakspeare, Milton, Bacon, and Locke, now spoken over portions of the globe infinitely more extensive than ever was any other tongue; one in religion, for from the multiplicity of sects, as we have observed, must result a certain unity—at least, religious difference, spread equably over all the land, cannot endanger the political unity. The means of communication throughout this immense continent are absolutely unexampled, both from the natural distribution of the lakes, and seas, and rivers, and from the discoveries of mod-

ern science, which are seized, adapted and appropriated with the restless eagerness of a people fettered by no ancient hereditary prejudices, active even to the overworking of their physical constitutions, speculative so as hazard everything—even, in the case of repudiation, that good-faith which is the foundation of credit—for rapid advantage. There are no local attachments, at least in the masses, to check that adventurous passion for bettering their condition, which turns the faces of men westward with a resolute uniformity; (Sir Charles Lyell met *one* man moving eastward and that one only from a temporary motive of curiosity.) Along the whole range of coast there is steam navigation, from New England to Georgia. West of the Alleghany ridge, besides the noble rivers, also crowded with steamboats, which are so many splendid high roads for travel and for commerce, there is a line of railroads and electric telegraphs, branching off and bringing into intimate relation with the rest every considerable city. These railroads are not wild enterprises, destined, like too many of our own, to swallow up irretrievable capital—framed with no sober calculation of the necessities of the land—magnificent, luxurious, and proportionately wasteful; but prudently conceived, and at first, at least, economically managed, only allowing greater speed, comfort, luxury, on such lines as those between New York and Boston. Behind the Alleghanies to the east, nature has achieved that which, on a small scale, magnificent monarchs have attempted in Europe—a system of internal navigation unrivalled in its extent, and of which even American enterprise has far from approached the limits. Instead of running up singly into the central land—as in the old continents the Ganges, the Indus, the Volga, the Nile, the Niger, the Danube, the Rhine, each divided from other great rivers by ridges of impenetrable mountains—the Mississippi receives her countless and immense tributaries, ramifying and intersecting the whole region from the borders of Canada, from the Alleghanies to within a certain distance of the Pacific. She is carrying up the population almost of cities at once to every convenient fork, to every situation which may become an emporium; and then receiving back into her spacious bosom and conveying to the ocean the accumulating produce, the corn, the cotton, even the peltries of the West. Almost in the centre of this empire is a coal-field, or rather two coal-fields, of which we believe the boundaries are not yet ascertained—but in Sir Charles's geological map (in his former vol-

umes) they blacken a space which, according to the scale, might furnish out several great kingdoms in the Old World. By a singular provision the clear-burning and smokeless anthracite on the east side of the Apalachian ridge furnishes its inexhaustible fuel for the hearths and manufactures of the more polished and stately cities, for the gayer steamboats on the Hudson and the Delaware; the heavier and more opaque, that of the Illinois, seems destined to adumbrate the manufacturing towns on the Ohio. Those treasure-fields, quarries as they are at present rather than mines, require hardly any expense to work them. If steam is still to be, as no doubt it must be, the great creator of wealth, of comfort, of commerce, this fact might alone almost justify our boldest visions as to the expansion and duration of American civilization. In California the United States may appear to have acquired the more doubtful and dangerous command of the precious minerals to an unexampled extent. And over this progressive world, this world which, even at its present gigantic strides, will not for an immense period have reached its actual boundary, which—even if it swallow up no more Texas, no more of Mexico, if it merely absorb into itself its own prairies and forests, if it people only its half of Oregon—will still have “ample space and verge enough”—some elements of civilization seem to spread, if not with equable, with unlimited advance. There is no bound to the appetite, if not for intellectual improvement, for intellectual entertainment. With Sir Charles Lyell we have full confidence in the palled craving for one leading to the sober and wholesome demand for the other: once awaken the imagination and the feelings, the reason will rarely remain in torpid slumber. This almost passion for reading appears to be universal: newspapers perhaps first, (and newspapers are compelled to become books,) and then books accompany man into the remotest squattings in the backwoods, are conveyed in every steamboat, spring up with spontaneous growth in every settlement, are sold at prices which all can afford. From later intelligence than that of Sir Charles Lyell, we are assured that the sale of Mr. Macaulay's History has reached at least 100,000. We recommend our author's statements on these subjects, of which we have room but for a fragment, to the consideration especially of our men of letters:

“Of the best English works of fiction, published at thirty-one shillings in England, and for about sixpence here, it is estimated that about ten times as many copies are sold in the United States

as in Great Britain; nor need we wonder at this, when we consider that day laborers in an American village often purchase a novel by Scott, Bulwer, or Dickens, or a popular history, such as Alison's Europe, (published at thirteen pounds in England and sixteen shillings in America,) and read it at spare moments, while persons in a much higher station in England are debarred from a similar intellectual treat by considerations of economy.

“It might have been apprehended that, where a daily newspaper can be bought for a half-penny, and a novel for sixpence, the public mind would be so taken up with politics and light reading, that no time would be left for the study of history, divinity, and the graver periodical literature. But, on the contrary, experience has proved that, when the habit and facility of reading has been acquired by the perusal even of trashy writings, there is a steady increase in the number of those who enter on deeper subjects. I was glad to hear that, in proportion as the reading public augments annually, the quality of the books read is decidedly improving. About four years ago, 40,000 copies were printed of the ordinary commonplace novels published in England, of which sort they now only sell about 8000.

“It might also have been feared that the cheapness of foreign works unprotected by copyright, would have made it impossible for native authors to obtain a price capable of remunerating them highly, as well as their publishers. But such is not the case. Very large editions of Prescott's “Ferdinand and Isabella,” and of his “Mexico,” and “Peru,” have been sold at a high price; and when Mr. Harper stated to me his estimate of the original value of the copyright of these popular works, it appeared to me that an English author could hardly have obtained as much in his own country. The comparative cheapness of American books, the best editions of which are by no means in small print, seems at first unintelligible, when we consider the dearness of labor, which enters so largely into the price of printing, paper, and binding. But, first, the number of readers, thanks to the free-schools, is prodigiously great, and always augmenting in a higher ratio even than the population; and, secondly, there is a fixed determination on the part of the people at large to endure any taxation, rather than that which would place books and newspapers beyond their reach. Several politicians declared to me that not only an income tax, but a window tax, would be preferred; and ‘this last,’ said they, ‘would scarcely shut out the light from a greater number of individuals.’” *—vol. ii. pp. 336–338.

* As some drawback to this we must subjoin the following sentence—“Many are of opinion that the small print of cheap editions in the United States will seriously injure the eyesight of the rising generation, especially as they often read in railway cars, devouring whole novels, printed in newspapers, in very inferior type. Mr. Everett, speaking of this literature, in an address to the students of Harvard College, said, ‘If cheap it can be called, which begins by costing a man his eyes, and ends by perverting his taste and morals.’” —vol. ii. p. 139.

The great cities, it is true, can never be as the ancient capitals of Europe. America, perhaps the world, will hardly see again a new Cologne, or a new Strasbourg, a new St. Peter's, or a new St. Paul's, any more than new Pyramids, a new Parthenon, or a new Coliseum. Yet we cannot but think that peace and wealth may beyond the Atlantic achieve great things, though of a different character; and this assuredly should be the aim of her artists, especially of her architects. Whether Trinity Church, now the pride of the Broadway in New York, will bear the rigorous judgment of our Gothic Purists, or stand as high even as our best modern churches, may, notwithstanding Sir Charles Lyell's opinion, admit of doubt. But we have heard only one opinion of the great Croton aqueduct; a work which for magnificence, ingenuity, science, and utility, (as pouring pure and wholesome water, even to the luxury of noble fountains and water-works, throughout the whole city of New York,) most nearly approaches the days of old Roman greatness. The expenditure of almost the whole of the great Girard bequest, (half a million sterling,) on building alone, leaving hardly anything for the endowment of the college, may in one sense have been very unwise, and indeed wrong; but as showing at least a noble ambition for architectural grandeur, even if not in this respect successful, may not be without its use. But so long as we hear of such legacies as those of Mr. Lowell, £70,000 sterling; of Mr. Astor for a public library, of a much larger amount—and we believe that those public-spirited acts of generosity do not stand alone—there can be no room for despair. Though the Capitol at Washington be but a cold and feeble attempt to domiciliate classic forms—though bold and creative originality be more difficult of attainment to those born late into the world in art even than in letters; the great transatlantic cities will gradually have their great, we trust, characteristic American monuments. If we had believed the story for an instant, we certainly should have shared in the alarm—we perhaps should not have been without some jealousy, if brother Jonathan had bought and carried off the Apollo Belvidere. On the other hand, we most cordially rejoice in the place which the young American sculptor, Powers, has taken even in Italy. That such statues as his exquisite Greek Slave should be set up in American halls by American hands would be to us a source of unfeigned satisfaction, not merely for the gratification of the present, but as an

omen of the future. For, as the future of America, to be a glorious future, must be a future of peace, so we would hope that it may be fruitful in all which embellishes, and occupies, and hallows, and glorifies peace.

Sir Charles Lyell must excuse us, if with these wonderful prospects of centuries to come, "expanding their cloudy wings before us," we have been less willing to look back to those ages behind ages, which are the study and the revelation of his important science. Interesting as it may be, under his sure guidance, to be told that a hundred thousand years must have passed in forming the land at the mouth of the Mississippi, we are more absorbed in the thought of the few years which have beheld on the banks of that wide river and its affluents, cities arising beyond cities, and those cities peopled with thousands on thousands of free, industrious, in many respects, as far as is given to man, happy human beings; province after province yielding to possession, to cultivation, to production—the production of harvests now poured without stint, and we suppose destined to be still more profusely poured, upon our shores. The Indian corn, we ought to have observed, appears by no means one of the least precious gifts of this region. The aboriginal tribes so wither away before the invader, that his occupation of the land can hardly be called usurpation. Instructive as it is to be initiated in the growth of those 63,000 square miles of coal, (First Tour, p. 88,) the gradual transformation of terrestrial plants into this store of fuel, garnered up it might seem for endless generations, with the vegetable texture still apparent throughout under the microscope; and flattened trunks of trees, now transmuted into pure coal, and erect fossil trees in the overlying strata; instructive to trace all the geological and all the chemical processes in this immense laboratory;—yet to us there is something even more surprising in the application of those inexhaustible treasures by that race of beings for whom the Almighty Creator in his boundless Providence may seem to have entombed them in the earth. What can be more strange than their sudden revelation, as it were, in these enormous quantities, just when is most apparent the practical dependence of man, in his most crowded state of civilization, on powers which his ancestors, content to warm their hearths and to cook their provisions with bright and useful fuel, dreamed not to be latent in this coarse and ordinary product of the earth? Who shall conjecture the incalculable results of the use, perhaps

the improvement of steam-power in a country where railroads are of such comparatively easy construction, and the spreading network of rivers might seem providentially designed for steam-navigation? Intellectually delightful as it may be to follow out such a beautiful piece of philosophical reasoning as that in Sir C. Lyell's second volume, (p. 304,) where, from certain footmarks on slabs of sandstone, which could only have been made by air-breathing animals, (all others being too light to make such deep impressions even when the stones were in the state of fluid mud,) the date of the primal existence of this class of animals is ascertained;—nevertheless, we are more inclined to lose ourselves in wondering speculations as to the short time which must elapse before the first footprints of man, at least of civilized man, in the lands west of the Mississippi, will be utterly untraceable through the broad strata of culture and population which even one century will spread perhaps to the Pacific. We seem irresistibly compelled to look onward; we are seized, as it were, and carried away by the advancing tide to the still receding haven, till we are lost in a boundless ocean.

That clouds, heavy, blackening, awful thunder-clouds loom over this wide horizon of the future, who that knows the mutability of human things, the wild work which fortune or fate, or rather divine Providence, makes of the most sagacious conjectures, what wise and reflective American will attempt to disguise from himself? There is surely enough to check and subdue the overweening national pride, which prevails among the vulgar. We must in justice to ourselves touch on some of these dangers. One of them, though we do not know how far it extends over the Union, is the effect of the climate. In New England especially, there seems a certain delicacy of health, a general, "care-worn" expression, a kind of premature old age, which, with other circumstances, shows that our Anglo-Saxon race is not perfectly acclimated. This may be aggravated, but is not entirely caused, by the busy, exhausting, restless life of the great body of Americans. The fevers and agues of the back settlements will probably disappear, with the swamps and marshes, before cultivation and drainage; the vigorous health of Kentucky and some other of the back settlements may eventually renew the youth, if renewal be necessary, of the earlier race, which seems to want the robust look, the clear and ruddy complexion of the Englishman. (See Lyell, vol. i. pp. 154-5.) But this danger will probably bring its own

cure; every succeeding century will adapt the race more completely to their climate. Their political dangers are more serious and inevitable. That which is their strength and pride, their independence, is their greatest peril. There is no great repressive, no controlling power, nothing to drag the wheel of popular rule, either in the constitution of the Federation or in the States. In each the Senates must obey the mighty will of the masses. But separate interests may grow up, in the nature of things cannot but grow up; the North and the South, the West and the East, may be arrayed against each other. The ruder, the more tumultuous, the more uneducated West, may be able to dictate at Washington not the soundest policy, policy which may be fatal, but which must be adopted from fear of separation, and the consequence of separation. In each State there is the same danger: the predominance of the of the turbulent many, or those who, self-multiplied by their noise and activity, represent themselves, and are believed to be the many—over the quiet, the wise, the educated. We have great faith, we need hardly say, in the effects of true and real education; but here is the rub—can sound political education travel as fast as population? That which, to all appearance, is most feared by the calmer immediate speculators, is indeed too much in human nature not to justify serious apprehension—the quiescence of those who ought from their superior intelligence to govern, but are too easy and happy to strive and wrestle for their proper influence.

This applies equally to the States and to individuals: Kentucky and Illinois may lord it over New England and New York; and if Kentucky and Illinois become more civilized, States yet unnamed, unsettled, still farther West, may lord it in their turn over Kentucky and Illinois. So long as the subjects of collision are but the election of a President or even a Tariff, this predominance may be comparatively innocuous; but when it comes to war or peace—war, not with Texas or Mexico, but with European nations, or even with Canada, if Canada should grow up into a rival power—then may the United States be exposed, at least, to the chances of loss and defeat, or, escaping them, to the proverbial consequences of military glory and success. We have the most sovereign contempt for Mr. Cobden and his international arbitration—for the European peace societies, which have the most fatal effect, that of casting ridicule on what is in itself a righteous cause; but, if Americans, we should

hardly refrain from joining with Mr. Sumner; though even in America peace societies have, we know not why, something of a bustling, officious, and somewhat ridiculous air. We should hail the more legitimate denunciations of war as unchristian by her Channings and Deweys; as American patriots and Christians we should never cease to cry Peace! Peace! That which is utterly, hopelessly, as seems at present, impossible in Europe, seems, by a wonderful combination of circumstances, of easy practicability in America. This vast continent may, if it will, exhibit to the wondering annals of mankind centuries barren of warlike glory, safe from the miseries of war. The United States may at length relieve republican governments from that heavy charge registered against them by all history—and too much countenanced by their own proceedings in Texas and in Mexico—that democracies are as ambitious and aggressive as the most absolute monarchies. What has America to gain—what may it not lose by war?

Sir C. Lyell was in the midst of the fierce discussions about Oregon: fiery news-writers were brandishing their pens—wild backwoodsmen poisoning their rifles; they would have had the country at once adopt the language of that not very imitable personage in Milton—"My sentence is for open war." What can happen?—these were among the amiable anticipations—"England may bombard and burn a few of the cities on the east coast; but then she will add hundreds of millions to her debt; she will break down and be forever ruined under her intolerable burthen." There is one result from all this which Brother Jonathan, even in his wildest mood, we doubt not, would be acute enough to apprehend—Brother John bankrupt, he has lost his best customer. Sir C. Lyell, with his calm good sense, at the very outset of his volume, doubts the wisdom of the commemoration of "Independence Day:" all this recital (of the doings of the mother country before the war) "may have been expedient when the great struggle for liberty and national independence was still pending; but what effect can it have now but to keep alive bad feelings?" We are happy in believing that all "rumors of wars" with England have passed away; but any other great war, we conceive, might arrest for centuries the progress of transatlantic civilization—might split up the Union into the chronic condition of the Old World, that of separate, and, before long, hostile States—might raise up in one a military despotism, formidable to

all. Before we close these hastily written but not less deliberately considered opinions on the expediency, the necessity of peace, to the development of American wealth, happiness, virtue; on the majestic position which the United States may take in the history of man, by showing herself superior to the folly, the intoxication, the madness of war—of war which cannot be necessary as self-defense, and therefore must be wanton and wicked; we would look on one other peril, which appears to us, if more remotely, to threaten her internal peace. Her growth must be in wealth—and wealth, even under the most levelling institutions, will accumulate in masses. There will be individuals, there will be classes high above the rest in opulence, in luxury. This will be, of course, more manifest in the great cities, which, as they grow in size, will become more unmanageable; and notwithstanding the constant vent in the backwoods for turbulent and violent spirits, will leave a still larger class of those who feel that they have a right to be as rich as others, and are not. There must be an aristocracy, and that aristocracy an object of hatred and jealousy to some; by whatever title it may be held up to scorn or animosity; "a white-gloved aristocracy," &c. &c.; such class there must be, where capital, commercial industry, enterprise, even fortune, are left to their free course. It is to be seen whether the Republic, or Republics, will have strength, courage, and determination to defend property, as the basis of human freedom and happiness.

Thus far that spirit has not been wanting; the sovereign people, on more occasions than we are aware of here, has not scrupled to use the Old World arms against "the mob." At Providence, the soldiers were ordered, some short time ago, to fire on "the people," and did fire to put down a riot which rose out of the destruction of houses of ill-fame; they did the same at Philadelphia, during the attack on the Roman Catholics; and now at New York, in the disgraceful disturbances around the theatre.* Thus far, too, the public voice has been strongly and unequivocally in favor of public order. There has been no maudlin sympathy for lawless rioters; the press has been, almost with one voice, on the side of authority; the attempt to get up a popular demonstration was an utter failure. It has been seen that the only true mercy is to stop a riot at once—if

* It was impossible, as we hear from all quarters, and cannot refrain from repeating, to surpass the coolness, self-command, gentlemanly, we might add Christian, bearing of Mr. Macready.

not, as with us on a recent occasion, by the civil force—at all events to stop it. There are dangers which must be imminent under the broadest republican forms. Only free and popular institutions like our own and those of the United States, and the spirit they inspire into the citizens, can prevent them from becoming calamities. But these slight outbreaks from insignificant causes, we must acknowledge, cast somewhat dark shadows before them; if more deeply-rooted causes of discontent should spring up—if with the spreading cities there should be quarters inhabited perhaps by multitudes of a particular race or class, and so bonded together by common passions—quarters into which education does not equably penetrate—which there is no strong police to overawe—our only trust is that there will be an instantaneous tact and sympathy among those to whom order is life, which will combine them into a more commanding league. We trust that not neglecting measures of pre-

caution in improving, as far as they may, the condition of their more abject fellow-citizens, they will never be wanting in resolution to confront and crush these insurrections of communism, (for such even in free America may be their form,) and not scruple to hazard their lives for what is dearer than life. There must be moreover no self-gratulation in more remote towns, that it is but one city which has thus become a city of desolation. The rapid communication of revolutionary wild-fire, more swift and terrible than the conflagration over leagues of prairie land—this fearful rapidity is an essential part of its nature; one city a prey to its ravages, who will insure the rest? If the waters of the Hudson reflect its red light, how long will it be before it glares on the Mississippi or the Ohio? May Heaven avert the omen—may one human community grow up as a great peace society, peace external and internal, peace with all its blessings!

HEART-TREASURES.

A MAIDEN sat plying her needle
 In a cottage remote from the crowd;
 All was still as the slip of a beetle,
 Save the wind hoarse with raging so loud.
 All without appeared chill and unseemly,
 All within, too, was silent and lone,
 Save the fire that illumined the hearth-stone,
 And the clock with its shrill, hurried tone.

Yet within that full heart there was music
 Unknown to the ear of the throng,
 Oh! gladly the world would have listened
 Had those cadences found a true tongue.
 For love—though sublime—hath not uttered
 Those blest spirit-tones which oft roll
 Through the heart when all outward is gloomy,
 Sublime as the song of the soul.

Though pensive that brow, and half-shaded
 The light of those love-waking eyes,
 There was joy in the deeps of that being
 That absorbed every sense in surprise.
 Fair Fancy had laid out the Future
 To the dictates of Hope and of Love,
 And it seemed, as it gleamed in blest beauty,
 That the model had dropped from above.

As I gazed on the face of that maiden,
 I thought of the millions that roam
 In quest of the honey called pleasure,
 Far away from themselves and from home;
 But 'tis not in the air we find treasures
 Of jewels, of gems, and of gold;
 Nor in the wide world find we pleasures
 Like those which the heart doth enfold.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

DIES BOREALES.—NO. II.

CHRISTOPHER UNDER CANVASS.

ENCAMPMENT AT CLADICH. TIME—11, A.

M. SCENE—*The Portal of the Pavilion.*

NORTH—BULLER—SEWARD.

BULLER. I know there is nothing you dislike so much as personal observations—

NORTH. On myself to myself—not at all on others.

BULLER. Yet I cannot help telling you to your face, sir, that you are one of the finest looking old men—

NORTH. Elderly gentlemen, if you please, sir.

BULLER. In Britain, in Europe, in the World. I am perfectly serious, sir. You are.

NORTH. You needed not to say you were perfectly serious; for I suffer no man to be ironical on Me, Mr. Buller. I am.

BULLER. Such a change since we came to Cladich! Seward was equally shocked, with myself, at your looks on board the Steamer. So lean—so bent—so sallow—so haggard—n a word—so aged!

NORTH. Were you shocked, Seward?

SEWARD. Buller has such a blunt way with him that he often makes me blush. I was not shocked, my dear sir, but I was affected.

BULLER. Turning to me, he said, in a whisper, "What a wreck!"

NORTH. I saw little alteration on you, Mr. Seward; but as to Buller, it was with the utmost difficulty I could be brought, by his reiterated asseverations, into a sort of quasi-belief in his personal identity; and even now, it is far from amounting to anything like a settled conviction. Why, his face is twice the breadth it used to be—and so red! It used to be narrow and pale. Then, what a bushy head—now, cocker it as he will, bald. In figure was he not slim? Now, stout's the word. Stout—stout—yes, Buller, you have grown stout, and will grow stouter—your doom is to be fat—I prophesy paunch—

BULLER. Spare me—spare me, sir. Sew-

ard should not have interrupted me—'twas but the first impression—and soon wore off—those Edinboro' people have much to answer for—unmercifully wearing you out at their ceaseless *soirées*—but since you came to Cladich, sir, CHRISTOPHER'S HIMSELF AGAIN—pardon my familiarity—nor can I now, after the minutest inspection, and severest scrutiny, detect one single additional wrinkle on face or forehead—nay, not a wrinkle at all—not one—so fresh of color, too, sir, that the irradiation is at times ruddy—and without losing an atom of expression, the countenance absolutely—plump. Yes, sir, plump's the word—plump, plump, plump.

NORTH. Now you speak sensibly, and like yourself, my dear Buller. I wear well.

BULLER. Your enemies circulated a report—

NORTH. I did not think I had an enemy in the world.

BULLER. Your friends, sir, had heard a rumor—that you had mounted a wig.

NORTH. And was there, among them all, one so weak-minded as to believe it? But, to be sure, there are no bounds to the credulity of mankind.

BULLER. That you had lost your hair—and that, like Sampson—

NORTH. And by what Delilah had my locks been shorn?

SEWARD. It all originated, I verily believe, sir, in the moved imagination of the Pensive Public:

"Res est solliciti plena timoris Amor."

NORTH. Buller, I see little, if any—no change whatever—on you, since the days of Deeside—nor on you, Seward. Yes, I do. Not now, when by yourselves; but when your boys are in Tent, ah! then I do indeed—a pleasant, a happy, a blessed change Bright boys they are—delightful lads—noble youths—and so are my Two—emphasis on my—

SEWARD and BULLER. Yes, all emphasis, and may the Four be friends for life.

NORTH. In presence of us old folks, composed and respectful—in manly modesty attentive to every word we say—at times, no doubt, wearisome enough! Yet each ready, at a look or pause, to join in when we are at our gravest—and the solemn may be getting dull—enlivening the sleepy flow of our conversation as with rivulets issuing from pure sources in the hills of the morning—

SEWARD. Aye—aye; heaven bless them all!

NORTH. Why, there is more than sense—more than talent—there is *genius* among them—in their eyes and on their tongues—though they have no suspicion of it—and that is the charm. Then, how they rally one another! Witty fellows all Four. And the right sort of raillery. Gentlemen by birth and breeding, to whom, in their wildest sallies, vulgarity is impossible—to whom, on the giddy brink—the perilous edge—still adheres a native decorum superior to that of all the Schools.

SEWARD. They have their faults, sir—

NORTH. So have we. And 'tis well for us. Without faults we should be unloveable.

SEWARD. In affection I spake.

NORTH. I know you did. There is no such hateful sight on earth as a perfect character. He is one mass of corruption—for he is a hypocrite—*intus et in cute*—by the necessity of nature. The moment a perfect character enters a room—I leave it.

SEWARD. What if you happened to live in the neighborhood of the nuisance?

NORTH. Emigrate. Or remain here—encamped for life—with imperfect characters—till the order should issue—Strike Tent.

BULLER. My Boy has a temper of his own.

NORTH. Original—or acquired?

BULLER. Naturally sweet-blooded—assuredly by the mother's side—but in her goodness she did all she could to spoil him. Some excuse—We have but Marmy.

NORTH. And his father, naturally not quite so sweet-blooded, does all he can to preserve him? Between the two, a pretty Pickle he is. Has thine a temper of his own, too, Seward?

SEWARD. Hot.

NORTH. Hereditary.

SEWARD. No—North. A milder, meeker Christian Lady than his mother is not in England.

NORTH. I confess I was at the moment

not thinking of his mother. But somewhat too much of this. I hereby authorize the Boys of this Empire to have what tempers they choose—with one sole exception—THE SULKY.

BULLER. The Edict is promulged.

NORTH. Once, and once only, during one of the longest and best-spent lives on record, was I in the mood proscribed—and it endured most part of a whole day. The Anniversary of that day I observe, in severest solitude, with a salutary horror. And it is my Birthday. Ask me not, my friends, to reveal the Cause. Aloof from confession before man—we must keep to ourselves—as John Foster says—a corner of our own souls. A black corner it is—and enter it with or without a light—you see, here and there, something dismal—hideous—shapeless—nameless—each lying in its own place on the floor. There lies the CAUSE. It was the morning of my Ninth Year. As I kept sitting high up stairs by myself—one familiar face after another kept ever and anon looking in upon me—all with one expression! And one familiar voice after another—all with one tone—kept muttering at me—“*He's still in the Sulks!*” How I hated them with an intenser hatred—and chief them I before had loved best—at each opening and each shutting of that door! How I hated myself, as my blubbered face felt hotter and hotter—and I knew how ugly I must be, with my fixed, fiery eyes. It was painful to sit on such a chair for hours in one posture, and to have so chained a child would have been great cruelty—but I was resolved to die, rather than change it; and had I been told by any one under an angel to get up and go to play, I would have spat in his face. It was a lonesome attic, and I had the fear of ghosts. But not then—my superstitious fancy was quelled by my troubled heart. Had I not deserved to be allowed to go? Did they not all know that all my happiness in this life depended on my being allowed to go? Could any one of them give a reason for not allowing me to go? What right had they to say that if I did go, I should never be able to find my way, by myself, back? What right had they to say that Roundy was a blackguard, and that he would lead me to the gallows? Never before, in all the world, had a good boy been used so on his birthday. They pretend to be sorry when I am sick—and when I say my prayers, they say theirs too; but I am sicker now—and they are not sorry, but angry—there's no use in prayers—and I wont read one verse in the

Bible this night, should my aunt go down on her knees. And in the midst of such unworded soliloquies did the young blasphemer fall asleep.

BULLER. Young Christopher North! Incredible.

NORTH. I know not how long I slept; but on awaking, I saw an angel with a most beautiful face and most beautiful hair—a little young angel—about the same size as myself—sitting on a stool by my feet. “Are you quite well now, Christopher? Let us go to the meadows and gather flowers.” Shame, sorrow, remorse, contrition, came to me with those innocent words—we wept together, and I was comforted. “I have been sinful”—“but you are forgiven.” Down all the stairs, hand in hand, we glided; and there was no longer anger in any eyes—the whole house was happy. All voices were kinder—if that were possible—than they had been when I rose in the morning—a Boy in his Ninth Year. Parental hands smoothed my hair—parental lips kissed it—and parental greetings, only a little more cheerful than prayers, restored me to the Love I had never lost, and which I felt now had animated that brief and just displeasure. I had never heard then of Elysian fields; but I had often heard, and often had dreamt happy, happy dreams, of fields of light in heaven. And such looked the fields to be, where fairest Mary Gordon and I gathered flowers, and spoke to the birds, and to one another, all day long—and again, when the day was gone, and the evening going, on till moon-time, below and among the soft-burning stars.

BULLER. And never has *Christopher been in the Sulks* since that day.

NORTH. Under heaven, I owe it all to that child's eyes. Still, I sternly keep the Anniversary—for, beyond doubt, I was that day possessed with a Devil—and an angel it was, though human, that drove him out.

SEWARD. Your first Love?

NORTH. In a week she was in heaven. My friends—in childhood—our whole future life would sometimes seem to be at the mercy of such small events as these. Small call them not—for they are great for good or for evil—because of the unfathomable mysteries that lie shrouded in the growth, on earth, of an immortal soul.

SEWARD. May I dare to ask you, sir—it is indeed a delicate—a more than delicate question—if the Anniversary—has been brought round with the revolving year since we encamped? .

NORTH. It has.

SEWARD. Ah! Buller! we know now the reason of his absence that day from the Pavilion and Deeside—of his utter seclusion—he was doing penance in the Swiss Giantess—a severe sojourn.

NORTH. A Good Temper, friends—not a good Conscience—is the Blessing of Life.

BULLER. Shocked to hear you say so, sir. Unsay it, my dear Sir—unsay it—pernicious doctrine. It may get abroad.

NORTH. THE SULKS!—the CELESTIALS. The Sulks are hell, sirs—the Celestials, by the very name, heaven. I take temper in its all-embracing sense of Physical, Mental and Moral Atmosphere. Pure and serene—then we respire God's gifts, and are happier than we desire! Is not that divine? Foul and disturbed—then we are stifled by God's gifts—and are wickeder than we fear! Is not that devilish? A good Conscience and a bad Temper! Talk not to me, Young Men, of pernicious doctrine—it is a soul-saving doctrine—“millions of spiritual creatures walk unseen” teaching it—men's Thoughts, communing with heaven, have been teaching it—surely not all in vain—since Cain slew Abel.

SEWARD. The Sage!

BULLER. Socrates.

NORTH. Morose! Think for five minutes on what that word means—and on what that word contains—and you see the Man must be an Atheist. Sitting in the House of God *morosely*! Bright, bold, beautiful boys of ours, ye are not morose—heaven's air has free access through your open souls—a clear conscience carries the Friends in their pastimes up the Mountains.

SEWARD. And their fathers before them.

NORTH. And their great-grandfather—I mean their spiritual great-grandfather—myself—Christopher North. They are gathering up—even as we gathered up—images that will never die. Evanescent! Clouds—lights—shadows—glooms, the falling sound—the running murmur—and the swinging roar—as cataract, stream, and forest all alike seem wheeling by—these are not evanescent—for they will all keep coming and going—before their Imagination—all life-long at the bidding of the Will—or obedient to a Wish! Or by benign Law, whose might is a mystery, coming back from the far profound—remembered apparitions!

SEWARD. Dear sir.

NORTH. Even my Image will sometimes reappear—and the Tents of Cladich—the Camp on Lochawe-side.

BULLER. My dear sir—it will not be evanescent—

NORTH. And withal such Devils! But I have given them *carte blanche*.

SEWARD. Nor will they abuse it.

NORTH. I wonder when they sleep. Each has his own dormitory—the cluster forming the left wing of the Camp—but Deeside is not seldom broad awake till midnight; and though I am always up and out by six at the latest, never once have I caught a man of them napping, but either there they are each more blooming than the other, getting ready their gear for a start; or, on sweeping the Loch with my glass, I see their heads, like wild-duck—swimming—round Rabbit Island—as some wretch has baptized Inishail—or away to Inistrynish—or, for anything I know, to Port-Sonachan—swimming for a Medal given by the Club! Or there goes *Gutta Percha* by the Pass of Brandir, or shooting away into the woods near Kilchurn. Twice have they been on the top of Cruachan—once for a clear hour, and once for a dark day—the very next morning, Marmaduke said, they would have “some more mountain,” and the Four Cloud-compellers swept the whole range of Ben Bhuridh and Bein-Lurachan as far as the head of Glensrea. Though they said nothing about it, I heard of their having been over the hills behind us, t’other night, at Cairndow at a wedding. Why, only think, sirs, yesterday they were off by daylight to try their luck in Loch Dochart, and again I heard their merriment soon after we had retired. They must have footed it above forty miles. That Cornwall Clipper will be their death. And off again this morning—all on foot—to the Black Mount.

BULLER. For what?

NORTH. By permission of the Marquis, to shoot an Eagle. She is said to be again on egg—and to cliff-climbers her eyrie is within rifle-range. But let us forget the Boys, as they have forgot us.

SEWARD. The Loch is calmer to-day, sir, than we have yet seen it; but the calm is of a different character from yesterday’s—that was serene, this is solemn—I had almost said austere. Yesterday there were few clouds; and such was the prevailing power of all those lovely woods on the islands, and along the mainland shores—that the whole reflection seemed sylvan. When gazing on such a sight, does not our feeling of the unrealities—the shadows—attach to the realities—the substances? So that the living trees—earth-rooted, and growing upwards—

become almost as visionary as their inverted semblances in that commingling clime? Or is it that the life of the trees gives life to the images, and imagination believes that the whole, in its beauty, must belong, by the same law, to the same world?

NORTH. Let us understand, without seeking to destroy, our delusions; for has not this life of ours been wisely called the dream of a shadow?

SEWARD. To-day there are many clouds, and aloft they are beautiful; nor is the light of the sun not most gracious; but the repose of all that downward world affects me—I know not why—with sadness—it is beginning to look almost gloomy—and I seem to see the hush not of sleep, but of death. There is not the unbounded expanse of yesterday—the loch looks narrower—and Cruachan closer to us, with all his heights.

BULLER. I felt a drop of rain on the back of my hand.

SEWARD. It must have been, then, from your nose. There will be no rain this week. But a breath of air there is somewhere—for the mirror is dimmed, and the vision gone.

NORTH. The drop was not from his nose, Seward, for here are three—and clear, pure drops too—on my Milton. I should not be at all surprised if we were to have a little rain.

SEWARD. Odd enough. I cannot conjecture where it comes from. It must be dew.

BULLER. Who ever heard of dew dropping in large fat globules at meridian on a summer’s day? It is getting very close and sultry. The interior must be, as Wordsworth says, “Like a Lion’s den.” Did you whisper, sir?

NORTH. No. But something did. Look at the silver, Buller.

BULLER. Thermometer 85. Barometer I can say nothing about—but that it is very low indeed. A long way below Stormy.

NORTH. What color would you call that glare about the Crown of Cruachan? Yellow?

SEWARD. You may just as well call it yellow as not. I never saw such a color before—and don’t care though I never see such again—for it is horrid. That is a—Glare.

NORTH. Cowper says grandly,
“A terrible sagacity informs
The Poet’s heart; he looks to distant storms;
He hears the thunder ere the tempest lowers.”

He is speaking of tempests in the moral

world. You know the passage—it is a fine one—so indeed is the whole Epistle—Table-Talk. I am a bit of a Poet myself in smelling thunder. Early this morning I set it down for mid-day—and it is mid-day now.

BULLER. Liker Evening.

NORTH. Dimmish and darkish, certainly; but unlike Evening. I pray you look at the Sun.

BULLER. What about him?

NORTH. Though unclouded—he seems shrouded in his own solemn light—expecting thunder.

BULLER. There is not much motion among the clouds.

NORTH. Not yet. Merely what in Scotland we call a carry; yet that great central mass is double the size it was ten minutes ago—the City Churches are crowding round the Cathedral, and the whole assemblage lies under the shadow of the Citadel—with battlements and colonnades at once Fort and Temple.

BULLER. Still some blue sky. Not very much. But some.

NORTH. Cruachan! you are changing color.

BULLER. Grim—very.

NORTH. The Loch's like ink. I could dip my pen in it.

SEWARD. We are about to have thunder.

NORTH. Weather-wise wizard—we are. That mutter was thunder. In five seconds you will hear some more. One—two—three—four—there; that was a growl. I call that good growling—sulky, sullen, savage growling, that makes the heart of Silence quake.

SEWARD. And mine.

NORTH. What? Dying away! Some incomprehensible cause is turning the thunderous masses round towards Appin.

SEWARD. And I wish them a safe journey.

NORTH. All right. They are coming this way—all at once—the whole Thunder-storm. Flash—roar.

“Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.”

Who but Willy could have said *that*?

SEWARD. Who said what?

NORTH. How ghastly all the trees!

SEWARD. I see no trees—nor anything else.

NORTH. How can you, with that Flying Dutchman over your eyes?

BULLER. I gave him my handkerchief—for at this moment I know his head is like to rend. I wish I had kept it to myself; but no use—the lightning is seen through lids

and hands, and would be through stone walls.

NORTH. Each flash has, of course, a thunder-clap of its own—if we knew where to look for it; but, to our senses, all connection between cause and effect is lost—such incessant flashings—and such multitudinous outbreaks—and such a continuous roll of outrageous echoes!

BULLER. Coruscation—explosion—are but feeble words.

NORTH. The Cathedral's on fire.

BULLER. I don't mind so much those wide flarings among the piled clouds, as these gleams—oh!

NORTH. Where art thou, Cruachan? Ay—methinks I see thee—methinks I do not—thy Three Peaks may not pierce the masses that now oppress thee—but behind the broken midway clouds, those black purple breadths of solid earth are thine—thine those unmistakeable Cliffs—thine the assured beauty of that fearless Forest—and may the lightning scathe not one single tree!

BULLER. Nor man.

NORTH. This is your true total Eclipse of the Sun. Day, not night, is the time for thunder and lightning. Night can be dark of itself, nay, cannot help it; but when Day grows black, then is the blackness of darkness in the Bright One terrible; and terror—Burke said well—is at the heart of the sublime. The Light, such as it is, sets off the power of the lightning—it pales to that flashing—and is forgotten in Fire. It smells of hell.

SEWARD. It is constitutional in the Sewards. North, I am sick.

NORTH. Give way to gasping—and lie down—nothing can be done for you. The danger is not—

SEWARD. I am not afraid—I am faint.

NORTH. You must speak louder, if you expect to be heard by ears of clay. Peals is not the word. “Peals on peals redoubled” is worse. There never was—and never will be a word in any language—for *all that*.

BULLER. Unreasonable to expect it. Try twenty—in twenty languages.

NORTH. Buller, you may count ten individual deluges—besides the descent of three at hand—conspicuous in the general Rain, which without them would be Rain sufficient for a Flood. Now the Camp has it, and let us enter the Pavilion. I don't think there is much wind here; yet far down the black Loch is silently whitening with waves like breakers; for here the Rain alone rules, and its rushing deadens the retiring thunder.

The ebbing thunder! Still louder than any sea on any shore; but a diminishing loudness, though really vast, seems quelled; and, losing its power over the present, imagination follows it not into the distant region where it may be raging as bad as ever. Buller?

BULLER. What?

NORTH. How's Seward?

SEWARD. Much better. It is very, very kind of you, my dear sir, to carry me in your arms, and place me in your own Swing-chair. The change of atmosphere has revived me—but the Boys?

NORTH. The Boys—why, they went to the Black Mount to shoot an eagle, and see a thunder-storm, and long before this they have had their heart's desire. There are caves, Seward, in Buachail-Mor; and one recess I know—not a cave—but grander far than any cave—near the Fall of Eas-a-Bhrogich—far down below the bottom of the Fall, which in its long descent whitens the sable cliffs. Thither leads a winding access no storm can shake. In that recess you sit rock-surrounded—but with elbow-room for five hundred men—and all the light you have—and you would not wish for more—comes down upon you from a cupola far nearer heaven than that hung by Michael Angelo.

SEWARD. The Boys are safe.

NORTH. Or the lone house of Dalness has received them—hospitable now as of yore—or the Huntsman's hut—or Shepherd's shieling—that word I love, and shall use it now—though shieling it is not, but a comfortable cottage—and the dwellers there fear not the thunder and the lightning—for they know they are in His hands—and talk cheerfully in the storm.

SEWARD. Over and gone. How breathable the atmosphere!

NORTH. In the Forests of the Marquis and of Monzie, the horns of the Red-deer are again in motion. In my mind's eye—Harry—I see one—an enormous fellow—bigger than the big stag of Benmore himself—and not to be so easily brought to perform, by particular desire, the part of Moriens—giving himself a shake of his whole huge bulk, and a *caive* of his whole wide antlers—and then leading down from the Corrie, with Platonic affection, a herd of Hinds to the greensward islanded among brackens and heather—a spot equally adapted for feed, play, rumination, and sleep. And the Roes are glinting through the glades—and the Fleece are nibbling on the mountain's glitter-

ing breast—and the Cattle are grazing, and galloping, and lowing on the hills—and the furred folk, who are always dry, come out from the crevices for a mouthful of the fresh air; and the whole four-footed creation are jocund—are happy!

BULLER. What a picture!

NORTH. And the Fowls of the Air—think ye not the Eagle, storm-driven not unalarmed along that league-long face of cliff, is now glad at heart, pruning the wing that shall carry him again, like a meteor, into the subsided skies?

BULLER. What it is to have an imagination! Worth all my Estate.

NORTH. Let us exchange.

BULLER. Not possible. Strictly entailed.

NORTH. Dock.

BULLER. Mno.

NORTH. And the little wren flits out from the back-door of her nest—too happy she to sing—and in a minute is back again with a worm in her mouth, to her half-score gaping babies—the sole family in all the dell. And the sea-mews, sore against their will driven seawards, are returning by ones and twos, and thirties, and thousands, up Loch-Etive, and, dallying with what wind is still alive above the green transparency, drop down in successive parties of pleasure on the silver sands of Ardmatty, or lured onwards into the still leas of Glenliver, or the profounder quietude of the low mounds of Dalness.

SEWARD. My fancy is contented to feed on what is before my eyes.

BULLER. Doff, then, the Flying Dutchman.

NORTH. And thousands of Rills, on the first day of their apparent existence, are all happy too, and make me happy to look on them leaping and dancing down the rocks—and the River Etive rejoicing in his strength, from far Kingshouse all along to the end of his journey, is happiest of them all; for the storm that has swollen has not discolored him, and with a pomp of clouds on his breast, he is flowing in his expanded beauty into his own desired Loch.

SEWARD. Gaze with me, my dear sir, on what lies before our eyes.

NORTH. The Rainbow!

BULLER. Four miles wide, and half a mile broad.

NORTH. Thy own Rainbow, Cruachan—from end to end.

SEWARD. Is it fading—or is it brightening?—no, it is not fading—and to brighten is impossible. It is the beautiful at perfection—it is dissolving—it is gone.

BULLER. I asked you, sir, have the Poets well handled Thunder?

NORTH. I was waiting for the Rainbow. Many eyes besides ours are now regarding it—many hearts gladdened—but have you not often felt, Seward, as if such apparitions came at a silent call in our souls—that we might behold them—and that the hour—or the moment—was given to us alone! So have I felt when walking alone among the great solitudes of Nature.

SEWARD. Lochawe is the name now for a dozen little lovely lakes! For, lo! as the vapors are rising, they disclose, here a bay that does not seem to be a bay, but complete in its own encircled stillness—there a bare grass island—yes, it is Inishail—with a shore of mists—and there, with its Pines and Castle, Freoch, as if it were Loch Freoch, and not itself an Isle. Beautiful bewilderment! but of our own creating!—for thus Fancy is fain to dally with what we love—and would seek to estrange the familiar—as if Lochawe in its own simple grandeur were not all-sufficient for our gaze.

BULLER. Let me try my hand. No—no—I can see and feel, have an eye and a heart for Scenery, as it is called, but am no hand at a description. My dear, sweet, soft-breasted, fair-fronted, bright-haired, delightful Cruachan—thy very name, how liquid with open vowels—not a consonant among them all—no Man-Mountain Thou—Thou art the *LADY OF THE LAKE*. I am in love with Thee—Thou must not think of retiring from the earth—Thou must not take the veil—off with it—off with it from those glorious shoulders—and come, in all Thy loveliness, to my long—my longing arms!

SEWARD. Is that the singing of larks?

NORTH. No larks live here. The laverock is a lowland bird, and loves our braided fields and our pastoral braes; but the Highland mountains are not for him—he knows by instinct that they are haunted—though he never saw the shadow nor heard the sigh of the eagle's wing.

SEWARD. The singing from the woods seems to reach the sky. They have utterly forgotten their fear; or think you, sir, that birds know that what frightened them is gone, and that they sing with intenser joy because of the fear that kept them mute?

NORTH. The lambs are frisking—and the sheep staring placidly at the Tents. I hear the hum of bees—returned—and returning from their straw-built Citadels. In the primal hour of his winged life, that wavering butterfly goes by in search of the sunshine

that meets him; and happy for this generation of ephemerals that they first took wing on the afternoon of the day of the Great Storm.

BULLER. How have the Poets, sir, handled thunder and lightning?

NORTH.

*Sæpe ego, cum flavis messorum induceret arvis
Agricola, et fragili jam stringeret hordea culmo,
Omnia ventorum concurrere prelia vidi,
Quæ gravidam latè segetem ab radicibus imis
Sublimè expulsam eruerent: ita turbine nigro
Ferret hyems culmumque levem, stipulasque vo-*
lantes.

*Sæpe etiam immensum cælo venit agmen aquarum,
Et fœdam glomerant tempestatem imbris atris
Collectæ ex alto nubes: ruit arduus æther,
Et pluviâ ingenti sata læta, boumque labores
Diluit: implentur fossæ, et cava flumina crescut
Cum sonitu, fervetque fretis spirantibus æquor.
Ipse Pater, mediâ nimborum in nocte, corusca
Fulmina molitur dextrâ: quo maxima motu
Terra tremit: fugère feræ, et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor: ille flagranti
Aut Atho, aut Rhodopen, aut alta Ceraunia telo
Dejecit: ingeminant Austri, et densissimus imber:
Nunc nemora ingenti vento, nunc littora plangunt.*

BULLER. You recite well, sir, and Latin better than English—not so sing-songy—and as sonorous: then Virgil, to be sure, is fitter for recitation than any Laker of you all—

NORTH. I am not a Laker—I am a Locher.

BULLER. Tweedledum—tweedledee.

NORTH. That means the Tweed and the Dee? Content. One might have thought, Buller, that our Scottish Critics would have been puzzled to find a fault in that strain—

BULLER. It is faultless; but not a Scotch critic worth a curse but yourself—

NORTH. I cannot accept a compliment at the expense of all the rest of my countrymen. I cannot indeed.

BULLER. Yes, you can.

NORTH. There was Lord Kames—a man of great talents—a most ingenious man—and with an insight—

BULLER. I never heard of him—was he a Scotch Peer?

NORTH. One of the Fifteen. A strained elevation—says his Lordship—I am sure of the words, though I have not seen his *Elements of Criticism* for fifty years—

BULLER. You are a creature of a wonderful memory.

NORTH. "A strained elevation is attended with another inconvenience, that the author is apt to fall suddenly, as well as the reader; because it is not a little difficult to descend

sweetly and easily from such elevation to the ordinary tone of the subject. The following is a good illustration of that observation"—and then his Lordship quotes the passage I recited—stopping with the words "*densissimus imber*," which are thus made to conclude the description!

BULLER. Oh! oh! oh! That's murder.

NORTH. In the description of a storm—continues his Lordship—"to figure Jupiter throwing down huge mountains with his thunderbolts, is hyperbolically sublime, if I may use the expression; the tone of mind produced by that image is so distinct from the tone produced by a thick shower of rain, that the sudden transition *must be very unpleasant*."

BULLER. Suggestive of a great-coat. That's the way to deal with a great Poet. Clap your hand on the Poet's mouth in its fervor—shut up the words in mid-volley—and then tell him that he does not know how to descend sweetly and easily from strained elevation!

NORTH. Nor do I agree with his Lordship that—"to figure Jupiter throwing down huge mountains with his thunderbolts is hyperbolically sublime." As a part for a whole is a figure of speech, so is a whole for a part. Virgil says, "*deicit*;" but he did not mean to say that Jupiter "tumbled down" Athos, or Rhodope, or the Acroceraunean range. He knew—for he saw them—that there they were in all their altitude after the storm—little, if at all, the worse. But Jupiter had struck—smitten—splintered—rent—trees and rocks—midway or on the summits—and the sight was terrific—and "*deicit*" brings it before our imagination, which not for a moment pictures the whole mountain tumbling down. But great Poets know the power of words, and on great occasions how to use them—in this case—one—and small critics will not suffer their own senses to instruct them in Poetry—and hence the Elements of Criticism are not the Elements of Nature, and assist us not in comprehending the grandeur of reported storms.

BULLER. Lay it into them, sir.

NORTH. Good Dr. Hugh Blair again, who in his day had a high character for taste and judgment, agreed with Henry Home that "the transition is made too hastily—I am afraid—from the preceding sublime images, to a thick shower and the blowing of the south wind, and shows how difficult it frequently is to descend with grace, without seeming to fall." Nay, even Mr. Alison

himself—one of the finest spirits that ever breathed on earth, says—"I acknowledge, indeed, that the '*pluvia ingenti sata læta, boumque labores diluit*,' is defensible from the connection of the imagery with the subject of the poem; but the '*implentur fossæ*' is both an unnecessary and a degrading circumstance, when compared with the magnificent effects that are described in the rest of the passage." In this quotation, too, the final grand line is inadvertently omitted—

"Nunc nemora ingenti vento, nunc littora plan-
gunt."

BULLER. I never read Hugh Blair—but I have read—often, and always with increased delight—Mr. Alison's exquisite Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste, and Lord Jeffrey's admirable exposition of the Theory—in statement so clear, and in illustration so rich—worth all the *Æsthetics* of the Germans—Schiller excepted—in one Volume of Mist.

NORTH. Mr. Alison had an original as well as a fine mind; and here he seems to have been momentarily beguiled into mistake by unconscious deference to the judgment of men—in his province far inferior to himself—whom in his modesty he admired. Mark. Virgil's main purpose is to describe the dangers—the losses to which the agriculturist is at all seasons exposed from wind and weather. And he sets them before us in plain and perspicuous language, not rising above the proper level of the didactic. Yet being a Poet he puts poetry into his description from the first and throughout. To say that the line "*Et pluvia*," &c. is "*defensible* from the connection of the imagery with the subject of the Poem" is not enough. It is *necessitated*. Strike it out and you abolish the subject. And just so with "*implentur fossæ*." The "*fossæ*" we know in that country were numerous and wide, and, when swollen, dangerous—and the "*cava flumina*" well follow instantly—for the "*fossæ*" were their feeders—and we hear as well as see the rivers rushing to the sea—and we hear too, as well as see, the sea itself. *There the description ends*. Virgil has done his work. But his imagination is moved, and there arises a new strain altogether. He is done with the agriculturists. And now he deals with man at large—with the whole human race. He is now a Boanerges—a son of thunder—and he begins with Jove. The sublimity comes in a moment. "*Ipse Pater, mediâ nimborum in nocte*"—and is sustain-

ed to the close—the last line being great as the first—and all between accordant, and all true to nature. Without rain and wind, what would be a thunder-storm? The “densissimus imber” obeys the laws—and so do the ingeminanting Austri—and the shaken woods and the stricken shores.

BULLER. Well done, Virgil—well done, North.

NORTH. I cannot rest, Buller—I can have no peace of mind but in a successful defense of these Ditches. Why is a Ditch to be despised? Because it is dug? So is a grave. Is the Ditch—wet or dry—that must be passed by the Volunteers of the Fighting Division before the Fort can be stormed, too low a word for a Poet to use? Alas! on such an occasion well might he say, as he looked after the assault and saw the floating tartans—*implentur fossæ*—the Ditch is filled!

BULLER. Ay, Mr. North, in that case the word Ditch—and the thing—would be dignified by danger, daring, and death. But here—

NORTH. The case is the same—with a difference, for there is all the Danger—all the Daring—all the Death—that the incident or event admits of—and they are not small. Think for a moment. The rain falls over the whole broad heart of the tilled earth—from the face of the fields it runs into the Ditches—the first unavoidable receptacles—these pour into the rivers—the rivers into the river mouths—and then you are in the Sea.

BULLER. Go on, sir, go on.

NORTH. I am amazed—I am indignant, Buller. *Ruit arduus æther*. The steep or high ether rushes down! as we saw it rush down a few minutes ago. What happens?

“Et pluvîa ingenti sata læta, boumque labores Diluit!”

Alas! for the hopeful—hopeless husbandman now. What a multiplied and magnified expression have we here for the arable lands. All the glad seed-time vain—vain all industry of man and oxen—there you have the true agricultural pathos—washed away—set in a swim—deluged! Well has the Poet—in one great line—spoke the greatness of a great matter. Sudden affliction—visible desolation—imagined dearth.

BULLER. Don't stop, sir, you speak to the President of our Agricultural Society—go on, sir, go on.

NORTH. Now drop in—in its veriest place, and in two words, the *necessitated Implen-*

tur fossæ. No pretense—no display—no phraseology—the nakedest, but quite effectual statement of the fact—which the farmer—I love that word farmer—has witnessed as often as he has ever seen the Coming—the Ditches that were dry ran full to the brim. The homely rustic fact, strong and impressive to the husbandman, cannot be dealt with by poetry otherwise than by setting it down in its bald simplicity. Seek to raise—to dress—to disguise—and you make it ridiculous. The Mantuan knew better—he says what must be said—and goes on—

BULLER. He goes on—so do you, sir—you both get on.

NORTH. And now again begins Magnification,

“Et cava flumina crescunt

Cum sonitu.”

The “hollow-bedded rivers” grow, swell, visibly wax mighty and turbulent. You imagine that you stand on the bank and see the river that had shrunk into a thread getting broad enough to fill the capacity of its whole hollow bed. The rushing of arduous ether would not of itself have proved sufficient. Therefore glory to the Italian Ditches and glory to the Dumfriesshire Drains, which I have seen, in an hour, change the white murmuring Esk into a red rolling river, with as sweeping sway as ever attended the Arno on its way to inundate Florence.

BULLER. Glory to the Ditches of the Vale of Arno—glory to the Drains of Dumfriesshire. Draw breath, sir. Now go on, sir.

NORTH. “Cum sonitu.” Not as Father Thames rises—*silently*—till the flow lapse over lateral meadow-grounds for a mile on either side. But “cum sonitu,” with a voice—with a roar—a mischievous roar—a roar of—ten thousand Ditches.

BULLER. And then the “flumina”—“cava” no more—will be as clear as mud.

NORTH. You have hit it. They will be—for the Arno in flood is like liquid mud—by no means enamoring, perhaps not even sublime—but showing you that it comes off the fields and along the Ditches—that you see swillings of the “sata læta boumque labores.”

BULLER. Agricultural Produce!

NORTH. For a moment—a single moment—leave out the Ditches, and say merely, “The rain falls over the fields—the rivers swell roaring.” No picture at all. You must have the fall over the surface—the gathering in the narrower artificial—the de-

livery into the wider natural channels—the fight of spate and surge at river mouth—

“Fervetque fretis spirantibus æquor.”

The Ditches are indispensable in nature and in Virgil.

BULLER. Put this glass of water to your lips, sir—not that I would recommend water to a man in a fit of eloquence—but I know you are abstinent—infatuated in your abjuration of wine. Go on—half-minute time.

NORTH. I swear to defend—at the pen's point—against all Comers—the position that the line

“Diluit: implentur fossæ, cava flumina crescent Cum sonitu”—

is, where it stands—and looking before and after—a perfect line; and that to strike out “implentur fossæ” would be an outrage on it—just equal, Buller, to my knocking out, without hesitation, your brains—for your brains do not contribute more to the flow of our conversation—than do the Ditches to that other spate.

BULLER. That will do—you may stop.

NORTH. I ask no man's permission—I obey no man's mandate—to stop. Now Virgil takes wing—now he blazes and soars. Now comes the power and spirit of the Storm gathered in the Person of the Sire—of him who wields the thunderbolt into which the Cyclops have forged storms of all sorts—wind and rain together—“*Tres imbri torti radios!*” &c. You remember the magnificent mixture. And there we have VIRGILIUS *versus* HOMERUM.

BULLER. You may sit down, sir.

NORTH. I did not know I had stood up. Beg pardon.

BULLER. I am putting Swing to rights for you, sir.

NORTH. Methinks Jupiter is *twice* apparent—the first time, as the President of the Storm, which is agreeable to the dictates of reason and necessity;—the second—to my fancy—as delighting himself in the conscious exertion of power. What is he splintering Athos, or Rhodope, or the Acroceraunians for? The divine use of the Fulmen is to quell Titans, and to kill that mad fellow who was running up the ladder at Thebes, Capaneus. Let the Great Gods *find out their enemies now*—find out and finish them—and enemies they must have not a few among those prostrate crowds—“*per gentes humilis stravit pavor.*” But shattering and shiver-

ing the mountain tops—which, as I take it, is here the prominent affair—and, as I said, the true meaning of “*dejicit*”—is mere pastime—as if Jupiter Tonans were disporting himself on a holiday.

BULLER. Oh! sir, you have exhausted the subject—if not yourself—and us; I beseech you sit down;—see, Swing solicits you—and oh! sir, you—we—all of us will find in a few minutes' silence a great relief after all that thunder.

NORTH. You remember Lucretius?

BULLER. No, I don't. To you I am not ashamed to confess that I read him with some difficulty. With ease, sir, do you?

NORTH. I never knew a man who did but Bobus Smith; and so thoroughly was he imbued with the spirit of the great Epicurean, that Lander—himself the best Latinist living—equals him with Lucretius. The famous Thunder passage is very fine, but I cannot recollect every word; and the man who, in recitation, haggles and boggles at a great strain of a great poet deserves death without benefit of clergy. I do remember, however, that he does not descend from his elevation with such ease and grace as would have satisfied Henry Home and Hugh Blair—for he has so little notion of true dignity as to mention rain, as Virgil afterwards did, in immediate connection with thunder.

“Quo de concussu sequitur gravis imber et uber, Omnis utei videatur in imbrem vortier æther, Atque ita præcipitans ad diluvium revocare.”

BULLER. What think you of the thunder in Thomson's Seasons?

NORTH. What all the world thinks—that it is our very best British Thunder. He gives the Gathering, the General engagement, and the Retreat. In the Gathering there are touches and strokes that make all mankind shudder—the foreboding—the ominous! And the terror, when it comes, aggrandizes the premonitory symptoms. “Follows the loosened aggravated roar” is a line of power to bring the voice of thunder upon your soul on the most peaceable day. He, too—prevailing poet—feels the grandeur of the Rain. For instant on the words, “convulsing heaven and earth,” ensue,

“Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
Or prone-descending rain.”

Thomson had been in the heart of thunderstorms many a time before he left Scotland; and what always impresses me is the want of method—the confusion, I might almost say—in his description. Nothing contradic-

tory in the proceedings of the storm; they all go on obediently to what we know of nature's laws. But the effects of their agency on man and nature are given—not according to any scheme—but as they happen to come before the poet's imagination, as they happened in reality. The pine is struck first—then the cattle and the sheep below—and then the castled cliff—and then the

“Gloomy woods

Start at the flash, and from their deep recess
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.”

No regular ascending—or descending scale here; but wherever the lightning chooses to go, there it goes—the blind agent of indiscriminating destruction.

BULLER. Capricious Zig-zag.

NORTH. Jemmy was overmuch given to mouthing in the *seasons*; and in this description—matchless though it be—he sometimes out- mouths the big-mouthed thunder at his own bombast. Perhaps that is inevitable—you must, in confabulating with that Meteor, either imitate him, to keep him and yourself in countenance, or be, if not mute as a mouse, as thin-piped as a fly. In youth I used to go sounding to myself among the mountains the concluding lines of the *Re-treat*:

“Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
The repercussive roar; with mighty crush,
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmanmaur heaped hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs, and Snowdon's peak
Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load;
Far seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thule bellows through her utmost isles.”

Are they good—or are they bad? I fear—not good. But I am dubious. The previous picture has been of one locality—a wide one—but within the visible horizon—enlarged somewhat by the imagination, which, as the schoolmen said, inflows into every act of the senses—and powerfully, no doubt, into the senses engaged in witnessing a thunder-storm. Many of the effects so faithfully, and some of them so tenderly painted, interest us by their picturesque particularity:

“Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look

They wore alive, and ruminating still
In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
And ox half-raised.”

We are here in a confined world—close to us and near; and our sympathies with its inhabitants—human or brute—comprehend

the very attitude or postures in which the lightning found or left them; but the final verses waft us away from all that terror and pity—the geographical takes place of the pathetic—a visionary panorama of material objects supersedes the heart-throbbing region of the spiritual—for a mournful song, instinct with the humanities, an ambitious bravura displaying the power and pride of the musician, now thinking not at all of us, and following the thunder only as affording him an opportunity for the display of his own art.

BULLER. Are they good—or are they bad? I am dubious.

NORTH. Thunder-storms travel fast and far—but here they seem simultaneous; Thule is more vociferous than the whole of Wales together—yet perhaps the sound itself of the verses is the loudest of all—and we cease to hear the thunder in the din that describes it.

BULLER. Severe—but just.

NORTH. Ha! thou comest in such a questionable shape—

ENTRANT. That I will speak to thee. How do you do, my dear sir? God bless you, how do you do?

NORTH. Art thou a spirit of health or goblin damned?

ENTRANT. A spirit of health.

NORTH. It is—it is the voice of TALBOYS. Don't move an inch. Stand still for ten seconds—on the very same site, that I may have one steady look at you, to make assurance doubly sure—and then let us meet each other half-way in a Cornish hug.

TALBOYS. Are we going to wrestle already, Mr. North?

NORTH. Stand still ten seconds more. He is he—You are you—gentlemen—H. G. Talboys—Seward, my crutch—Buller, your arm—

TALBOYS. Wonderful feat of agility! Feet up to the ceiling—

NORTH. Don't say ceiling.

TALBOYS. Why not? ceiling—*cœlum*. Feet up to heaven.

NORTH. An involuntary feat—the fault of Swing—sole fault—but I always forget it when agitated—

BULLER. Some time or other, sir, you will fly backwards and fracture your skull.

NORTH. There, we have recovered our equilibrium—now we are in grips, don't fear a fall—I hope you are not displeased with your reception.

TALBOYS. I wrote last night, sir, to say I was coming—but there being no speedier

conveyance—I put the letter in my pocket, and there it is—

NORTH.

(On reading "*Dies Boreales*.—No. 1.")

A friend returned! spring bursting forth again!
The song of other years! which, when we roam,
Brings up all sweet and common things of home,
And sinks into the thirsty heart like rain!
Such the strong influence of the thrilling strain
By human love made sad and musical,
Yet full of high philosophy withal,
Poured from thy wizard harp o'er land and main!
A thousand hearts will waken at its call,
And breathe the prayer they breathed in earlier youth—

May o'er thy brow no envious shadow fall!
Blaze in thine eye the eloquence of truth!
Thy righteous wrath the soul of guilt appal,
As lion's streaming hair or dragon's fiery tooth!

TALBOYS. I blush to think I have given you the wrong paper.

NORTH. It is the right one. But may I ask what you have on your head?

TALBOYS. A hat. At least it was so an hour ago.

NORTH. It never will be a hat again.

TALBOYS. A patent hat—a waterproof hat—it was swimming, when I purchased it yesterday, in a pail—warranted against Lammas floods—

NORTH. And in an hour it has come to this! Why, it has no more shape than a coal-heaver's.

TALBOYS. Oh! then it can be little the worse; for that is its natural artificial shape. It is constructed on that principle—and the patentee prides himself on its affording equal protection to head, shoulders, and back—helmet at once and shield.

NORTH. But you must immediately put on dry clothes—

TALBOYS. The clothes I have on are as dry as if they had been taking horse-exercise all morning before a laundry-fire. I am waterproof all over—and I had need to be so—for between Inverary and Cladich there was much moisture in the atmosphere.

NORTH. Do—do—go and put on dry clothes. Why the spot you stand on is absolutely swimming—

TALBOYS. My sporting-jacket, sir, is a new invention—an invention of my own—to the sight silk—to the feel feathers—and of feathers is the texture—but that is a secret, don't blab it—and to rain I am impervious as a plover.

NORTH. Do—do—go and put on dry clothes.

TALBOYS. Intended to have been here last night—left Glasgow yesterday morning, and had a most delightful forenoon of it in the steamer to Tarbert. Loch Lomond fairly outshone herself—never before had I felt

the full force of the words—"Fortunate Isles." The Bens were magnificent. At Tarbert—just as I was disembarking—who should be embarking but our friends Outram, McCulloch, Macnee—

NORTH. And why are they not here?

TALBOYS. And I was induced—I could not resist them—to take a trip on the Inverarnan. We returned to Tarbert and had a glorious afternoon till two this morning—thought I might lie down for an hour or two—but, after undressing, it occurred to me that it was advisable to redress—and be off instant—so, wheeling round the head of Loch Long—never beheld the day so lovely—I glided up the gentle slope of Glencroe and sat down on "Rest and be thankful"—to hold a minute's colloquy with a hawk—or some sort of eagle or another, who seemed to think nobody at that hour had a right to be there but himself—covered him to a nicety with my rod—and had it been a gun, he was a dead bird. Down the other—that is, this side of the glen, which, so far from being precipitous, is known to be a descent but by the pretty little cataractettes playing at leap-frog—from your description I knew that must be Loch Fine—and that St. Catherine's. Shall I drop down and signalize the Inverary Steamer? I have not time—so through the woods of Ardkinglass—surely the most beautiful in this world—to Cairndow. Looked at my watch—had forgot to wind her up—set her by the sun—and on nearing the inn door an unaccountable impulse landed me in the parlor to the right. Breakfast on the table for somebody up stairs—whom nobody—so the girl said—could awaken—ate it—and the ten miles were but one to that celebrated Circuit Town. Saluted Dun-nu-quech for your sake—and the Castle for the Duke's—and could have lingered all June among those gorgeous groves.

NORTH. Do—do—go and put on dry clothes.

TALBOYS. Hitherto it had been cool—shady—breezy—the very day for such a saunter—when all at once it was an oven. I had occasion to note that fine line of the Poet's—"Where not a lime-leaf moves," as I passed under a tree of that species, with an umbrage some hundred feet in circumference, and a presentiment of what was coming whispered "Stop here"—but the Fates tempted me on—and if I am rather wet, sir, there is some excuse for it—for there was thunder and lightning, and a great tempest.

NORTH. Not to-day? Here all has been hush.

TALBOYS. It came at once from all points of the compass—and they all met—all the storms—every mother's son of them—at a central point—where I happened to be. Of course, no house. Look for a house on an emergency, and if once in a million times you see one—the door is locked, and the people gone to Australia.

NORTH. I insist on you putting on dry clothes. Don't try my temper.

TALBOYS. By-and-by I began to have my suspicions that I had been distracted from the road—and was in the Channel of the Airey. But on looking down I saw the Airey in his own channel—almost as drumly as the mire-burn—vulgarly called road—I was plashing up. Altogether the scene was most animating—and in a moment of intense exhilaration—not to weather-fend, but in defiance—I unfurled my Umbrella.

NORTH. What, a Plover with a Parapluie?

TALBOYS. I use it, sir, but as a Parasol. Never but on this one occasion had it affronted rain.

NORTH. The same we sat under, that dog-day, at Dunoon?

TALBOYS. The same. Whew! Up into the sky like the incarnation of a whirlwind! No turning outside in—too strong-ribbed for inversion—before the wind he flew—like a creature of the element—and gracefully accomplished the descent on an eminence about a mile off.

NORTH. Near Orain-imali-chauan-mala-chuilish?

TALBOYS. I eyed him where he lay—not without anger. It had manifestly been a wilful act—he had torn himself from my grasp—and now he kept looking at me—at safe distance as he thought—like a wild animal suddenly undomesticated—and escaped into his native liberty. If he had sailed before the wind—why might not I? No need to stalk him—so I went at him right in front—but such another flounder! Then, sir, I first knew fatigue.

NORTH.

“So eagerly THE FIEND
O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense,
or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps or flies.”

TALBOYS. Finally I reached him—closed on him—when Eolus, or Eurus, or Notus, or Favonius—for all the heathen wind-gods were abroad—inflated him, and away he flew—rustling like a dragon fly—and zig-zagging

all fiery green in the gloom—sat down—as composedly as you would yourself, sir—on a knoll, in another region—engirdled with young birch-groves—as beautiful a resting-place, I must acknowledge, as, after a lyrical flight, could have been selected for repose by Mr. Wordsworth.

NORTH. I know it—Arash-alaba-chalin-ora-begota-la-chona-hurie. Archy will go for it in the evening—all safe. But do go and put on dry clothes. What now, Billy?

BILLY BALMER. Here are Mr. Talboy trunk, sir.

NORTH. Who brought it?

BILLY. Nea, Maister—I dan't kna'—I 'spose Carrier. I ken't reet weel—ance at Windermere-watter.

NORTH. Swiss Giantess—Billy.

BILLY. Ay—ay—sir.

NORTH. You will find the Swiss Giantess as complete a dormitory as man can desire, Talboys. I reserve it for myself in event of rheumatism. Though lined with velvet, it is always cool—ventilated on a new principle—of which I took merely a hint from the Punka. My cot hangs in what used to be the Exhibition-room—and her Retreat is now a commodious Dressing-room. Billy, show Mr. Talboys to the Swiss Giantess.

BILLY. Ay—ay, sir. This way Mr. Talboy—this way, sir.

TALBOYS. What is your dinner-hour, Mr. North?

NORTH. Sharp seven—seven sharp.

TALBOYS. And now 'tis but half-past two. Four hours for work. The Cladich—or whatever you call him—is rumbling disorderly in the wood; and I noted, as I crossed the bridge, that he was proud as a piper of being in Spate—but he looks more rational down in yonder meadow—and—HEAVEN HAVE MERCY ON ME! THERE'S LOCH AWE!!

NORTH. I thought it queer that you never looked at it.

TALBOYS. Looked at it? How could I look at it? I don't believe it was there. If it was—from the hill-top I had eyes but for the Camp—the Tents and the Trees—and “Thee, the spirit of them all!” Let me have another eye-full—another soul-full of the Loch. But 'twill never do to be losing time in this way. Where's my creel—where's my creel?

NORTH. On your shoulders—

TALBOYS. And my Book? Lost—lost—lost! Not in any one of all my pockets. I shall go mad.

NORTH. Not far to go. Why your Book's in your hand.

TALBOYS. At eight?

NORTH. Seven. Archy, follow him—In that state of excitement he will be walking with his spectacles on over some precipice. Keep your eye on him, Archy—

ARCHY. I can pretend to be carrying the landing-net, sir.

NORTH. There's a specimen of a Scottish Lawyer, gentlemen. What do you think of him?

BULLER. That he is without exception the most agreeable fellow, at first sight, I ever met in my life.

NORTH. And so you would continue to think him, were you to see him twice a week for twenty years. But he is far more than that—though, as the world goes, that is much: his mind is steel to the back-bone—his heart is sound as his lungs—his talents great—in literature, had he liked it, he might have excelled; but he has wisely chosen a better Profession—and his character now stands high as a Lawyer and Judge. Yonder he goes! As fresh as a kitten after a score and three quarter miles at the least.

BULLER. Seward—let's after him. Billy—the minnows.

BILLY. Here's the Can, sirs.

Scene closes.

SCENE II.—*Interior of Deeside.* TIME—7 P. M. NORTH—TALBOYS—BULLER—SEWARD.

NORTH. Seward, face Buller. Talboys, face North. Fall to, gentlemen; to-day we dispense with regular service. Each man has his own distinct dinner before him, or in the immediate vicinity—soup, fish, flesh, fowl—and with all necessary accompaniments and sequences. How do you like the arrangement of the table, Talboys?

TALBOYS. The principle shows a profound knowledge of human nature, sir. In theory, self-love and social are the same—but in practice, self-love looks to your own plate—social to your neighbors. By this felicitous multiplication of dinners—this One in Four—this Four in One—the harmony of the moral system is preserved—and all works together for the general good. Looked at artistically, we have here what the Germans and others say is essential to the beautiful and the sublime—Unity.

NORTH. I believe the Four Dinners—if weighed separately—would be found not to differ by a pound. This man's fish might prove in the scale a few ounces heavier than

that man's—but in such case, his fowl would be found just so many ounces lighter. And so on. The Puddings are cast in the same mould—and the things equal to the same thing, are equal to one another.

TALBOYS. The weight of each repast?

NORTH. Calculated at twenty-five pounds.

TALBOYS. Grand total, one hundred. The golden mean.

NORTH. From these general views, to descend to particulars. Soup (turtle) two pounds—Hotch, ditto—Fish (Trout) two pounds—Flesh (Jigot—black face five year old,) six pounds—Fowl (Howtowdie boiled) five pounds—Duck (wild) three pounds—Tart (gooseberry) one pound—Pud (Variorum Edition) two pounds.

BULLER. That is but twenty-three, sir! I have taken down the gentleman's words.

NORTH. Polite—and grateful. But you have omitted sauces and creams, breads and cheeses. Did you ever know me incorrect in my figures, in any affirmation or denial, private or public?

BULLER. Never. Beg pardon.

NORTH. Now that the soups and fishes seem disposed of, I boldly ask you, one and all, gentlemen, if you ever beheld Four more tempting Jigots?

TALBOYS. I am still at my fish. No fish so sweet as of one's own catching—so I have the advantage of you all. This one here—the one I am eating at this blessed moment—I killed in what the man with the Landing-net called the Birk Pool. I know him by his peculiar physiognomy—an odd cast in his eye—which has not left him on the grid-iron. That Trout of my killing on your plate, Mr. Seward, made the fatal plunge at the tail of the stream so overhung with Alders that you can take it successfully only by the tail—and I know him by his color, almost as silvery as a whiting. Yours Mr. Buller, was the third I killed—just where the river—for a river he is to-day, whatever he may be to-morrow—goes whirling into the Loch—and I can swear to him from his leopard spots. Illustrious sir, of him whom you have now disposed of—the finest of the Four—I remember saying inwardly, as with difficulty I encreeled him—for his shoulders were like a hog's—this for the King.

NORTH. Your perfect Pounder, Talboys, is the beau-ideal of a Scottish Trout. How he cuts up! If much heavier—you are frustrated in your attempts to eat him thoroughly—have to search—probably in vain—for what in a perfect Pounder lies patent to the day—he is to back-bone comeatable

—from gill to fork. Seward, you are an artist. Good creel?

SEWARD. I gave Mr. Talboys the first of the water, and followed him—a mere caprice—with the Archimedean Minnow. I had a run—but just as the monster opened his jaws to absorb—he suddenly eschewed the scentless phenomenon, and with a sullen plunge, sunk into the deep.

BULLER. I tried the natural minnow after Seward—but I wished Archimedes at Syracuse—for the Screw had spread a panic—and in a panic the scaly people lose all power of discrimination, and fear to touch a minnow, lest it turn up a bit of tin or some other precious metal.

NORTH. I have often been lost in conjecturing how you always manage to fill your creel, Talboys; for the truth is—and it must be spoken—you are no angler.

TALBOYS. I can afford to smile! I was no angler, sir, ten years ago—now I am. But how did I become one? By attending you, sir—for seven seasons—along the Tweed and the Yarrow, the Clyde and the Daer, the Tay and the Tummel, the Don and the Dee—and treasuring up lessons from the Great Master of the Art.

NORTH. You surprise me! Why, you never put a single question to me about the art—always declined taking rod in hand—seemed reading some book or other, held close to your eyes—or lying on banks a-dose or poetizing—or facetious with the Old Man—or with the Old Man serious—and sometimes more than serious, as, sauntering along our winding way, we conversed of man, of nature, and of human life.

TALBOYS. I never lost a single word you said, sir, during those days, breathing in every sense “vernal delight and joy,” yet all the while I was taking lessons in the art. The flexure of your shoulder—the sweep of your arm—the twist of your wrist—your Delivery, and your Recover—that union of grace and power—the utmost delicacy, with the most perfect precision—All these qualities of a Heaven-born Angler, by which you might be known from all other men on the banks of the Whittadder on a Fast-day—

NORTH. I never angled on a Fast-day.

TALBOYS. A *lapsus linguæ*—From a hundred anglers on the Daer, on the Queen’s Birth-day—

NORTH. My dear Friend, you ex—

TALBOYS. All those qualities of a Heaven-born Angler I learned first to admire—then to understand—and then to imitate. For

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three years I practised on the carpet—for three years I essayed on a pond—for three I strove by the running waters—and still the Image of Christopher North was before me—till emboldened by conscious acquisition and constant success, I came forth and took my place among the anglers of my country.

BULLER. To-day I saw you fast in a tree.

TALBOYS. You mean my Fly.

BULLER. First your Fly, and then, I think, yourself.

TALBOYS. I have seen *Il Maestro* himself, in Timber, and in brushwood too. From him I learned to disentangle knots, intricate and perplexed far beyond the Gordian—“with frizzled hair implicit”—round twig, branch, or bole. Not more than half-a-dozen times of the forty that I may have been fast aloft—I speak mainly of my novitiate—have I had to effect liberation by sacrifice.

SEWARD. Pardon me, Mr. Talboys, for hinting that you smacked off your tail-fly to-day—I knew it by the sound.

TALBOYS. The sound! No trusting to an uncertain sound, Mr. Seward. Oh! I did so once—but intentionally—the hook had lost the barb—not a fish would it hold—so I whipped it off, and on with a Professor.

BULLER. You lost one good fish in rather an awkward manner, Mr. Talboys.

TALBOYS. I did—that metal minnow of yours came with a splash within an inch of his nose—and no wonder he broke me—nay, I believe it was the minnow that broke me—and yet you can speak of *my* losing a good fish in rather an awkward manner!

NORTH. It is melancholy to think that I have taught Young Scotland to excel myself in all the Arts that adorn and dignify life. Till I rose, Scotland was a barbarous country—

TALBOYS. Do say, my dear sir, semi-civilized.

NORTH. Now it heads the Nations—and I may set.

TALBOYS. And why should that be a melancholy thought, sir?

NORTH. Oh, Talboys—National Ingratitude! They are fast forgetting the man who made them what they are—in a few fleeting centuries the name of Christopher North will be in oblivion! Would you believe it possible, gentlemen, that even now, there are Scotsmen who never heard of the Fly that bears the name of me, its Inventor—Killing Kit!

BULLER. In Cornwall it is a household word.

SEWARD. And in all the Devons.

BULLER. Men in Scotland who never heard the name of North!

NORTH. Christopher North—who is he? Who do you mean by the Man of the Crutch?—The Knight of the Knout? Better never to have been born than thus to be virtually dead.

SEWARD. Sir, be comforted—you are under a delusion—Britain is ringing with your name.

NORTH. Not that I care for noisy fame—but I do dearly love the still.

TALBOYS. And you have it, sir—enjoy it and be thankful.

NORTH. But it may be too still.

TALBOYS. My dear sir, what would you have?

NORTH. I taught you, Talboys, to play Chess—and now you trumpet Staunton.

TALBOYS. Chess—where's the board? Let us have a game.

NORTH. Drafts—and you quote Anderson and the Shepherd Laddie.

TALBOYS. Mr. North, why so querulous?

NORTH. Where was the Art of Criticism? Where Prose? Young Scotland owes all her Composition to me—buries me in the earth—and then claims inspiration from Heaven. "How sharper than a Serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless Child." Peter—Peterkin—Pym—Stretch—where are your lazinesses—clear decks.

"Away with Melancholy—
Nor doleful changes ring
On Life and human Folly,
But merrily, merrily sing—fal la!"

BULLER. What a sweet pipe! A single snatch of an old song from you, sir—

NORTH. Why are you glowering at me, Talboys?

TALBOYS. It has come into my head, I know not how, to ask you a question.

NORTH. Let it be an easy one—for I am languid.

TALBOYS. Pray, sir, what is the precise signification of the word "Classical?"

NORTH. My dear Talboys, you seem to think that I have the power of answering, off-hand, any and every question a first-rate fellow chooses to ask me. Classical—classical! Why, I should say, in the first place—One and one other Mighty People—Those, the Kings of Thought—These, the Kings of the Earth.

TALBOYS. The Greeks—and Romans.

NORTH. In the second place—

TALBOYS. Attend—do attend, gentlemen. And I hope I am not too much presuming on

our not ancient friendship—for I feel that a few hours on Lochawe-side give the privilege of years—in suggesting that you will have the goodness to use the metal nut-crackers; they are more euphonious than ivory with walnuts.

NORTH. In the second place—let me consider—Mr. Talboys—I should say—in the second place—yes, I have it—a Character of Art expressing itself by words: a mode—a mode of Poetry and Eloquence—FITNESS AND BEAUTY.

TALBOYS. Thank you, sir. Fitness and Beauty. Anything more?

NORTH. Much more. We think of the Greeks and Romans, sir, as those in whom the Human Mind reached Superhuman Power.

TALBOYS. Superhuman?

NORTH. We think so—comparing ourselves with them, we cannot help it. In the Hellenic Wit, we suppose Genius and Taste met at their height—the Inspiration Omnipotent—the Instinct unerring! The creations of Greek Poetry!—*Ποιησις*—a Making! There the soul seems to be free from its chains—happily self-lawed. "The Earth we pace" is there peopled with divine forms. Sculpture was the human Form glorified—deified. And as in marble, so in Song. Something common—terrestrial—adheres to *our* being, and weighs *us* down. They—the Hellenes—appear to us to have *really* walked—as we walk in our visions of exaltation—as if the Graces and the Muses held sway over daily and hourly existence, and not alone over work of Art and solemn occasion. No moral stain or imperfection can hinder them from appearing to us as the Light of human kind. Singular, that in Greece we reconcile ourselves to Heathenism.

TALBOYS. It may be that we are all Heathens at heart.

NORTH. The enthusiast adores Greece—not knowing that Greece monarchizes over him, only because it is a miraculous mirror that resplendently and more beautifully reflects—himself—

"Divisque videbit
Permixtos Heroas, et Ipse videbitur illis."

SEWARD. Very fine.

NORTH. O life of old, and long, long ago! In the meek, solemn, soul-stilling hush of Academic Bowers!

SEWARD. The Isis!

NORTH. My youth returns. Come, spirits of the world that has been! Throw open

the valvules of these your shrines, in which you stand around me, niched side by side, in visible presence, in this cathedral-like library! I read Historian, Poet, Orator, Voyager—a life that slid silently away in shades, or that bounded like a bark over the billows. I lift up the curtain of all ages—I stand under all skies—on the Capitol—on the Acropolis. Like that magician whose spirit, with a magical word, could leave his own bosom to inhabit another, I take upon myself every mode of existence. I read Thucydides, and I would be a Historian—Demosthenes, and I would be an orator—Homer, and I dread to believe myself called to be, in some shape or other, a servant of the Muse. Heroes and Hermits of Thought—Seers of the Invisible—Prophets of the Ineffable—Hierophants of profitable mysteries—Oracles of the Nations—Luminaries of that spiritual Heaven! I bid ye hail!

BULLER. The fit is on him—he has not the slightest idea that he is in Deeside.

NORTH. Ay—from the beginning a part of the race have separated themselves from the dusty, and the dust-devoured, turmoil of Action to Contemplation. Have thought—known—worshipped! And such knowledge Books keep. Books now crumbling like Towers and Pyramids—now outlasting them! Books that from age to age, and all the sections of mankind helping, build up the pile of Knowledge—a trophied Citadel. He who can read books as they should be read, perceives the operation of the Creator in his conscious, and in his unconscious Works, which yet we call upon to join, as if conscious, in our worship. Yet why—oh! why all this pains to attain that, through the labor of ages, which in the dewy, sunny prime of morn, one thrill of transport gives to me and to the Lark alike, summoning, lifting both heavenwards? Ah! perchance because the dewy, sunny prime does not last through the day! Because light poured into the eyes, and sweet breath inhaled, are not the whole of man's life here below—and because there is an Hereafter!

SEWARD. I know where he is, Buller. He called it well a Cathedral-like Library.

NORTH. The breath of departed years floats here for my respiration. The pure air of heaven flows round about, but enters not. The sunbeams glide in, bedimmed as if in some haunt half-separated from Life, yet on our side of Death. Recess, hardly accessible—profound—of which I, the sole inmate, held under an uncomprehended restraint, breathe, move, and follow my own

way and wise, apart from human mortals! Ye! tall, thick Volumes, that are each a treasure-house of austere or blazing thoughts, which of you shall I touch with sensitive fingers, of which violate the calmy austere repose? I dread what I desire. You may disturb—you may destroy me! Knowledge *pulsates* in me, as I receive it, communing with myself on my unquiet or tearful pillow—or as it visits me, brought on the streaming moonlight, or from the fields afire with noon-splendor, or looking at me from human eyes, and stirring round and around me in the tumult of men—Your knowledge comes in a holy stillness and chillness, as if spelt off tombstones.

SEWARD. Magdalen College Library, I do believe. Mr. North—Mr. North—awake—awake—here we are all in Deeside.

NORTH. Ay—ay—you say well, Seward. “Look at the studies of the Great Scholar, and see from how many quarters of the mind impulses may mingle to compose the motives that bear him on with indefatigable strength in his laborious career.”

SEWARD. These were not my very words, sir—

NORTH. Ay, Seward, you say well. From how many indeed! First among the prime, that peculiar aptitude and faculty, which may be called—a taste and Genius for—Words.

BULLER. I rather failed there in the Schools.

NORTH. Yet you were in the First Class. There is implied in it, Seward, a readiness of logical discrimination in the Understanding, which apprehends the propriety of Words.

BULLER. I got up my Logic passably and a little more.

NORTH. For, Seward, the Thoughts, the Notions themselves—must be distinctly dis-severed in the mind, which shall exactly apply to each Thought—Notion—its appropriate sign, its own Word.

BULLER. You might as well have said “Buller”—for I beat Seward in my Logic.

NORTH. But even to this task, Seward, of rightly distinguishing the meaning of Words, more than a mere precision of thinking—more than a clearness and strictness of the intellectual action is requisite.

BULLER. And in Classics we were equal.

NORTH. You will be convinced of this, Buller, if you recollect what Words express. The mind itself. For all its affections and sensibilities, Talboys, furnish a whole host of meanings, which must have names in Language. For mankind do not rest from en-

riching and refining their languages, until they have made them capable of giving the representation of their whole Spirit.

TALBOYS. The pupil of language, therefore, sir—pardon my presumption—before he can recognize the appropriation of the Sign, must recognize the thing signified?

NORTH. And if the thing signified, Talboys, by the Word, be some profound, solemn, and moral affection—or if it be some wild, fanciful impression—or if it be some delicate shade or tinge of a tender sensibility—can anything be more evident than that the Scholar must have experienced in himself the solemn, or the wild, or the tenderly delicate feeling, before he is in the condition of affixing the right and true sense to the Word that expresses it?

TALBOYS. I should think so, sir.

SEWARD. The Words of Man paint the spirit of Man. The Words of a People depict the Spirit of a people.

NORTH. Well said, Seward. And, therefore, the Understanding that is to possess the Words of a language, in the Spirit in which they were or are spoken and written, must, by self-experience and sympathy, be able to converse, and have conversed, with the Spirit of the People, now and of old.

BULLER. And yet what coarse fellows hold up their dunderheads as Scholars, forsooth, in these our days!

NORTH. Hence it is an impossibility that a low and hard moral nature should furnish a high and fine Scholar. The intellectual endowments must be supported and made available by the concurrence of the sensitive nature—of the moral and the imaginative sensibilities.

BULLER. What moral and imaginative sensibilities have they—the blear-eyed—the purblind—the pompous and the pedantic! But we have some true scholars—for example—

NORTH. No names, Buller. Yes, Seward, the knowledge of Words is the Gate of Scholarship. Therefore I lay down upon the threshold of the Scholar's Studies this first condition of his high and worthy success, that he will not pluck the loftiest palm by means of acute, quick, clear, penetrating, sagacious, intellectual faculties alone—let him not hope it: that he requires to the highest renown also a capacious, profound, and tender soul.

SEWARD. Ay, sir, and I say so in all humility, this at the gateway, and upon the threshold. How much more when he *reads*.

NORTH. Ay, Seward, you laid the emphasis well there—*reads*.

SEWARD. When the written Volumes of Mind from different and distant ages of the world, from its distant and different climates, are successively unrolled before his insatiable sight and his insatiable soul!

BULLER. Take all things in moderation.

NORTH. No—not the sacred hunger and thirst of the soul.

BULLER. Greed—give—give.

NORTH. From what unknown recesses, from what unlocked fountains in the depth of his own being, shall he bring into the light of day the thoughts by means of which he shall understand Homer, Pindar, Æschylus, Demosthenes, Plato, Aristotle—DISCOURSING! Shall understand them, as the younger did the elder—the contemporaries did the contemporaries—as each sublime spirit understood—himself!

BULLER. Did each sublime spirit always understand himself?

TALBOYS. Urge that, Mr. Buller.

NORTH. So—and so only—to read, is to be a Scholar.

BULLER. Then I am none.

NORTH. I did not say you were.

BULLER. Thank you. What do you think of that, Mr. Talboys? Address Seward, sir.

NORTH. I address you all three. Is the student smitten with the sacred love of Song? Is he sensible to the profound allurements of philosophic truth? Does he yearn to acquaint himself with the fates and fortunes of his kind? All these several desires are so many several inducements of learned study.

BULLER. I understand that.

TALBOYS. Ditto.

NORTH. And another inducement to such study is—an ear sensible to the Beauty of the Music of Words—and the metaphysical faculty of unravelling the casual process which the human mind followed in imparting to a Word, originally the sign of one Thought only, the power to signify a cognate second Thought, which shall displace the first possessor and exponent, usurp the throne, and rule forever over an extended empire in the minds, or the hearts, or the souls of men.

BULLER. Let him have his swing, Mr. Talboys.

TALBOYS. He has it in that chair.

NORTH. A Taste and a Genius for Words! An ear for the beautiful music of Words! A happy justness in the perception of their strict proprieties! A fine skill in apprehending the secret relations of Thought with Thought—relations along which the mind moves with creative power, to find out for its own use, and for the use of all minds to

come, some hitherto uncreated expression of an idea—an image—a sentiment—a passion! These dispositions, and these faculties of the Scholar in another Mind falling in with other faculties of genius, produce a student of a different name—THE POET.

BULLER. Oh! my dear, dear sir, of Poetry we surely had enough—I don't say more than enough—a few days ago, sir.

NORTH. Who is the Poet?

BULLER. I beseech you let the Poet alone for this evening.

NORTH. Well—I will. I remember the time, Seward, when there was a great clamor for a standard of Taste. A definite measure of the indefinite!

TALBOYS. Which is impossible.

NORTH. And there is a great clamor for a Standard of Morals. A definite measure of the indefinite!

TALBOYS. Which is impossible.

NORTH. Why, gentlemen, the Faculty of Beauty *lives*; and in finite beings, which we are, Life changes incessantly. The Faculty of Moral Perception *lives*—and thereby it too changes for better and for worse. This is the Divine Law—at once encouraging and fearful—that Obedience brightens the moral eyesight—Sin darkens. Let all men know this, and keep it in mind always—that a single narrowest, simplest Duty, steadily practised day after day, does more to support, and may do more to enlighten the soul of the Doer, than a course of Moral Philosophy taught by a tongue which a soul compounded of Bacon, Spenser, Shakspeare, Homer, Demosthenes, and Burke—to say nothing of Socrates, and Plato, and Aristotle, should inspire.

BULLER. You put it strongly, sir.

TALBOYS. Undeniable doctrine.

NORTH. Gentlemen, you will often find this question—"Is there a Standard of Taste?" inextricably confused with the question, "Is there a true and a false Taste?" He who denies the one seems to deny the other. In like manner, "Is there a Right and Wrong?" and "Is there accessible to us an infallible measure of Right and Wrong?" are two questions entirely distinct, but often confused—for Logic fled the earth with Astræa.

TALBOYS. She did.

NORTH. Talboys, you understand well enough the sense and culture of the Beautiful?

TALBOYS. Something of it, perhaps I do.

NORTH. To feel—to love—to be swallowed up in the spirit and works of the Beautiful—in verse and in the visible Universe!

That is a life—an enthusiasm—a worship. You find those who would if they could, and who pretend they can, attain the same end at less cost. They have taken lessons, and they will have their formalities go valid against the intuitions of the dedicated soul.

TALBOYS. But the lessons perish—the dedicated soul is a Power in all emergencies and extremities.

NORTH. There are Pharisees of Beauty—and Pharisees of Morality.

SEWARD. At this day spiritual Christians lament that nine-tenths of Christians Judaize.

NORTH. Nor without good reason. The Gospel is the Standard of Christian Morality. That is unquestionable. It is an authority without appeal, and under which undoubtedly all matters, uncertain before, will fall. But pray mark this—it is not a *positive standard*, in the ordinary meaning of that word—it is not one of which our common human understanding has only to require and to obtain the indications—which it has only to apply and observe.

SEWARD. I see your meaning, sir. The Gospel refers all moral intelligence to the Light of Love within our hearts. Therefore, the very reading of the canons, of every prescriptive line in it, must be by this light.

NORTH. That is my meaning—but not my whole meaning, dear Seward. For take it, as it unequivocally declares itself to be, a Revelation—not simply of instruction, committed now and forever to men in written human words, and so left—but accompanied with a perpetual agency to enable Will and Understanding to receive it; and then it will follow, I believe, that it is at every moment intelligible and applicable in its full sense, only by a direct and present inspiration—is it too much to say—anew revealing itself? "They shall be taught of God."

SEWARD. So far, then, from the Christian Morality being one of which the Standard is applicable by every Understanding, with like result in given cases, it is one that is different to every Christian in proportion to his obedience?

NORTH. Even so. I suppose that none have ever reached the full understanding of it. It is an overgrown illumination—a light more and more unto the perfect day—which day I suppose cannot be of the same life, in which we see as through a glass darkly.

TALBOYS. May I offer an illustration? The land shall descend to the eldest son—you shall love your neighbor as yourself. In the two codes these are foundation-stones. But see how they differ? There is the land—

here is the eldest son—the right is clear and fast—and the case done with. But—do to thy neighbor! Do what? and to whom?

NORTH. All human actions, all human affections, all human thoughts are then contained in the one Law—as the *subject* of which it defines the disposal. All mankind, but distributed into communities, and individuals all differently related to me are contained in it, as the *parties* in respect of whom it defines the disposal!

SEWARD. And what is the Form? Do as thou wouldst it be done to thee!

NORTH. Ay—my dear friend—the form resolves itself into a feeling. Love thy neighbor. That is all. Is a measure given? As thyself.

SEWARD. And is there no limitation?

NORTH. By the whole apposition, thy love to thyself and thy neighbor are both to be put together in subordination to, and limitation and regulation by, thy Love to God. Love Him utterly—infinity—with all thy mind, all thy heart, all thy strength. This is the entire book or canon—THE STANDARD. How wholly indefinite and formless to the understanding! How full of light and form to the believing and loving Heart!

SEWARD. The moon is up—how calm the night after all that tempest—and how steady the Stars! Images of enduring peace in the heart of nature—and of man. They, too, are a Revelation.

NORTH. They, too, are the legible Book of God. Try to conceive how different the World must be to its rational inhabitant—with or without a Maker! Think of it as a soulless—will-less World. In one sense, it abounds as much with good to enjoy. But there is no good-giver. The banquet spread, but the Lord of the Mansion away. The feast—and neither grace nor welcome. The heaped enjoyment, without the gratitude.

SEWARD. Yet there have been Philosophers who so misbelieved.

NORTH. Alas! there have been—and alas! there are. And what low souls must be theirs! The tone and temper of our feelings are determined by the objects with which we habitually converse. If we see beautiful scenes, they impart serenity—if sublime scenes, they elevate us. Will no serenity, no elevation come from contemplating Him, of whose Thought the Beautiful and the Sublime are but shadows!

SEWARD. No sincere or elevating influence be lost out of a World out of which He is lost?

NORTH. Now we look upon Planets and

Suns and see Intelligence ruling them—on Seasons that succeed each other, and we apprehend Design—on plant and animal fitted to its place in the world, and furnished with its due means of existence, and repeated for ever in its kind—and we admire Wisdom. Oh! Atheist or Sceptic—what a difference to Us if the marvellous Laws are here without a Lawgiver—If Design be here without a Designer—all the Order that wisdom could mean and effect, and not the Wisdom—if Chance, or Necessity, or Fate reigns here, and not Mind—if this Universe is matter of Astonishment merely, and not of adoration!

SEWARD. We are made better, nobler, sir, by the society of the good and the noble. Perhaps of ourselves unable to think high thoughts, and without the bold warmth that dares generously, we catch by degrees something of the mounting spirit, and of the ardor proper to the stronger souls with whom we live familiarly, and become sharers and imitators of virtues to which we could not have given birth. The devoted courage of a leader turns his followers into heroes the patient death of one martyr inflames in a thousand slumbering bosoms a zeal answering to his own. And shall Perfect Goodness contemplated move no goodness in us? Shall His Holiness and Purity raise in us no desire to be holy and pure?—His infinite Love towards His creatures kindle no spark of love in us towards our fellow-creatures?

NORTH. God bless you, my dear Seward—but you speak well. Our fellow-creatures! The name, the binding title; dissolves in air, if He be not our common Creator. Take away that bond of relationship among men, and according to circumstances they confront one another as friends or foes—but Brothers no longer—if not children of one celestial Father.

TALBOYS. And if they no longer have immortal souls!

NORTH. Oh! my friends—if this winged and swift life be all our life, what a mournful taste have we had of possible happiness! We have, as it were, from some dark and cold edge of a bright world, just looked in and been plucked away again! Have we come to experience pleasure by fits and glimpses; but intertwined with pain, burdensome labor, with weariness, and with indifference? Have we come to try the solace and joy of a warm, fearless, and confiding affection, to be then chilled or blighted by bitterness, by separation, by change of heart, or by the dread sunderer of loves—Death? Have we found the gladness and the strength

of knowledge, when some rays of truth have flashed in upon our souls, in the midst of error and uncertainty, or amidst continuous, necessitated, uninformative avocations of the Understanding—and is that all? Have we felt in fortunate hour the charm of the Beautiful, that invests, as with a mantle, this visible Creation, or have we found ourselves lifted above the earth by sudden apprehension of sublimity? Have we had the consciousness of such feelings, which have seemed to us as if they might themselves make up a life—almost an angel's life—and were they “instant come and instant gone?” Have we known the consolation of DOING RIGHT, in the midst of much that we have done wrong? and was that also a coruscation of a transient sunshine? Have we lifted up our thoughts to see Him who is Love, and Light, and Truth, and Bliss, to be in the next instant plunged into the darkness of annihilation? Have all these things been but flowers that we have pulled by the side of a hard and tedious way, and that, after gladdening us for a brief season with hue and odor, wither in our hands, and are like ourselves—nothing!

BULLER. I love you, sir, better and better every day.

NORTH. We step the earth—we look abroad over it, and it seems immense—so does the sea. What ages had men lived—and knew but a small portion! They circumnavigate it now with a speed under which its vast bulk

shrinks. But let the astronomer lift up his glass and he learns to believe in a total mass of matter, compared with which this great globe itself becomes an imponderable grain of dust. And so to each of us walking along the road of life, a year, a day, or an hour shall seem long. As we grow older, the time shortens; but when we lift up our eyes to look beyond this earth, our seventy years, and the few thousands of years which have rolled over the human race, vanish into a point; for then we are measuring Time against Eternity.

TALBOYS. And if we can find ground for believing that this quickly-measured span of Life is but the beginning—the dim daybreak of a Life immeasurable, never attaining to its night—what *weight* shall we any longer allow to the cares, fears, toils, troubles, afflictions—which here have sometimes bowed down our strength to the ground—a burden more than we could bear?

NORTH. They then all acquire a new character. That they are then felt as transitory must do something towards lightening their load. But more is disclosed in them; for they then appear as having an unsuspected worth and use. If this life be but the beginning of another, then it may be believed that the accidents and passages thereof have some bearing upon the conditions of that other, and we learn to look on this as a state of Probation. Let us out, and look at the sky.

THE PAST.

Oh! what a thrill of sad delight
Strikes through the heart with deepest tone,
Whilst mem'ry casts a backward glance
On days that are for ever gone.

Enthralled by fancy's magic spell,
Those fairy scenes we tread once more,
And weave the wreath of spring's wildflowers,
We oft have weaved in days of yore.

We bend around our parent's knee—
That voice of love we hear e'en now,
And feel the pressure of that hand
Which clasped the then unclouded brow.

Perchance that tongue is silent now—
That hand in death's embrace is cold;
Yet on the mem'ry is engraved
The tender tale those lips have told.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

WHAT STRIKES AN AMERICAN IN ENGLAND.

BY MRS. WILLIAM KIRKLAND.

TRAVELLERS are sometimes blamed for writing about a country before they have had time to become acquainted with it. They should wait, it is said, until they have studied its institutions, and possessed themselves in some degree with its spirit; until the feeling of strangeness has worn off, and the reason of things become apparent. But if the traveller would recount his impressions, he must do it while they are fresh, for experience teaches the sojourner in foreign lands that all strangeness soon wears off with habit, and that in a little while he has nothing to tell. After a short residence we strive in vain to recall the feeling of interest with which things new and peculiar at first inspired us. We fall in so naturally with the established order of things, wherever we may be, that on our return home we have to become naturalized anew to the habits of our own country.

The interest felt by the American who visits England for the first time, in the minutest particular of the difference between that country and his own, is such that he finds himself irresistibly prompted to express the thoughts that suggest themselves to his mind; and the difficulty of doing this in ordinary conversation, without the risk of giving offense, through lack of time and opportunity for explanation and modification, suggests the pen as the better mode. The freer the interchange of thoughts and opinions between kindred nations the better; and the unprejudiced traveller, "speaking the truth in love," may always hope to say something which may be useful to the unprejudiced native who desires to see himself as others see him. Things great and small fall under the notice of the stranger; and if he be intelligent, and have enjoyed any opportunity of observation in other countries, he may be supposed to see them as they really are. His praise and his blame, passing for what they are worth, may be equally useful. If he lack judgment, he may yet speak truth; if

his observations be petty, they may, perhaps, suggest small reforms. Give him but leave to speak out, and he can hardly fail to teach, either as an enemy or as a friend.

The American traveller comes to Great Britain under peculiar circumstances. Besides the historical relation between the mother-country and his own, he has been accustomed to regard England as the nurse of arts, the depository of priceless treasures in every department of knowledge, the natural soil of enlightened benevolence, the birth-place of intelligent freedom. Her language is his; her great men are his; her literature is the fountain whence his intellect has drawn its most delicious nourishment—and the ties of blood can hardly be stronger than this inestimable bond. From his infancy he has been accustomed to hear England quoted as unquestionable authority in law; as the example of stability and order in government; as the steady advocate of noble principles through all vicissitudes of national fortune. All that he most prizes distinguishes this wonderful country; and in spite of some little rankling jealousies, some not unreasonable resentment of impertinence, and some fault-finding with particulars, he comes to it with an affection, an admiration, a reverence, which he is hardly disposed to acknowledge to himself.

The very first thing that he perceives on looking calmly about him in England—putting *prestige* aside, and seeing things as they are—is, that the Englishman not only does not reciprocate the feeling of affection, but that he looks upon his American brother with a cold, careless glance, that would be suspicious, if it were not utterly indifferent; a glance devoid of sympathy, or even curiosity; and which would be infinitely quickened in interest if it fell upon a New Zealander or a Hottentot. He finds himself considered as a slovenly imitator of English civilization; a coarse, benighted person, who fancies himself a gentleman, while he is con-

tinually betraying the rudeness of his origin by his unquiet manners, and the vulgarity of his social connections by a strange drawl in his speech. His admiration of Shakspeare and Milton—his reverence for Newton—his love of Walter Scott—the tenderness which stirs in his heart when he thinks of Shelley—these are a bond between him and the Englishman, but they are no bond between the Englishman and him. He can wear none of all his associations or his appreciations on the outside. The sole tie recognized by his new acquaintance is that of language, and the national twang with which he speaks makes even this an offense in British ears. So that, whatever may have been the warmth and kindliness of feeling with which he set foot on English ground, he cannot but perceive, in the manner of even the kind and the considerate, that the American in England must consent to be looked upon in some sort as a wild animal, not dangerous, but troublesome; liable to whisk his brush in people's faces, or to utter strange, discordant sounds, when he is encouraged by notice.

The exceptions to this general remark may be found, first, among the few Britons who have been in the United States; and who have, therefore, seen the Americans where they appear to the best advantage—in their own homes; and, second, in a not very numerous class anywhere—those of the highest and most philosophical culture, who are able to look through accidents of manner or speech, and to judge a man by the things which make a man of him; the inner springs from which in time manners flow, though the stream may be for a while obstructed or diverted by accidental causes. There is another harmonizing power, too, of which we must speak, though its mention may seem hardly in place here—religion, a sincere and operative reception of the truth on which depends our salvation, temporal and eternal; this has a divine efficacy where national, as well as where sectarian prejudices would intrude to weaken the great bond of brotherhood. Kindness and candor are the handmaids of religion; arrogance and contempt find no place in her train. The American who brings with him evidence of a religious character, always finds noble hearts in England open to him. He need not wear a sanctimonious outside either; for he will be sure to meet as much liberality of sentiment as characterizes the piety of his own land, and a warmth of interest which springs to meet what is good in the products of a new arrangement of the most important elements of society.

It must be confessed that the manners of a portion of the Americans who have travelled in Europe have furnished some reason for the British notion of all. Everybody who has money travels, now-a-days, and there are vulgar moneyed people everywhere. When the American of a certain class has made a fortune, he pays Europe the compliment of coming abroad to learn how to spend it. He fancies that there is an aristocratic influence in the very air of a country so old, so rich, and so proud as England, which he may imbibe as he flies along her railroads, or catch by intuition in Hyde Park, and so go home genteel and accomplished, to astonish the natives by stolen airs and new modes of display.

When the American has recovered from this first shock, and rallied his self-respect to meet an ungenerous depreciation, he begins to look about him for the circumstances which separate him from his English neighbor. He sees all about him men and women whom he is unable to distinguish by any outward mark from the people he has just left at home. A common ancestry is discoverable by unmistakable resemblance. There is not even as much difference as he expected; for he had thought of John Bull as particularly portly, while he finds him as lank and as care-worn as Jonathan himself, though his cheeks may be a thought redder, from the beer veins in them. Jolly people are scarcely more abundant among the island people than among their Western brethren; nor is the fair hair which bespeaks Saxon blood more common. As far as outward appearance is concerned, we might be among our own people. We must then look further for the distinction, and trace the strangeness to some cause not evident at first glance. And first, it would be absurd to deny that the circumstances of our history have their influence in producing a certain dislike on the part of the English. This is so natural and so obvious, that we need but allude to it. With all her nobleness, England cannot quite forgive her rebellious daughter for thriving in her naughtiness, and for venturing to claim kin after renouncing allegiance. She is more proud of her own struggles after perfect freedom than of anything else in her brilliant annals, but she cannot bear to feel that she has ever held the position of the baffled oppressor. She glorifies her Alfred, but she is indignant at "Mr. Washington." Perhaps it is too much to expect that this national feeling should not be allowed to influence individual

intercourse, but we pay British generosity the compliment of being surprised that it does so.

The tone of British statesmen towards America, is all that any American could ask or desire. Those who nurse illiberal prejudices and express ungenerous dislike of the New World, have not the apology of the example of their rulers. In Parliament, in the highest courts of law, by the throne itself, the United States are invariably treated with a respect equally honorable to both sides. If all England were as wise, a war between the two nations would be impossible. As it is, there are people in the United States insane enough to long for a war with England, that her people may be chastised for certain contempts. So absurd is national irritability—so irritating is national injustice.

But the American is obliged to look for some nearer and more immediately operative cause of his strangerhood in Britain, and he finds one in the common language, which is at once a source of brotherhood and of disunion. The Englishman can forgive a Frenchman for his nasal and his peculiar accent, because the Frenchman does not pretend to speak English, and may do what he likes with his own outlandish gibberish. But when the Yankee, supposing himself to be enunciating, with no little elegance, the language of Johnson and Burke, strains his words through a shut nostril, and rounds his periods with a drawl, the vexation turns all the milk of human kindness to vinegar in the Briton's bosom. He makes his own speech more abrupt and harsh than ever; gives every word with a cast-iron distinctness, and in striving to impress his transatlantic friend with the elegance of the *ore rotundo*, mounds his sentences like a third-rate actor, and overwhelms poor Jonathan with the new consciousness that his school and college have betrayed him into the use of a spurious tongue, which in fact has no existence, or right of existence, any where on earth, and which must be forgotten before he can begin to speak English. Not only is his manner of speaking utterly condemned, but his use of words is discovered to be barbarous. To the words which are to be found in the "Spectator," he gives the same meaning with his English brother; but there are some words which have come into use since Addison's time, which the Americans use in a sense wounding to British ears. "I shall take the car in the morning," said an American gentleman, in our hearing, to his Eng-

lish friend; "Which I suppose, being translated into English," said Mr. Bull, "means the railway." Now, had not the Yankee a right to be astounded, to find he had made a blunder in not promising to "take the railway?" He may forbear to "guess," "reckon," or "calculate," refrain absolutely from talking about his "location;" study the "Times" in the morning, and listen to parliamentary speeches at night, he will be sure, after all, to betray himself by some difference of speech, and in England to differ is to err. To his ear the speech of the model land is exceedingly deficient in variety of tone; it seems to have lost all the grace of natural modulation by subjection to the conventional standard; it gives a perfectly arbitrary sound to some of the vowels—a sound unprovided for in any table of pronunciation.

The American acknowledges—none more cordially—the authority of English standard writers; he quotes the English Reviews—in support of new words, he hears with appreciative ears the speeches of highly-educated men, but with regard to the use of certain expressions which have sprung into use simultaneously in England and America, under the mere emergency of the times, and with regard to certain others which have been the fruit of a peculiar state of things in his own country, he is unable to perceive that one authority is better than another. This is the natural mode of formation in all languages—the addition or modification of words and expressions as occasion for their use arises. To invent or compile new words, is a liberty constantly taken by the English themselves; they could hardly have described their wonderful inventions and improvements else; and there seems to be no reason why, in the United States, where inventions and improvements are equally frequent, and where the people are far more generally educated than in England, the same liberty shall not be enjoyed, without subjecting the new-found words or expressions to the charge of barbarism or vulgarity, because they lack the sanction of usage in the mother country. These changes are, to be sure, of consequence only as they affect the friendliness which ought to reign between people so nearly allied. Little things are of consequence where the affections are in question, and abstract considerations do not fortify us against their influence. Both countries are losers by the bitterness that springs up from trifling causes. It is impossible to disunite them; the pride of the

mother might indeed induce her to shake off the child; but the child—proud too, and almost angry with herself for it—will forever cling to the mother with an instinctive affection, in spite of sneers and sarcasms; and circumstances would compel a cold and angry union, even were there no affection on either side. This union will take its tone almost of course from the elder nation.

There is one thing to be noticed with regard to this difference of speech; it is this; that while the faults noticeable in American enunciation and expression are shared in some degree by all classes, and all parts of the United States, there are no persons in any class, or any part of the country, who speak a jargon, or anything in the least difficult to be understood by anybody who speaks English. In England, on the contrary, small as is the space occupied by the community, there are many dialects which, not only to the hapless American traveller, but to the native Englishman, present difficulties almost equal to those of a foreign tongue. And this occurs not only in the remoter districts, but in London itself; and there, not only in St. Giles's, or Billingsgate, but in Westminster Abbey. The guide who torments strangers through the chapels of that national monument, talks a *patois* so intolerable, that its import can only be guessed at by one accustomed to the English language. This vexation, added to that of not being allowed to linger a moment among those interesting relics of the past, makes a visit to Westminster Abbey anything but satisfactory to the stranger, and affords a painful contrast to the intelligence and liberality of the continental arrangement of these matters.

Perhaps the unsubdued vivacity of the manners of the American should be reckoned among the causes of his half-reluctant, half-critical reception in England. One of the first things that strikes him is the habitual gravity and reserve of English manners, but it is some time before he begins to perceive that to be gay when he feels happy is not *bon ton*.

The Briton, however, who is the sworn servant—not to say slave—of conventionalism, has as great a horror of natural manners as of a natural small-pox, or any other thing which it is his custom to take by inoculation. He is shocked at any indulgence of impulse which may betray the subject of it into some word or deed unsanctioned by authority. To him, a man who laughs and talks freely, is a dangerous man, or a buffoon, or a

Frenchman, or—oh dread climax! a man unaccustomed to good society—that is to say, to society where the presence of a few persons of rank or eminence imposes a certain restraint on the rest, who are content, for the sake of the honor of such association, to play an inferior part. Now of all this, Jonathan, in his primitiveness, knows or cares little or nothing. He has been accustomed to receive as much respect as he renders, save when venerable age or transcendent merit prompts him to offer a natural homage, which he does with characteristic enthusiasm. He perceives the difference between the *accueil* of his English friend, and his own, and perhaps even admires the graver manner, for we have ever an instinctive respect for anything bespeaking self-conquests, however trifling; but it strikes him that, after all, natural manners are the best, and that the chill of subdued manners, from the effect of which he yet shivers, is a counterbalance to their superior elegance. He recurs, as is his custom, to the fundamental reasons and uses of things; and concludes that the sum of human happiness would not be increased by a general repression of sympathy; and that although a man may appear more dignified when he is cool, and surrounded with outworks and defenses of reserve, he is more loveable, more human, when his affections are warm enough to melt these barriers, and potent enough to depend on themselves for protection and safety. We do not say that Jonathan is correct in these notions. He has not had time to perfect his system of social philosophy, and is as yet, no doubt, dangerously natural. We are but apologizing for the want of that conventional calmness which the Englishman, whose character and manners have been maturing these thousand years, has fixed upon as the test of good sense and good breeding. We are quite willing that Jonathan should become the pupil of his elder brother in this matter.

A general lack of deference for mere rank is another of the American's peculiarities, incurable in him, and offensive to his English friends. It requires an express education to make this deference second nature, and it is only such education that enables the Englishman himself of the present day, under all the new and powerful influences of the time, to be sincere in his respect for rank. When kings and nobles were sacred, or were considered so, or were so even by an accepted fiction, there was little difficulty, probably, in yielding them a reverence quite independ-

ent of their character or conduct. Their goodness was a pure gratuity; their evil behavior a visitation to be borne in silence—to be eluded—perhaps to be put down by violence when it went too far—but not to be openly discussed and commented upon. Now, the English organ of reverence has some strange depressions upon its surface. Respect for hereditary rank is an article of the national code of morals; yet the representatives of the idea are handled without mittens whenever they become, from any cause, obnoxious to any portion of the people. No nation in the world enjoys a more complete and manly practical independence, a more entire freedom from the domination of rank in all matters of importance; yet no people have so submissive and self-prostrating an air in actual presence of their hereditary rulers. This is all very well, and perhaps honorable, as showing the ability to receive and be influenced by an idea, which bespeaks the predominance of intellect and the power of self-government. But it is impossible for the American to partake this feeling; he can hardly understand it, and without taking the trouble to understand it, he is in danger of despising it, and of showing that he does so, which is very little to his credit. But he should be pardoned for the sincere astonishment with which he regards the outward manifestations of rank, the outward signs of deference, and the habitual forms of ceremonial observance, which meet his observation in England. He is accused of being fond of titles; but as the only titles in his own country are military ones, and the use of these is not attended by the slightest personal deference, he is as little prepared for the pompous designations of English rank, as if he had never seen a militia major or colonel. He has been accustomed to hear his chief ruler—a potentate who wields a power possessed by few sovereigns—addressed in conversation as plain Mr. —, and to see him addressed by letter without even this unmeaning prefix; and it seems odd to him to see a long string of surnames and titles of honor appended to the name of a man whom he has met in the dress of a plain farmer riding about his fields, or seen betting on a race at Newmarket. He observes in general a peculiar disposition to seclusion and exclusion on the part of the privileged classes—a drawing down of blinds and a drawing up of glasses—walls, and veils, and plain clothes, and an evident desire to move in an inner circle, into whose secret glories no

vulgar eye shall penetrate. Yet on certain occasions what glare—what tinsel—what travestying of God's image found in servile station—what tricks to astonish these same groundlings, without whose gaping wonder the show would have no soul. Can he help being set musing by these apparent incongruities?

The terms master and servant being unknown in the United States, except where slavery prevails, are, of course, very offensive to the North American newly arrived in England. It is only after he has had time and opportunity to observe that the relation is none the less a benignant one, equally well understood by both parties, that he becomes reconciled to the names which have necessarily an unhappy association in his mind. To be a *master* is considered by the citizen of the North as only one degree less unfortunate than to be a slave, and the terms will probably never be naturalized in the United States as applicable to any relations between freemen. Domestic service is a sort of unrecognized thing there—a thing carried into daily practice before its philosophy is sufficiently understood to show its harmony with the leading idea of a republic—equality. While political equality is held to include social equality, domestic service must continue to be an anomaly in a republic of the nineteenth century; and there are some excellent people in America who attempt, in the midst of most discordant elements, to carry out the patriarchal plan, considering their servants only as the sharers of the household labors, and making them their constant associates. This can, of course, never become general, unless universal culture should produce a real equality among men—a result only to be dreamed of. Meanwhile, the wiser way would certainly be to settle the terms of a relation confessedly indispensable; and as far as some little opportunity for observation has enabled us to judge, we should think the American who desires to do the best possible thing for the class of persons accustomed to find a resource in domestic service, could not do better than study the relation of master and servant as it exists in England, where the servant's rights are ascertained quite as decidedly as the master's, and where the master, feeling that they are so, and sensible, besides, that his own comfort must depend very much upon the relation between himself and his domestics, accords to them all the respect and consideration which their good conduct and faithfulness may deserve. There is even

very little servility of manner among English servants. They feel quite as much at liberty to be *brusque* as American servants; but they perform their duties better, knowing that a good character is essential to their success in the path of life they have chosen. People in America never choose domestic service as a regular business. They adopt it *en attendant* something better, or they are driven to it by ill success or the effects of former misconduct, or by want of judgment and common sense to enable them to undertake something more ambitious. The few exceptions to this general remark which may be found in the older communities are but sufficient to prove its truth. Respectable people will never become servants until the position is shown to be a respectable one, which it certainly is in England.

One of the things which strike most forcibly the American visitor in Great Britain, is the immense amount of spirits and beer offered for sale. From the time he sets foot in Liverpool, until he returns thither for embarkation after travelling all over the Continent, the pre-eminence of Britain in the consumption of strong drink is astounding, and leads him almost to wonder whether there are any sober people in a country where alcohol occupies such a place among articles of merchandise. During a somewhat extended tour on the Continent, we could not but notice that the only people we saw drinking spirits were Britons—even in Germany and Holland, supposed to be drinking countries. The difference in this respect between Britain and other countries is more striking than any one could believe without actual observation, and the fact is certainly one which demands serious consideration. The number of persons one meets in England bearing evident marks of intemperate habits shows that it is quite time the subject attracted the attention not only of the philanthropist but the statesman.

The stranger naturally enumerates the things that strike him unpleasantly in Great Britain, because it is impossible to take the opposite course, and recount and remark upon the points that claim his admiration. He sees so much to approve—so little, comparatively, to condemn. If a certain coarseness and want of taste strike him painfully, he is none the less impressed with the substantial greatness and excellence which everywhere abound. Perhaps it is because he sees such excellence that he longs to see the outward grace added. He would not exchange the worth of England for the

elegance of Italy; he would but add the elegance of Italy to the solid grandeur of England.

It is singular that with such an assured sense of superiority over all other nations as is apparent in the English, they should at the same time be so sensitive with regard to the smallest derogation. They call the Americans sensitive, and so they are; but their sensitiveness has at least the apology of youth—of conscious deficiency—and of the most unsparing and contemptuous criticism on the part of their British neighbors. If, on the other hand, they see anything, however unimportant, which may call for animadversion in England, what wrath—what indignation—what severe recrimination falls on their defenseless heads! Speak of the Spitalfields weavers—of the starving thousands that everywhere set off the wealth of England, and how quickly will your remark be rebutted with slavery! Mention the abuses of the Church Establishment, slavery! Game-laws, slavery! and so on through the whole catalogue of ills under which Englishmen growl and grumble enough when Americans are not by. They pay us at least the compliment of implying that we have but one great evil to contend with, and we are quite willing to acknowledge that one to be a host; but we do not fancy that it ought to blind our eyes or shut our mouths. No nation in the world understands better than the English the application for its own benefit of the parable of the wheat and the tares; and the Americans, though of hastier nature, are learning the lesson too. They will have got rid of slavery at least as soon as England has reformed “the family of plagues that waste her vitals” as one even of her own poets hath said. Meanwhile let each endeavor to bear, now and then, a grain of truth from the other, without bristling, or snapping, or darting out forked venomous lightnings in return. English remarks upon America too often lack the basis of kind intention which takes the offense from severity; American remarks upon England have been too generally recriminative rather than judicious. To find fault without a good motive is mere contemptible venting of spleen and envy; to make careful and discriminating strictures is the proper office of sincere and unselfish friendship. When the English respect us, or are willing to own that they respect us, they will be able to do us good; and when we cease to be made angry by their sneers, we may perhaps do them good in return.

From the Quarterly Review.

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL'S ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS.

Results of Astronomical Observations made during the Years 1834, 5, 6, 7, 8, at the Cape of Good Hope; being the completion of a Telescopic Survey of the whole Surface of the Visible Heavens, commenced in 1825. By Sir JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL, Bart., K. H., &c. 4to. 1847.

THIS volume is very unlike the majority of those records of astronomical observations which form an annually increasing load upon the quarto shelves of our scientific libraries. These may be, and for the most part are, of the greatest value, as containing the data upon which the future progress of one large department of astronomy is to be founded, but Sir John Herschel's work is a record of that progress itself.

Practical astronomy is naturally divided into two branches: 1st, that which depends mainly or solely upon the perfection of the Telescope as an instrument of research—in which the highest resources of optical art are expended in the examination of the heavenly bodies considered singly, or in such small groups as may be discerned at one time in the field of a telescope; 2d, that which depends more directly upon our power of measuring and subdividing time and space, whereby the relative places of the heavenly bodies are determined, the laws of their motions and the forms of their orbits: the divided circle and the clock are the characteristic implements of this branch of astronomy; telescopes of enormous power are, generally speaking, inapplicable to it. Now the bulk of the publications issuing from our national observatories belong to the latter class of inquiries; whilst the former has, with some exceptions, been left chiefly in the hands of amateurs, or at least of private individuals. The labors of Sir William Herschel, to which his son has in the present and in former works so largely added, belong in a peculiar manner to the first class. The telescope is almost the sole apparatus: fine telescopes, and the much rarer qualification of using them to the best advantage, are the requisites for success.

It will readily be apprehended that telescopic astronomy, and the records of telescopic observations, are of far more general interest than the reading of altitude and azimuth circles, the counting of pendulum beats, and the determination of a few seconds of error in the tabular places of a planet. And though, as we shall see, there is a vast amount of numerical work in Sir John Herschel's pages, yet the results are so numerous and varied, so striking by reason of their novelty, and so picturesque in their details, that they are fitted to interest every one who is even moderately acquainted with the general facts of astronomy, and render the work eminently *readable*, which is precisely what (it may be stated without any disparagement to our regular observatory publications) the others are *not*. The difference may be illustrated by two descriptions of a distant country which we can never hope to visit. The one is a statistical report of its extent and resources, the number of acres of arable, pasture, or wood, the latitude and longitude of its cities, the altitude of mountains, the number of inhabitants, and the sum of revenue. The other is a graphic description of its natural features and political condition; the road-book of a traveller who has explored its recesses with the eye of a naturalist and a painter, whose sketches live in our remembrance, and by an appeal to universal associations, enable us to realize scenes and manners which we shall never see for ourselves, but which we learn to compare with what has been all our life long familiar. Thus does the astronomy of the telescope lead us to understand in some degree the economy of other systems; it brings to its aid every branch of physical science in order to obtain results regarding the nature and

changes of distant worlds, and to enable us to interpret these results aright by the analogies of our own.

The title-page of Sir John Herschel's book explains its nature and importance; it records "the completion of a telescopic survey of the *whole surface of the visible heavens*, commenced in 1825." The grave had not closed for three years over his illustrious father, when the son proceeded to carry out and complete, by rare sacrifices, the course of observation in which for half a century Sir William had no rival; and by extending the survey to the southern hemisphere, he rendered compact and comparable one of the most elaborate inquiries of nature which two men ever attempted.

Sir John Herschel's position and attainments fitted him admirably for so great a work, and justly entitle him to the unenvied position which he now holds amongst the cultivators of exact science. Bearing a name honored and revered by all, his career at Cambridge reflected upon it fresh lustre; the variety and extent of his acquirements gave him a reputation amongst his college contemporaries, afterwards fully confirmed by the not more impartial voice of mankind at large. Since that time he has been indefatigable as an author. First, in the systematizing of the higher mathematics, and in forwarding their study in his own university; afterwards by treatises contributed to the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, on Sound, Light, and Physical Astronomy, which still rank amongst the clearest, completest, and most philosophical in our own or in any other language. About the same time he wrote experimental essays on different branches of chemistry and optics in several Journals, and commenced his purely astronomical investigations, chiefly on nebulae and double stars, partly in conjunction with Sir James South, of which the details are given in different volumes of the *Astronomical* and of the *Royal Society's Transactions*. These memoirs collectively include a complete revision of the objects of the same description catalogued and classified by Sir William Herschel. But amidst these serious and systematic employments he found time for writing two admirable elementary works in Dr. Lardner's *Cyclopædia*, one on Astronomy, the other on the Study of Natural Philosophy. They unite elegant and perspicuous language with logical order, great simplicity, and most apt illustrations, and have contributed in no small degree to the extended and popular reputation of their author.

But when the re-examination of the stellar heavens, on the plan adopted by his father, was complete, it yet remained that that part of the sky invisible in Britain should be subjected to a similar critical examination, and the result handed down to posterity, so that changes may be recorded, and their causes investigated. The *full* value of the works of the Herschels will only become known when centuries shall have rolled on, and when all our present writings about *terrestrial* physics shall be consulted merely as historical curiosities long superseded by the advance of knowledge. To finish so great a monument to his own, but more especially to his father's fame, Sir John did not hesitate to quit in 1833 his home, endeared by many recollections, and undertake a voyage to another hemisphere, accompanied by his lady and a numerous family of young children, and embarrassed with unwieldy and fragile apparatus. But before a determination like his difficulties melted away. Having disembarked his instruments at Cape Town without accident, and placed them temporarily in one of the government storehouses, his next care was to look out for a residence in a locality suitable for their erection. This he was fortunate enough to find at the seat of a Dutch proprietor, Mr. Schonberg, bearing the name of Feldhuyssen, or Feldhausen, which he describes as

—"about six miles from Cape Town, charmingly situated on the last gentle slope at the base of Table Mountain, on its eastern side, well sheltered from dust, and as far as possible from wind, by an exuberant growth of oak and fir timber; far enough removed from the mountain to be for the most part out of reach of the clouds which form so copiously over and around its summit, yet not so far as to lose the advantage of the reaction of its mural precipices against the southeast winds, which prevail with great violence during the finer and clearer months, but which seldom *blow home* to the rock on this side, being, as it were, gradually heaved up by a mass of comparatively quiescent air imprisoned at the root of the precipice, and so gliding up an inclined plane to the summit on the windward side, while they rush perpendicularly down on the leeward with tremendous violence like a cataract, sweeping the face of the cliffs towards Cape Town, which they fill with dust and uproar, especially during the night."—*Introd.* p. vii.

During four entire years* (no inconsiderable portion of the *best* of man's life) Sir

*The "sweeps" or nocturnal telescopic surveys of the heavens (381 in number) commenced on the 5th of March, 1834, and terminated 22d of January, 1838.

John Herschel devoted his nights to observation, his days to calculation and manual labor, all directed to the fulfilment of his arduous enterprise. During this time, too, he managed to keep up an extensive correspondence with men of science at home, and to exert himself energetically for the moral and intellectual improvement of the colony with which he had been thus incidentally associated. Not the least remarkable part of this expedition was that it was defrayed out of his private fortune, notwithstanding liberal offers which he received of pecuniary aid from the late Duke of Northumberland, which he thought it inconsistent with the entire independence of his plans to accept; he even declined, as was understood, the use of a government vessel to convey him to his destination. Opinions will differ as to whether he might not, without any compromise of liberty of research, have availed himself of offers most creditable to those who made them; but the reason of his refusal, and afterwards availing himself of the generous proposal of the noblemen above named, to defray the expense of publishing the results, is best stated in his own words at a public dinner given to him after his return. He then said—

"Much assistance was proffered to me from many quarters, both of instruments, and others of a more general nature—offers in the highest degree honorable to all parties, and I should be sorry to have it thought that, in declining them, I was the less grateful for them. I felt that if they were accepted, they would compel me to extend my plan of operations and make a larger campaign, and that in fact it would compel me to go in some degree aside from my original plan. But that campaign being ended, the harvest gathered in, and the mass of facts accumulated, I felt that the same objections did not apply to the publication of its results; and I therefore refer with pride and pleasure to the prospect of being enabled by the princely munificence of the Duke of Northumberland, to place those results before the public in a manner every way more satisfactory, and without becoming a burden, as they otherwise must have been a very severe one, on the funds of our scientific institutions."—*Athenæum*, 1838, p. 425.

The generous offer thus accepted was peculiarly well-timed. The labor of extricating laws from masses of facts, great though it be, is a labor of love to the man of science; but the labor and anxiety of publication is not usually so; and is commonly attended with difficulties which, in the case of the abstruser sciences, would be insuperable to most private individuals, but for the exist-

ence of those *societies* alluded to by Sir J. Herschel, which with all their many faults of omission and commission must ever enjoy the credit of having brought to light, or assisted in doing so, the immortal labors of many a patient student, and even the *Principia* of Newton. But the common mode of publication by detached memoirs, buried in a mass of heterogeneous learning, accessible only by a research through piles of quartos, is after all but an imperfect publication. It is quite impossible to expect that any man's works, even the most celebrated, shall be fully appreciated when they can only be read or seen piecemeal, and by very many persons not at all. He who wishes to do a service to the reputation of an eminent man, living or dead, cannot do better than collect his writings in simple chronological sequence, and hand them down to posterity without note or comment. Such a specimen of fraternal piety has been shown by Dr. Davy in his collection of his brother's immortal writings: such Dr. Faraday has in part done for himself; such a high-spirited Peer has enabled Sir John Herschel to do, in the completest and fittest manner, in the publication before us; and such the scientific world hopes that Sir John himself will soon undertake with respect to the multifarious and important writings of his father, scattered over not less than *thirty-seven* volumes of the *Philosophical Transactions*, and consequently, though often talked of, in reality hardly known except by meagre and superficial abstracts. From the late noble Chancellor of Cambridge, therefore, Sir J. Herschel received a benefit which will contribute in no slight degree to the extension and perpetuation of his fame. The whole execution of the work is worthy of the subject, the author, and the patron.

The eight years following Sir John Herschel's return to England were mainly spent in preparing the materials of this volume, nor will the time appear at all excessive when we consider, *first*, the vast mass of rough observations accumulated during four years of incessant work; *secondly*, that the reductions were all performed by the author's own hand; *thirdly*, that everything is worked out in the most complete and systematic manner, so as to afford in fact a model of this sort of analysis. To this may be added, that during the preparation of the work Sir John Herschel generously gave up much time to matters of general scientific interest, or for the sake of his friends. Amongst many which might be mentioned, the arrangements

of the Government Magnetic Observatories occupied much of his attention,* and within a comparatively short time he wrote two most excellent and detailed biographies of his astronomical friends, Baily and Bessel. We may, and must, lament, indeed, that time so valuable to science should have been largely spent upon the most mechanical arithmetical computations connected with the reductions of places of double stars and nebulae. The author no doubt laments it as much as we do, and informs us (p. 5) that he found himself at least unequal to the intended task of going through the whole of these reductions twice;† but it appears that he has always found a difficulty, or felt a scruple, in employing an assistant for such operations; which we regret, because we have little doubt that a mere plodding arithmetician would have done the work with as few, if not fewer mistakes; and *years* might have been added to Sir John Herschel's term of vigorous exertion in the cause of science. The same objection does not, however, apply to the mechanical facility which he happily possesses (in common with his father) of fashioning his own tools and polishing the specula of his telescopes with his own hands. Such dexterity, and such mechanical habits, are of the highest value in themselves to the practical philosopher. They afford a seasonable variety of occupation conducive to mental and bodily health; as he is to employ the instruments, he can scrutinize their defects, and endeavor to remedy them in a way that a person not himself a mechanic might never think of. The very manipulation of such a kind as figuring reflectors will suggest to the ardent and anxious mind of the philosopher, who must devote many hours to it, improvements which might not theoretically occur to *him*, and which would *never* occur to an ordinary artisan. But the grand advantage of all is the absolute independence of external assistance and of skilled workmen which it gives:

"The operation of repolishing was performed whenever needed, the whole of the requisite apparatus being brought for the purpose. It was

* Amongst other efforts to engage public sympathy on behalf of the magnetic cause, Sir J. H. wrote a comprehensive article on the subject in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxvi., p. 271.

† In one of his former papers Sir John Herschel, speaking of numerical calculations, says, "for which I find in myself a great inaptitude." (*Astr. Soc. Memoirs*, vol. v. p. 221.) It is sad to think of the tear and wear of so accomplished a mind exerted in the mere arithmetic of the volume before us.

very much more frequently required than in England; and it may be regarded as fortunate that I did not, as at first proposed, (relying on the possession of the three perfect metals,) leave the apparatus in question behind. Being apprehensive that in a climate so much warmer, difficulties would arise in hitting the proper temper of the polishing material, slight imperfections of surface, induced by exposure, were for a while tolerated; but confidence in this respect once restored, and practice continually improving, I soon became fastidious, and on the detection of the slightest dimness on any part of the surface, the metal was at once remanded to the polisher."—*Introd.* p. x.

The 20 feet Newtonian, on Sir W. Herschel's construction, with specula of $18\frac{1}{4}$ inches clear aperture (of which three were provided,) was the sheet anchor of the campaign at the Cape. But along with it he carried a 7 feet achromatic by Tulley, with 5 inches aperture—a telescope which had served specially for the measurement of double stars in England, and of the performance of which Sir John gives in his papers in the *Astronomical Memoirs* a most flattering account, stating even that its performance appeared to improve with each fresh addition of power applied to it.

We shall now give a short analysis of the contents of the volume before us, which is a handsome quarto of 452 *well-filled* pages, illustrated by 17 plates.

The first chapter is on the NEBULÆ of the Southern Hemisphere. To enter into any detail on this subject would be to discuss a general question of astronomy which could receive no justice within our limits, and a great deal of which is as much connected with other writings of Sir John Herschel and with his father's as with the work before us. We have again the highly condensed, almost algebraical language, by which the characters and general effect of nebulae have been so graphically described by the father and the son. Many, which are visible both at the Cape and in Europe, are here re-observed; the remainder are either new or "have been identified with more or less certainty with objects observed by Mr. Dunlop, and described in his *Catalogue of Nebulae*." These are 206 in number. "The rest of the 629 objects comprised in that catalogue," adds Sir John, "have escaped my observation; and I am not conscious of any such negligence in the act of sweeping as could give rise to such a defalcation; but, on the contrary, by entering them on my working lists (*at least until the general inutility of doing so, and loss of valuable time in fruitless search thereby caused, became apparent*) took

the usual precautions to ensure their discovery."

Here is a sad tale and warning: for errors like Mr. Dunlop's not only deprive the more conscientious labors of their author of almost all their value, but they inflict a grave and positive injury upon the science which they pretend to promote. If men like Herschel are to spend the best years of their lives in recording for the benefit of a remote posterity the actual state of the heavens, in order that their changes may be examined and pronounced upon, what a galling discovery to find amongst their own contemporaries men who, without any wish to *invent* (we do not mean to charge Mr. Dunlop with that,) but merely from carelessness and culpable apathy hand down to posterity a *mass of errors*, bearing all the external semblance of truth; a quintessence of error so refined, that *four hundred* objects out of *six hundred* could not be identified in any manner, after only eight years, by the first observer of the day, and with a telescope seven times more powerful than that stated to have been used! We can add nothing to an exposure so humiliating.

Sir John's chapter on Nebulæ contains several distinct sections. It would have added to convenience of reference as well as given a more just idea of the variety and quantity of matter in the volume, had the *Table of Contents* of the volume been more full.* There is, in the first place, a catalogue of nebulae and clusters of stars—1708 in number—chiefly in the southern hemisphere, which forms a sequel to the similar catalogue, by the same author, of 2307 objects of the same kind visible in England and published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1383. There is complete symmetry in the mode of description and registration. The descriptions (in abbreviated terms) have reference to Brightness, Size, Form; relation to neighboring Stars; and more particularly to the degree of Condensation of the seeming nebulous matter—a point of much delicacy and difficulty of description, but of capital importance with reference to Sir William Herschel's theory of *progressive* condensation of rare into dense nebulae, and finally into planetary nebulae, nebulous stars, or even clusters of stars. Here is a pretty

classification of qualities in these respects (p. 140):

Great	Lucid	Circular	Stellate	Discrete
Large	Bright	Round	Nuclear	Resolvable
Middle-sized	Faint	Oval	Concentrate	Granulated
Small	Dim	Elongate	Graduating	Mottled
Minute	Obscure	Linear	Discoid	Milky

The following is a specimen of the contracted description of a nebula:

"(No. 2422). v B; L; v m E; p s p m b M; has a * 10 m; n f."

Which, being translated, means—

"Very bright; large; very much elongated; pretty suddenly pretty much brighter in the middle; has a star of the tenth magnitude, north following."

Now this (which we select by chance) proves to be 139 of Sir John's Northern Catalogue. Turning it up, we find this description of the same object:

"Very faint; round; a little brighter in the middle; 20" in diameter."

The descriptions seem diametrically opposed. Such is the effect of difference of climate at Slough and Feldhausen. But if this be the case—if this be the effect of atmospheric influence (and such Sir John warns us, page 3, that it is) upon observations of the same object by the same telescope, and, within a few years, by the same eye, can we hope to perpetuate descriptions which shall enable posterity to decide upon *real* changes of physical constitution?

Sir John gives more particular descriptions of some more remarkable objects. In general we may observe that his figures show less tendency to striking symmetry of form than some of those in his former catalogue; and it is now not denied that that symmetry was in some cases the involuntary deduction arising from a previous impression in favor of symmetric forms (as in the dumb-bell nebula and the well-known No. 51 of Messier's catalogue.) But the most interesting observations are upon the nebula in the sword-handle of Orion, the star η Argus, and the Magellanic clouds. Of the former, Sir John gives, in Plate VIII., an exquisite representation, which in all probability will be admitted by astronomers generally to be the most *careful* delineation of a celestial object ever transferred to copper. There are, perhaps, not ten persons alive in a position to judge of its minute accuracy; but this it will occur to no

* The absence of an Index is also a real defect; and the Figures of Nebulae, &c., in the plates would have had an increased value had their symbols or numbers of reference been engraved alongside of them.

one to doubt who has read the present chapter and the paper on this nebula in the "Astronomical Memoirs" of 1824 by the same author. The total want of symmetry of the whole; the sometimes sudden, sometimes infinitely graduated shading off of the misty light, resembling slightly the exquisite shading of a snowy surface tossed into fantastic forms by eddies of wind, rising here and there into seeming ridges, elsewhere into gently swelling domes, or depressed into troughs and basins with cusped boundaries; sometimes apparently representing flats of extensive uniformity, or again mottled in an indescribable manner, as with the touch of the miniature-painter's brush—these varieties are well brought out in this magnificent engraving. If we compare it with Sir J. Herschel's older one in the "Astronomical Memoirs," we find such a marked difference in the general character of the two that, though it is easy to see that they are representations of the same object, it appears to throw doubt (as we have already noticed) on the possibility of determining with sufficient exactness the features of such complex and ill-defined objects at one time, to give confidence to our belief of real changes at a future and distant one. Sir J. Herschel gives a hesitating expression of opinion that some of the diversities of the two drawings may be due to a nebular variation in thirteen years (p. 31); but such a conclusion would require strong evidence to support it.

Of η Argûs, Sir J. Herschel observes:

"There is, perhaps, no other sidereal object which unites more points of interest than this. Its situation is very remarkable, being in the midst of one of those rich and brilliant masses, a succession of which, curiously contrasted with dark adjacent spaces, (called by the old navigators *coal-sacks*,) constitute the Milky-way in that portion of its course which lies between the Centaur and the main body of Argo. In all this region the stars of the Milky-way are well separated, and except within the limits of the nebula, on a perfectly dark ground, and, on an average, of larger magnitude than in most other regions.

. . . In two hours, during which the area of the heavens swept over consisted of 47.03 degrees, the amazing number of 147,500 stars must have passed under review. In the midst of this vast stratum of stars occurs the bright star of η Argûs, an object in itself of no ordinary interest, on account of the singular changes its lustre has undergone within the period of authentic astronomy."

—p. 33.

Sir John then goes on to state that by Halley (in 1677) η Argûs was marked as of the fourth magnitude; in Lacaille's and

later catalogues it is denoted by the second; and as observed by himself, from 1834 to 1837, was counted as a large star of the second, or small one of the first magnitude. "It was on the 16th of December, 1837," he adds, "that my astonishment was excited by the appearance of a new candidate for distinction among the very brightest stars of the first magnitude." This was his old acquaintance η Argûs. "Its light was, however, *nearly tripled!*" About the 2d of January, 1838, its light was judged to be a maximum, and all but equal to that of the very bright star α Centauri; but it had manifestly fallen below that on the 20th of the same month. At the conclusion of Sir John's personal observations, in April, 1838, it had "so far faded as to bear comparison with Aldebaran, though still somewhat brighter than that star."

"Beyond this date I am unable to speak of its further changes from personal observation. It appears, however, since that period to have made another and still greater step in advance, and to have surpassed Canopus, and even to have approached Sirius in lustre, the former of which stars I estimate at double, the latter at more than quadruple of α Centauri, so that Jupiter and Venus may possibly have a rival amongst the fixed stars in Argo, as they have on recorded occasions had in Cassiopeia, Serpentarius, and Aquila."—p. 34.

The causes of fluctuations so great in the brightness of an object at so vast a distance, are amongst the most difficult even to guess at, and the watching of these changes must be a matter of great interest to future astronomers, whilst it is yet a nearly untouched inquiry, but of which the basis is laid in the work before us.

Of the nebula adjacent to η Argûs we have not space to say much. Sir J. Herschel has given a large engraved representation of it, mapping the including stars—a labor of no small amount:

"To say that I have spent several months in the delineation of the nebula, the micrometrical measurement of the co-ordinates of the skeleton stars, the filling in, mapping down, and reading off of the skeletons when prepared, the subsequent reduction and digestion into a catalogue of the stars so determined, and the execution, final revision and correction of the drawing and engraving, would, I am sure, be no exaggeration."

The tables of places of no less than 1216 stars belonging to the group of η Argûs testify to the truth of this statement; and the similar tables for the two nebulae, or Ma-

gellanic clouds, serve to give us the highest idea of the indomitable patience of Sir J. Herschel as an observer. There are two sections attached to this chapter—one on the *Law of Distribution of Nebulæ and Clusters of Stars over the Surface of the Heavens*, the other on the *Classification of Nebulæ*, which presents some interesting general remarks:

"The distribution of nebulæ is not, like that of the Milky-way, in a zone or band encircling the heavens; or, if such a zone can be traced out, it is with so many interruptions, and so faintly marked out through by far the greater part of its circumference, that its existence as such can be hardly more than suspected. One-third of the whole nebulous contents of the heavens are included in a broad, irregular patch, occupying about one-eighth of the whole surface of the sphere, chiefly (indeed almost entirely) situated in the northern hemisphere, and occupying the constellations Leo, Leo Minor, the body, tail, and hind legs of Ursa Major, the nose of the Camelopard, and the point of the tail of Draco, Canes Venatici, Coma, the preceding leg of Bootes, and the head, wings, and shoulders of Virgo. This, for distinction, I shall call the nebulous region of Virgo."—p. 134.

The chapter concludes with a detailed description of the two Magellanic clouds, or nebulous regions, in which (with his accustomed perseverance) Sir J. Herschel has determined the positions of a vast number of individual stars, which he has made subservient to the construction of a general chart of the greater cloud in Plate X. of his work.

The second chapter is devoted to the subject of DOUBLE STARS. The great interest of these observations is altogether *prospective*. Sir John has now done for the Southern Hemisphere what his father commenced in the Northern more than half a century before; that is to say, he determined the existence and marked the relative position of many *pairs* of stars, which might afterwards prove to be not merely *optical* double, or seen by the effect of perspective nearly in the same direction, but *physically* double, that is, really in each other's neighborhood (relatively speaking); and in the circumstances of a planet and satellite, one circulating under the law of gravitation round the other, or, to speak more correctly, both circulating round their common centre of gravity. With only one or two exceptions (such as α Crucis and α Centauri), Sir J. Herschel found no previous observations of old date upon double stars not visible in Europe, which, combined with his own, might

give a first approximation to the orbits and periods of this highly interesting class of bodies. The accurate Lacaille visited the Cape before such observations were attended to; and Mr. Dunlop's Paramatta Catalogue of 253 Double Stars (Mem. Astr. Society, vol. iii.) appears to be little more worthy of confidence than this Catalogue of Nebulæ. Even the few years which elapsed between the period of Mr. Dunlop's first observations and those of Sir J. Herschel would have sufficed to give a first approximation to the orbits of the faster moving of these twin-suns. But Dunlop, through negligence, indolence, or something worse, has *failed to be the elder Herschel of Antarctic Astronomy*. The discrepancies are so great and frequent, that we can have scarcely any confidence in those whose agreement with the recent observations is sufficient to allow us to suppose that they *might possibly be correct*. It must have been disheartening to Sir J. Herschel to put down such a judgment as this: "A great many mistakes appear to have been committed in the catalogue alluded to (Dunlop's), either in the places, descriptions, or measures of the objects set down in it." p. 167. Again, "It is useless reasoning on such hypothetical data," (Dunlop's Angles of Position), p. 288.

Sir John has two catalogues of double stars. The first contains 2102 such objects, observed and placed by the 20-foot reflector, with the angles of position, and a *rough guess* of their distances. The second contains *accurate* measures of the distances of the more interesting objects, and also of their angles of position by means of the 7-foot achromatic. There are appended some very interesting "*special remarks on the measures of particular double stars in the foregoing catalogues*." With the two exceptions already referred to, no double star *not visible in Europe* can be said to have its orbital motion even roughly ascertained by these observations. But there will be a great harvest to be reaped some 20 or 30 years hence, when the objects in the Herschel Catalogue shall be re-examined by some equally conscientious observer.

There is one discussion introduced here too interesting to be passed over—it is as to the orbit of γ Virginis, a double star on the confines of the two hemispheres, and therefore observable in either. This discussion (p. 291 *et seq.*) is a continuation of one by Sir J. Herschel in 1832, printed in the 5th vol. of the Memoirs of the Astronomical Society, as an example of a new method of dis-

covering the form and position of the orbits of double stars from observation. In that paper he deduced, by peculiar methods, the elements of the orbit from 19 observations, partly of position and partly of distance, since 1780; he included also two older observations by Bradley and Mayer, in 1718 and 1756, and the whole appeared to be quite sufficiently satisfied by supposing the one star to revolve round the other in 513 years, in an orbit having a major semi-axis (as seen from the earth) subtending $11''83$. He also made (in 1832) this prediction: "The latter end of the year 1833 or beginning of the year 1834 will witness one of the most striking phenomena which sidereal astronomy has yet afforded, viz., the perihelion passage of one star round another, with the immense angular velocity of between 60° and 70° per annum, that is to say, of a degree in five days."* This occurrence actually took place during Sir John's residence at the Cape, though not exactly at the predicted time, but rather towards the middle of 1836, for some time before and after which the appulse of the two stars was so close, that even in the 20-foot reflector, under the sky of the Cape, and by the eye of Herschel, they could not be divided.

The elements of 1832 did not, however, long satisfy the requirements of this quickly moving star. Next year Sir John modified them, increasing the period to 629 years and the major semi-axis to $12''09$. The comparison of the new elements with the observations from 1718 to 1833 agreed, as he stated, "so well throughout the whole series as to leave nothing to desire."† What a lesson this to physical philosophers in drawing conclusions! So far from leaving nothing to desire, these elements, with the exception of the eccentricity, had little or no resemblance to the true elements of the apparent orbit; and the revolving star, instead of describing only about *one-fifth* of its ellipse in 115 years during which it had been observed, had in reality completed *two-thirds* of its period, perhaps more. To understand how this could possibly happen, we must refer to the interesting diagram, p. 293 of the work before us, which shows the true ellipse nestled so snugly into one end of the former hypothetical orbit intersecting it in four points, that they nearly coincide for a large portion of the smaller orbit, and precisely that portion described between 1718 and 1833; but

a few years after the latter date the variation both of position and distance became totally irreconcilable with the old ellipse, and a new orbit was first computed by the German astronomer Mädler,* which has its major axis almost at right angles with the former one, and an area 11 times smaller.

Sir J. Herschel, with his usual candor, does not attempt to gloss over the error into which he had fallen. The error was quite natural, and the remark he makes is most just, namely, that "this is not the first by many instances in the history of scientific progress, where, of two possible courses, each at the moment equally plausible, the wrong has been chosen."† Sir John's final result is an orbit described in 182 years, with a major semi-axis of only $3''58$. But other astronomers are of opinion that a period of about 143 years is the true one. Mädler and Henderson were of this opinion, which shows that some uncertainty still exists—an uncertainty inherent in the problem, since both hypotheses satisfy the observations fairly, as may be seen by comparing Sir J. Herschel's Table of Calculated and Observed Places with Professor Henderson's in Captain Smyth's *Cycle of Celestial Objects*, vol. i. p. 486. A good deal depends on the choice of observations to be satisfied; those by different astronomers, and particularly by the elder Struve, appearing to have peculiar and constant sources of error.

But there is a circumstance purely geometrical which creates great ambiguity. The inclination of the plane of the real elliptic orbit (for, throughout, the conformity of the elliptic motion to the law of gravity is assumed) to the radius of vision or to the ideal concave surface of the celestial sphere, is absolutely unknown *a priori*. But though an ellipse seen obliquely always appears as an ellipse, the position of the focus (the principal or central star) may be totally distorted by the effect of perspective; and as the law of the equable description of areas will also hold in the distorted ellipse, we are wholly

* *Astronomische Nachrichten*, No. 363, for 1838, and No. 452, for 1842.

† Fontenelle, we think, adds that the least probable is commonly the true one. A curious and similar, but less justifiable, mistake occurs in Professor Playfair's estimate of the shortest time required by a heavy body to describe the slide of Alpnach, supposing it a cycloid, which he makes about a fourth part too small. But it is just to recollect contrary instances, when they do occur, showing that fate is not *always* adverse to the bold inquirer. Of this several circumstances in the recent discovery of Neptune offer striking instances.

* *Mem. Astr. Society*, v. 194.

† *Ibid.*, vi. p. 152.

destitute of a perception of incongruity, which would immediately flow from attempting to satisfy observations by an apparent ellipse whose focus should coincide with the position of the greater star.

Sir John Herschel's method of determining sidereal orbits (described in the 5th vol. of the *Astronomical Memoirs*) will undoubtedly be mainly judged of by the fact whether his orbit or that of Mädler and Henderson shall be found to be correct, which future observations must soon determine. Its principle is twofold: *first*, to take mean results deduced by graphical interpolation, instead of single results of observation, for the basis of calculation; *secondly*, to reject all measures of distance between the stars for the determination of the elements, saving only the axis of the ellipse, and to effect this by the use of angles of position merely. The first principle, we can hardly doubt, will be ultimately assented to. Upon the second we are more doubtful, offering however our scruples with the deference due to so great an authority. It may be very true that angles of position are far more accurately obtained relatively to the speed with which they vary; but this is not enough. The relation of the corresponding distances (or *radii vectores*) must be in some way or other ascertained; and Sir J. Herschel deduces them from the well-known principle that by the equality of areas the radii vary inversely as the square roots of the *angular velocity*. But to obtain the *angular velocity*, we incur chances of error far greater than that of determining *angles of position* merely. Sir J. Herschel determines them by drawing tangents to an interpolating curve. We have had some experience of such interpolation, and we can affirm that when the points of observation are at all distant or irregular, the drawing of tangents is a process attended with the utmost hazard of error—in very many cases exceeding, we should think, the probable error arising from micrometric errors of distance.* It is in fact determining a quantity of a lower order of magnitude than that obtained from observation, whereas the errors in the direct distance are at least of the same order as those of observation. When the observations of position are multiplied and close, some allowance may be made for the goodness of the method; but when the observations are 20 years apart (as

in the present case for 1781, 1803, 1822,) it seems to us to leave far too much in the hands of the interpolator. And, indeed, this may be gathered from the fact that Sir J. Herschel's interpolations of the older observations, in his paper of 1832 and in the present work, lead to considerable differences in estimating the angular velocities, and, consequently, the *radii vectores*; differences which we believe will be found pretty much equivalent to the chances of error in the direct measurement of the latter. It is indeed plain from the present work that Sir John has had trouble with his micrometers, and that they are instruments still in point of accuracy very far below the requirements of astronomy; but the very Table which he gives, comparing the computed and observed distances (p. 299) satisfies us that the observations cannot be so very bad; the extreme difference (of those micrometrically measured) amounting to only *a quarter of a second*, and the average to less than half that quantity. It is fair to add, however, that some of these numbers are the mean of several distinct results.*

The third chapter, which contains two sections, appears to us to be the most novel, curious, and ingenious, perhaps even the most practically important of the whole. It is upon *ASTROMETRY*, or the measurement of the relative brilliancy of different stars. Every one knows that the stars visible to the naked eye are divided into six classes or *magnitudes*, the first being the brightest and least numerous. It is also well known that such a subdivision has hitherto been wholly arbitrary, not even a standard star having been fixed upon as the representative of each class; and that it has also been most inaccurate, since many stars marked of the third and even of the fourth magnitude are found to be brighter than those of the second, and this in far too great a number of instances to allow us to suppose that such inversions of order are always or generally due to actual changes in the apparent lustre of the objects themselves.

* Captain Smyth mentions that Sir J. Herschel has abandoned the method of tangents, and employs first and even *second* differences. (*Cycle*, vol. ii. p. 280, *note*.)

* In the *Comptes-Rendus* of the French Academy (29th of November, 1847) we find an interesting research, by M. Otto Struve, of the orbit of the satellite of Neptune, an inquiry of exactly the same kind as that in the case of double stars; with this difference, however, that the orbit is described in the short space of less than *six days*. The greatest error of distance (compared with the hypothetical orbit) is about 1" or $\frac{1}{18}$ of the distance measured. The greatest error of position is $5\frac{1}{2}^\circ$. The method pursued for finding the orbit is not mentioned, but was probably Encke's or Mädler's.

That Sir John Herschel should have succeeded (and we are persuaded all competent judges will admit that he has done so) in classifying a great number of the more important stars in both hemispheres in the exact order of their brightness at the time his catalogue was made, and this (in the first instance) without the aid of any other instrument than his unassisted eye; that he should have been able to put a determinate value upon the vague definition of "magnitude," and that conformable to the average value which practical astronomers have chosen to give it; that he should have been able not only to assign the order of the intermediate stars, but to give numerical fractional values to the intensity of their light, and by the coincidence of independent results show that these numbers may be depended on in most cases to within *one-twentieth of the interval separating two "magnitudes,"* is a result not only of the highest importance to astronomy by converting what is vague into what is definite, and by declaring to all generations the gradation of the brightness of stars in our day, but it is a splendid example of an *induction* in science; an admirable lesson to the student of natural philosophy, of that intellectual alchemy (known, alas! to how few) by which precious truth may be extracted from a seemingly hopeless mass of rubbish, like an ounce of silver from a ton of lead. We must attempt to give some account of these ingenious processes.

The first section is on "Astrometry, or the Numerical Expression of the apparent Magnitude of the Stars, by the *method of Sequences.*" We shall introduce it in Sir J. Herschel's own words:

"Without dissuading from the introduction of new, and the improvement of old instrument contrivances (or *astrometers*) for this purpose I am disposed to rely mainly for the formation of a real scale of magnitudes on comparisons made by the unassisted judgment of the naked eye. The method which I have followed for this purpose, and which, to distinguish it from others which have been or may hereafter be proposed, I shall term the method of Sequences, is in some sort an extension and carrying out of Sir William Herschel's method of naked eye comparisons, described in his papers above-mentioned, so modified and generalized as to afford a handle for educing from it a *numerical* scale of values of the magnitudes of the stars compared, which it was not capable of doing in its original form and as practised by him. In this method, stars visible at one time, and favorably, or rather *not unfavorably*, situated for comparison, are arranged in *sequences* by the mere judgment of the naked eye, and these sequences treated according to a certain peculiar

and regular system (to be explained presently) are employed to obtain in one unbroken series a graduating scale of steps, from the brightest down to the faintest stars visible to the eye. Numerical values are then subsequently assigned, and as the scale in this case is entirely arbitrary, and no photometric relations but those of *more* and *less bright* are used, these numbers may be so assigned as to conform on a *general average* to any usage or nomenclature which may be fixed upon or taken as the general average of astronomers. Waiving all discussion of the greater or less propriety of the magnitudes assigned by this or that observer, I have thought it best on the whole to adopt as my standard of astrometrical nomenclature the catalogue of the Astronomical Society of 2881 stars, published in 1827, being well aware that the magnitudes there assigned are those of different epochs and different observers (but all of eminence,) and that in individual cases many and considerable errors exist. The mode in which I have eliminated these errors and secured a true coincidence between the results of my observations and the magnitudes of the catalogue in question *taken as a whole*, will be explained in due course, and will I believe be found to be quite free from objection."—p. 305.

We have then a tabular view of the results of individual nights' observation, in which a larger or smaller number of stars are arranged *simply in the order in which they appear more or less bright*; these are the *Observed Sequences*. One of these lists is then taken and compared with the other lists in the following way; any two or more stars common to two lists ought to be found in the same gradation of brightness. If the stars be temporarily denoted by the letters A, B, C, D, &c., in the *true* order of their brightness, this order ought never to be inverted in the sequences, but if it is so (through unfavorable circumstances or errors of observation) it will be restored by the *average* of all the comparisons of the given stars. In the case when a star C, for instance, has been noted an equal number of times *brighter*, and *less bright*, than D, then they will be provisionally assumed to be equal.

By compendious methods which we cannot stop to describe, the average result of all the direct comparisons of stars by two and two in a continued chain from the brightest to the least bright, is presented in one table called a *Normal Sequence*. This includes about 140 stars, from the brightest of the first down to the fifth full magnitude (p. 334,) every individual of which is known, with all the certainty which belongs to direct ocular comparison, to be less bright than its predecessor on the scale, but more bright

than its immediate successor. But this list is very far from including all the stars in the original sequences, for many or most stars will not happen to have been *directly* compared with the particular star which ought immediately to precede or to follow them in a perfectly graduated list. For example, let A, B, C, D, &c., now represent the unbroken chain or normal sequence. By this we understand that on one or more occasions C has been compared in the heavens with B, and seen to be less bright, and has also been compared with D, and been found brighter than it. But we may suppose another star *c*, which has been directly compared with B, and found less bright, but not having been compared with D, but only with E or F, and found brighter than them, its place will be uncertain, because we should not know whether to place it before or after D or E; and the compared stars may be even more distant on the scale. Sir J. Herschel extricates himself from the difficulty with admirable address in the following way.

Having written the names of the stars in the unbroken or normal sequence, he adds to each its "magnitude," taken from Mr. Baily's catalogue of 2881 stars before mentioned. These are confessedly but rude, often inaccurate indications. We find, for instance, stars marked as of the *third* and *fifth* magnitudes occurring (in the true scale of brightness) intermediate between two of the *second*. This looks hopeless enough. Sir John, however, first "equalizes" these magnitudes by ascribing to each star the mean of its own and of the two preceding and two following magnitudes in his list; and then projecting these equalized magnitudes on paper, he pares down the remaining ruggedness of the transitions from the one to the other by drawing a smooth curve amongst the points representing the "equalized" tabular magnitudes of each. One awkwardness occurs in the notation; there are stars brighter than the average of the first magnitude, such as Sirius, Canopus, and α Centauri. These are denoted by fractions less than unity, and as such fractions tend to no definite standard, they remain, as Sir J. Herschel observes, at present wholly arbitrary, having no pretension to photometrical accuracy; thus Sirius has its magnitude denoted by 0.1.

The next step, which is to include stars not directly compared with their nearest rivals in splendor, is very easily conceived, for we can generally find in the corrected

sequence* to which they belong a star brighter and one less bright, which have had numerical values assigned to them by the process last described. *The mean of these values is to be regarded provisionally as that of the interpolated star.*

"Take, for example, β Ceti; this star, in the *corrected* sequence No. 21, is found between δ Argus (2.55†) and α Orionis (2.68,) being the only star in that sequence intermediate between them. The arithmetical mean between these values is 2.61. Again, in the *corrected* sequence No. 28, I find interposed between α Arietis (2.48) and β Hydræ (3.23) three stars, β Ceti, α Phœnicis, and α Ceti, from which, supposing these arithmetical means equidistant from each other and the two extremes, we find the value 2.67. And again, in the corrected sequence No. 30, I find β Ceti singly interposed between β [α ?] Arietis (2.48) and α Orionis, (2.68,) which affords a third value of 2.58 for the numerical expression of its magnitude on this scale. The mean of these three determinations, 2.62, may be regarded as the magnitude (*on this scale*) within very moderate probable limits of error."—p. 336.

What has now been stated explains so fully the scope of the method employed by Sir J. Herschel, that we spare our readers the detail of a final interpolation and additional rounding off of individual errors by a geographical process which completes the discussion; its success may be best judged of by its results. The following are the final estimates of "magnitude" of stars selected almost at random from amongst those pretty frequently observed: the numbers in question are derived from independent observed sequences on different nights.

α Lupi.	γ Virginis.
2.80	3.05
2.80	3.08
2.80	2.95
2.81	3.11
2.81	3.45
2.83	3.00
2.83	2.93
2.84	3.17
2.83	2.97
Mean 2.82	Mean 3.08

* *Corrected sequences* are formed from the observed sequences, when by mutual comparison they have been freed from conflicting errors. The *normal sequence* is constructed from the corrected sequences.

† The magnitude of δ Argus in the normal sequence.

No less than four hundred and fifty-one stars have their relative brightness thus determined, and Sir John gives us the welcome information that he is still occupied in applying his admirable system to the stars of the northern hemisphere.* Of course the highest use of such a catalogue is to detect in future ages conspicuous changes in the brightness of the stars; but in the mean while, during the very time of its formation the author has been led to more than suspect evident changes in some of the objects which he examined even within that short period. The important case of γ Argûs has been already mentioned; α Hydræ and β Ursæ Minoris appear to have changed their magnitudes within short intervals of time. Sir John seems to regard it as probable that *some* change of brightness is the common character of suns; and—pursuing a happy suggestion of his father's, (Phil. Trans. 1796, p. 186, quoted in the work before us, p. 351,) that certain changes in our own globe may have been due to the variable radiant energy of our own sun—he thus applies it:

"The grand phenomena of geology afford, as it appears to me, the highest presumptive evidence of changes in the *general* climate of our globe. I cannot otherwise understand alternations of heat and cold, so extensive as at one period to have clothed high northern latitudes with a more than tropical luxuriance of vegetation, at another to have buried vast tracts of middle Europe, now enjoying a genial climate and smiling with fertility, under a glacier crust of enormous thickness. Such changes seem to point to some cause more powerful than the mere local distribution of land and water (according to Mr. Lyell's views) can well be supposed to have been. In the slow secular variations of our supply of light and heat from the sun, which in the immensity of time past may have gone to any extent, and succeeded each other in any order without violating the analogy of sidereal phenomena which we know to have taken place, we have a cause, not indeed established as a fact, but readily admissible as something beyond a bare possibility, fully adequate to the utmost requirements of geology. A change of half a magnitude in the lustre of the sun, regarded as a fixed star, spread over successive geological epochs—now progressive, now receding, now stationary, according to the evidence of warmer or colder *general* temperature which geological research has disclosed or may hereafter reveal—is what no astronomer would now hesitate to admit as in itself a perfectly reasonable and not improbable supposition. Such a supposition has assuredly far less of extra-

gance about it than the idea that the sun by its own proper motion may, in indefinite ages past, have traversed regions so crowded with stars as to affect the climate of our planet by the influence of their radiation."—p. 351.

The other section of the chapter on the Light of the Stars is devoted to the account of an attempt to compare *photometrically* the stars with one another, that is, to discover the actual proportions of the quantities of light which they send to the eye.

This is altogether a more ambitious and difficult research than the last. If it has not been attended with the same success, we are not certainly disposed to find fault with the ingenious and patient experimenter, but rather to express our unqualified admiration at the address with which, from *rough* results apparently so hopelessly inconsistent as those which he at first obtained by the use of his instrument, he has constructed a coherent tissue of co-ordinated facts, not always even, or devoid of rents and patches, but still forming on the whole a very serviceable fabric. The student will be delighted by the quickness with which he catches at the expression of the laws which his results (after a good deal of manipulation) are compelled to yield—at the happy foresight with which he knows how, by neglecting what is discrepant in different series, to seize firm possession of what they have in common, to express it by a beautiful and simple empirical formula, and to compel even the accidents of the numerical quantities which enter into it, to aid him in the concise perspicuity of expression with which he unfolds his results.

All this, to be rightly understood and enjoyed, must be studied in the original; we will merely glance at the method and the results.

The light of the moon is taken as the standard of comparison. Her rays are deviated by total reflection in a prism until their direction nearly coincides with that of the star to be observed. The reflected light is condensed by a lens of short focus, so as to form a small radiant image of the moon, which is viewed by the eye at different distances until it appears nearly similar in brightness to the star. The distance is then measured. As the square of that distance, so is the light of the star. The state of more or less *fullness* of the moon is allowed for by calculation; but, notwithstanding this precaution, the comparative brightness of the same star on different nights varied so excessively as to seem to show that the meth

* We observe, however, that in the Appendix he gives some comparisons for southern and northern stars, and indicates that he has abandoned the inquiry for the present.

was altogether useless. It was observed, however, that the brightness of the stars thus obtained during one evening bore a pretty constant ratio *when compared with one another*, though not as compared with the calculated light of a full moon; and it was found that the error depended upon the *phase*, or fullness of the moon, and was owing to the greater or less brightness of the ground of the sky (illuminated by the moon's rays) against which the stars were seen. Thus—though the brightness of α Centauri relatively to the effect of the whole lunar disc (calculated by proportion from the phase on a given evening) appeared smaller when the moon's phase was great than when it was small because it was seen on a more luminous background in the first case than in the second—the comparative brightness of β Centauri will be similarly affected; and, therefore, the relative brightness of α and β , or of any two stars observed on the same night may be deduced. Sir J. Herschel finds from the totality of his observations a *co-efficient of reduction* applicable to all the stars on the same evening,* from which he obtains this interesting result, that “*the effective impression of a star on the retina is inversely as the square of the illumination of the ground of the sky on which it is seen projected.*”—p. 368.

After making due allowances on the ground just explained, Sir J. Herschel arrives (p. 367) at the corrected relative brightness of sixty-nine stars. Of course some standard star must be taken; and he adopts α Centauri as unity, (1.000.) We must remember that this star is much above the *average* brightness of the stars of the first magnitude. Canopus sends to the eye *twice*, Sirius *four times* as much light as this bright

star. The data are confessedly imperfect, many of the experiments being the very earliest trials of the method; also the discrepancies are considerable; but such is the backwardness and yet the importance of the subject, that we are glad to accept of this table as a commencement.

A most interesting comparison is then made between the photometrical numbers and the arbitrary “magnitudes” assigned by the method of sequences, which we have previously detailed; and the author arrives at this curious result, that if the arbitrary numbers called magnitudes be all increased by the fraction 0.4, (a matter attended with no inconvenience, seeing that now for the first time have the magnitudes been specified with any degree of exactness or comparability,) the effective brightness (to the eye) of any star will be inversely as the square of its magnitude, or *the new scale of magnitudes will represent the distances of the respective stars from our system, on the supposition of an intrinsic equality in the brightness of the stars themselves.*

The fourth chapter, which concludes the strictly *sidereal* part of Sir John's work, is on “the DISTRIBUTION OF STARS and the Constitution of the Galaxy in the Southern Hemisphere.” Here we have a mass of patient and careful work most excellently reduced. The kind of observation is chiefly Sir W. Herschel's method of *gauging*, or counting the stars, visible at once in the field of the twenty-feet reflector, over different parts of the heavens. The main result is the *clearly established increasing paucity of stars in zones receding either way from the great circle which is nearly traced out by the Milky Way*, which is founded on the actual enumeration of 68,948 stars in 2299 fields! (p. 380.)

* He assumes this “equalizing factor” to be “constant through any single series” of observations, (p. 364, last line.) But can this be granted? We rather think not. Indeed the important inversions in the order of brightness by the photometric method in p. 371, compared to the ascertained order of sequence when viewed by the naked eye, seem (after making due allowance for the limited number and difficulty of the observations) to show some fundamental defect in the assumption that the “equalizing factor” is constant for the same evening. As the moon moves amongst the stars, they are placed in a more or less highly luminous ground depending on their angular distance from her; and though the elongation varied only from 60° or 70° to 103° , (p. 355,) this difference is not to be neglected; still less the greater or less proximity of the stars compared, to the horizon, owing to the more intense illumination of the background where vapors abound.

“Were we to calculate,” adds the author, “upon these averages, the number of stars visible enough to be *distinctly counted in the twenty-feet reflector* in our hemisphere, throwing together into one the gauges observed in corresponding zones north and south of the Galactic Circle by way of obtaining a broader average, we should find it to be 2,665,786, and for the two hemispheres, supposing them equally rich, 5,331,572, or somewhat less than five and a half millions. That the actual number is much greater there can be little doubt, when we consider that large tracts of the Milky Way exist so crowded as to defy counting the gauges, not by reason of the smallness of the stars, but their number.”—p. 381.

This estimate appears, we confess, smaller than one might have expected. But it is singular that in an almost simultaneous and

quite independent publication by the elder Struve, entitled "*Etudes d'Astronomie Stellaire*," we find, deduced from the gauges of Sir William Herschel, a number of visible stars *nearly four times as great*; nor are we prepared at present to account for the variation, which lies, we observe, principally in the estimation of the numbers in the more crowded zone, the Milky Way itself. As we have mentioned Struve's very interesting work, we cannot help adding that the coincidence of its appearance with Sir J. Herschel's must give a great impulse to the study of sidereal astronomy; and that Sir John's important *facts*, most cautiously and sedulously separated from any theory whatever about the distribution of worlds and the "*Constitution of the Heavens*," come in excellent time to afford a fresh basis upon which reasonings like those of Struve may proceed, wherein the "*gauging of the heavens*," a task hitherto attempted only by the two Herschels, and now extended to the very Antarctic Pole, is not a more important element than the determination of magnitudes and brilliancy to which we have before referred. But all this must be postponed for the present.

The fifth chapter includes observations of Halley's Comet, with remarks on the physical condition of COMETS generally. If we had not nearly exhausted our space we might have dwelt upon the many curious points which this chapter brings into view; but it is less to be regretted, as upon so popular a subject most readers will prefer consulting the original. Herschel dwells much upon the surprising increase of volume in the *envelope* of the luminous head or nucleus of the comet which took place immediately after its reappearance from the *perihelion*, or nearest approach to the sun. It was first seen and measured by Sir John on the 25th of January, 1836, when it was expanding at such a rate that it might almost be said (like tropical vegetation) *to grow under the eye* furnished with a powerful magnifier. Our author actually measured its changes from hour to hour; in one day it doubled its real bulk, and from the 25th of January to the 11th of February, after making allowance for its approach to the earth, its cubical volume was enlarged *seventy-four fold*. During all this time the symmetry and *definition* of the head or envelope was so well maintained that the bulk could be fairly estimated from the apparent increase of the diameter. On the 22d January it was observed in Europe as a

star of the sixth magnitude without *any envelope at all*. From that date it increased uniformly in its linear dimension.

These interesting facts (and others which we cannot stop to particularize) lead Sir J. Herschel to some remarks on the physical constitution of comets, the boldness of which will surprise most readers, but which are very characteristic of the warmth of the author's enthusiasm when something unexpected comes across him, and the geniality of the imaginative faculty which is ever present in the originators of great theories, though they may not always choose to expose their crude conjectures to the criticisms of the unsympathizing and morose.

Sir John is of the opinion that the envelope existed even on the 22d of January, though invisible, and ceased to be so in consequence of its condensation into the state of a fog or mist, due to the cold arising from rapid recession of the comet from the sun. He next infers that as the form of the envelope is not spherical, but paraboloidal, the surfaces of equilibrium of the vapor in its transparent state are so too; and that *the laws of gravitation as at present recognized are altogether insufficient to account for it.*—(p. 407.) What then? "Such a form as one of equilibrium is inconceivable without the admission of repulsive as well as attractive forces."—p. 407.

"Nor let any one," he adds, "be startled at the assumption of such a repulsive force as is here supposed. Let it be borne in mind that we are dealing (in the tails of comets) with phenomena utterly incompatible with our ordinary notions of gravitating matter. If they be material in that ordinary received sense which assigns to them only inertia and attractive gravitation, where, I would ask, is the force which can carry them round in the perihelion passage of the nucleus in a direction continually pointing from the sun—in the manner of a rigid rod swept round by some strong directive power, and in contravention of all the laws of planetary motion, which would require a lower angular movement of the more remote particles, such as no attraction to the nucleus could give them, though ever so intense? The tail of the comet of 1680, in five days after its perihelion passage, extended far beyond the earth's orbit, having in that brief interval shifted its angular direction nearly 150°. Where can we find in its gravitation, either to the sun or its nucleus, any cause for this extravagant sweep."—p. 408.

The solution indicated in the text, and defended at some length in a note (p. 409), amounts to this, that *electrical agencies must henceforth be admitted into astronomical theo-*

ries. And this electrical energy is not only to reside in the gaseous envelope of the comet, (a circumstance in itself analogically not improbable,) but also in THE SUN, and that with a force sufficient (as the above quotation indicates) to act with extreme energy at distances far beyond the radius of the earth's orbit! The phenomenon to be explained is no doubt very strange and unaccountable, and perhaps to many persons Sir John's argument may appear more conclusive than it does to us. Were this argument, and all similar arguments and hypotheses, (for of course it is not intended to rank above a mere first idea of a possible hypothesis,) to be enlisted in the cause of science only by Herschels, the world would certainly be more likely to gain than to lose by their introduction. But we dread the general amnesty which such high authority will appear to afford to the crowd of speculators who at present infest us with empirical nostrums for the solution of unexplained problems, and the interpretation of ambiguous phenomena. And—though perhaps we may smile at the triumph with which M. Demonville and the anti-Newtonians will hail Sir J. Herschel's admission, that a single law of attraction acting through the celestial spaces no longer explains the phenomena—we shall have a much more formidable array of sciolists, who, founding upon their own partial and inaccurate knowledge of many subjects, will undoubtedly strive to bring together heterogeneous laws to explain complicated effects, and build up what they call theories, devoid of probability, incapable of proof, and baffling any head, save that of the inventor to comprehend. We need hardly add that electricity has long been the talisman of this school; the salvo of every hypothesis, the endorser of every questionable bill current in the world of science. Without presuming to affirm that Sir John Herschel has not good grounds for putting forth in a tangible shape an opinion upon which, probably, he has long been speculating, we feel some misgivings about its effect as a lesson in philosophizing—one less impressive certainly, but more likely to be popular, than the severe examples of induction and analysis with which the rest of his work abounds.

The sixth chapter is on the Satellites of Saturn. The youngest reader who has ever surveyed in "The Wonders of the Telescope" an engraving of Saturn with his ring and seven moons, must retain for life a kind of special interest in the details of so equi-

site a microcosm, perhaps the most beautiful revelation of the telescope.

Our acquaintance with the Saturnian system has been exactly progressive with the optical power of our instruments. The discovery of the anomalous figure of the planet by Galileo, who pronounced it to consist of three distinct members—"Altissimum planetam tergeminum observavi"—was succeeded by the more perfect view obtained by Huyghens, who ably sketched the form of the ring in its most open state, and correctly explained the mystery of its occasional disappearance as its plane passes through the eye of the spectator or the sun. The division of the ring into two parts and the belts on Saturn's body were noted by Cassini; and the determination of the exact dimensions of the ring, of its position as respects the planet, and the existence of finer divisions which seem to be perceptible on its outer portion, the rotation of the planet, and of the ring, have occupied all the leading astronomers of recent times—whilst the laws of its motion or equilibrium have engaged the attention of the ablest analysts, and speculations respecting its possible origin have been amongst the most favorite of the themes of cosmogonists.

Each side of this great ring (regarding it as one continuous body) has a surface nearly 140 times that of our globe, forming the greatest geometrical plane in existence. Its exterior diameter is 176,000 miles; whilst its thickness is estimated by Sir John Herschel at less than 100 miles, or one 1760th of its diameter; which is about the proportion that the thickness of a sheet of common writing paper bears to a circle cut out of it fully 7 inches in diameter! It is surely the most wonderful object in the universe!

Some time has elapsed since the present volume appeared. At that period seven satellites of Saturn were admitted. No new one had been discovered for almost sixty years, and *very, very* few astronomers had ever seen the two innermost, discovered by Sir William Herschel in 1789. Sir John Herschel records *but one, and that a doubtful* observation of the closest of the two, during his five years' residence at the Cape. The third, fourth, and fifth in order from the body of the planet were discovered by Domenic Cassini, in 1684; the sixth and most conspicuous by Huyghens in 1655; and the outermost (at a disproportionate distance beyond the others) by Cassini in 1671: it was therefore the second of the series revealed by the telescope.

In consequence of some writers having numbered the satellites in the order of their discovery, and others in the order of their nearness to the planet, confusion has been introduced. This Sir J. Herschel proposes to remedy by adopting mythological names for them, and he has selected those of the Titans and Titanesses, brothers and sisters of Saturn, since, he very gravely adds, "as Saturn devoured his children, his family could not be assembled round him!" Since the recent "Special Commission" for dragging planets to light, few persons will be bold enough to enumerate, off hand and in order, the names of even the *primary* bodies of our system; but to include the mythology of the secondaries will be an effort trying to the astronomer who has forgotten his Lemprière.

Sir John Herschel has by his careful measures of the positions of the satellites enlarged considerably our hitherto imperfect knowledge of the forms of their orbits—an inquiry which in its general form is exactly analogous to the determination of the orbit of a double star *from angles of position alone*, which in this case was the more necessary because most of the satellites are utterly invisible in the achromatic equatorial, to which he trusted for direct measures of the distances of objects from one another. The inquiry was simplified in the case of the six satellites nearest to the planet by the assumption that their orbits are in the plane of the ring, which is not even approximately true for the outmost satellite. For four of the seven Sir J. Herschel has deduced the periods or mean motions, (which generally coincide well with Sir William Herschel's determination,) the epochs, eccentricity, and perisaturnium.

Since these observations were published a most interesting discovery has been made, that of an *eighth satellite of Saturn*, between the bright or Huyghenian satellite and the outmost discovered by Cassini, which, it has been already stated, lies at a distance seemingly disproportioned to the others. This most delicate observation (how delicate we can understand when we find Sir J. Herschel unable with his exquisite 18-inch specula, and under the sky of the Cape of Good Hope, to verify the existence of all the old seven) is due—not to the use of the gigantic reflector of Lord Rosse, nor of the unmatched achromatic of Pulkowa, the pride of the Munich workshops—but to the skill and energy of Mr. Lassell, a private individual engaged in the active daily fulfilment of the duties of a mercantile profession in Liverpool. To the same gentleman we owe the discovery

of the satellite, and probably also of a ring belonging to Neptune; and he too has seen one of those four smaller satellites of Uranus whose existence is avouched by the authority of the elder Herschel, but which had never been seen out of the garden of Slough.

Whilst Mr. Lassell has successfully contended with two most serious impediments to the amateur astronomer, the arduous and periodically recurring calls of professional business, and one of the haziest and most overcast skies in the United Kingdom, he has vanquished a difficulty more serious than either—he has constructed with his own hands the implements he was to use—grinding his specula by a machine invented by himself, and executed by his friend and able coadjutor Mr. James Naysmith of Manchester; and mounting them in a tube with an equatorial motion—a problem which has for the first time been successfully resolved in its application to so cumbrous an instrument as a reflecting telescope of two feet aperture. It is needless to add that Mr. Lassell's time and mechanical skill would have been thrown away had he not possessed the highest qualifications of a successful observer. These are many: a keen eye and a steady hand, a patient mind, and a body inured to fatigue, watching, and privation of rest—a zeal unquenchable in the aspiration to unfold the phenomena of the Creator's universe—and a bold imagination to believe that it has discovered what it scarcely dares to hope—a rigid judgment and a habit of numerical accuracy resolved to dispel every illusion, however fascinating; these are a few of the most indispensable gifts of the mere observer, regarded as such; and surely no one can doubt that occupations requiring such talents, when voluntarily made the engagement of hours withdrawn from anxious worldly toil, and usually given to rest, must ennoble the heart and the intellect, and shed a halo of serene dignity round a home which is besides cheered by the light of domestic sympathy. The discoveries now referred to have received very recently a well-merited acknowledgment in the medal of the Royal Astronomical Society. Mr. Lassell, in our opinion, claims the highest rank to which the practical astronomer can aspire; as such he is an honor to Liverpool and to England. We must not, however, close this notice without adding that by one of those startling coincidences which do occur, and which have been lately not uncommon in astronomy, this very satellite of Saturn was *almost simultaneously* discovered in the United States of America by Mr.

Bond. Not only was there no time for the transmission of the news one way or other across the Atlantic, but—allowing for the uncertainty which must affect the first observations of such a body (which can only be distinguished from a star by ascertaining its *motion*)—it does not clearly appear that a positive priority can be claimed for either the Old or the New World. Mr. Lassell discovered it to *us*, Mr. Bond discovered it to *them*.

Sir John Herschel's anticipatory remark, that "should an eighth satellite exist, the confusion of the old nomenclature would become intolerable," has been confirmed; and this incident will probably reconcile all astronomers to submit to the *Titanic* phraseology, notwithstanding the threat of *Lempriere*. The new body has been called "Hyperion" with general assent.

The final chapter on the Solar Spots does not easily admit of analysis. It is with more regret that we abstain from that section of the Appendix which contains an account of most ingenious and interesting experiments on the force of solar radiation at the Cape, deduced from the observed heating effects of the sunbeam; of which we find the *philosophical* expression in the result that it would have sufficed to melt a plate of ice covering the ground 1 inch thick in 2 hours 12 minutes; and the *popular* definition in the fact that Sir John constructed an "American dispatch" of some pieces of wood and two panes of glass, the sun being the only fire, in which eggs were roasted and beefsteaks broiled, "and eaten with no small relish by the entertained by-standers."—p. 443. In common with all interested in this advancing branch of science (not gastronomy, but meteorology) we regret the absence of the copious series of observations on Solar Radiation made by means of the "Actinometer," an instrument originally invented by Sir J. Herschel, observations which he had prepared for the press, when an unforeseen source of error in the very construction of the instrument threw a doubt upon every result yet made with it. We cannot but hope that the same creative genius which has done so much for the deduction of correct results from data affected by certain or uncertain error, will yet find a way to extract from the great mass of existing observations of the actinometer a correction which will restore to them their value.

In taking leave of the author, and of his splendid work, we cannot help recalling the evidence which it presents of great and sustained labor. Here we have the actual re-

cord of sleepless nights, and abundant proof of the toil of busy days; we have before us the clear-sighted, patient observer, stationed on his little gallery at the tube of his telescope, whence he so "oft outwatched the Bear," struggling against fatigue and sleep;* we have the mechanist of his own observatory, the optician and constructor of his own mirrors; the artist of his own illustrations; the computer who co-ordinated and reduced all the multifarious results of the campaign; and lastly, the philosopher who with consummate address has unfolded in clear and unambiguous terms the conclusions deducible from the whole. And if we are sometimes tempted to wish that some meaner hand had been found to work out the mechanical details of calculation, or to form those laborious star-maps of the densely populous regions of the sky which we have adverted to as displaying an effort of patience and care truly admirable, we are checked by reflecting upon the important lesson which it teaches; that in every branch of human acquirement, toil is the only fair and sure condition of fame; that in the sweat of our brow the fruits of knowledge are to be gathered in, as well as those which the earth yields to our material wants; that the unflinching struggle of the mind against the tedium and disgust which operations of detail, or merely mechanical, often inspire, does really fortify the character and give weight to the decisions of the judgment.

The volume closes with the following paragraph:

"The record of the site of the Reflector at Feldhausen is preserved by a *granite* column, erected after our departure by the kindness of friends, to whom, as to the locality itself and to the colony, every member of my family had become, and will remain, attached by a thousand grateful recollections of years spent in agreeable society, cheerful occupation, and unalloyed happiness."—p. 452.

We have put the word *granite* into italics, for we believe that the column, or rather obelisk, is of Craigleith *sandstone*. How difficult is it to establish certainly the simplest facts! Had any contemporary authority of weight declared that Archimedes' tomb was built of *lava*, Tully would hardly have "paused" to look for the epigraph of the sphere and cylinder on a block of *marble*. A spirited wood-cut of the site is given as a tail-piece;

* So in p. 167. "An occasional entry may have been made for the homely but useful purpose of avoiding sleep, a thing not unattended with probability of broken bones."

but Sir John has not added the inscription upon it, an omission which we take the liberty to supply, as it probably has not been published in this country :

HERE STOOD FROM MDCCCXXXIV TO
MDCCCXXXVIII THE REFLECTING TELESCOPE OF
SIR JOHN HERSCHEL, BARONET : WHO DURING
A RESIDENCE OF FOUR YEARS IN THIS
COLONY CONTRIBUTED AS LARGELY BY
HIS BENEVOLENT EXERTIONS TO THE
CAUSE OF EDUCATION AND HUMANITY AS BY
HIS EMINENT TALENTS TO THE DISCOVERY
OF SCIENTIFIC TRUTH.

Note. Since these sheets were revised for press Sir John Herschel has published an enlarged edition of his *Elementary Treatise on Astronomy*, mentioned at page 3. The principal additions are in the departments of Physical and of Sidereal Astronomy,

both of which appear to be entirely re-written. In the former he has given a *rational*, not a *technical*, elucidation of the lunar and planetary perturbations, including the disturbance of Uranus by Neptune, which led to the discovery of the latter; and in doing this he has illustrated a very difficult subject in a manner essentially new and original, as well as elementary. In the Sidereal department he has embodied several of the results of his own Cape Observations detailed in the preceding pages, and also some of those contained in Struve's *Etudes d'Astronomie Stellaire*.

All this is a very decided improvement. We must, however, express a hope that this larger work (price 18s.) will not interrupt the issue of the unpretending volume of *Lardner's Cyclopædia*, (price only 6s.,) which has been found of such extensive utility in elementary education. The improved and enlarged treatment of the more abstruse department of Physical Astronomy will scarcely be felt by the great majority of readers (and especially of junior students) to be an adequate compensation for the increase of size and cost.

"NOT ALWAYS SHALL THE CLOUD OBSCURE."

Though the heaving billows roll
O'er the sorrow-stricken soul—
Though the spirit, tempest-tost,
Seem inevitably lost—
The billows soon shall cease to roar,
The howling winds shall howl no more.

Though the clouded sky to-day
Drive each cherished hope away,
And each fond affection blight;
Though the sun be veiled from sight,
Not always shall the cloud obscure,
Not always shall the storm endure.

Though the rose be prostrate lain,
And the lily snapt in twain—
Though to-day the lonely bower
Scarce can own one blooming flower—
To-morrow thou shalt garlands twine;
To-morrow's sun shall brightly shine.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

WICKED WOMEN—CATHERINE DE MEDICIS.

THAT admirable specimen of a worthy matron, Chaucer's "Wife of Bath," declares in the prologue to her Canterbury Tale—

"By Jove, if wimmen hadden written stories,
As clerkes have within hir oratories,
They would have writ of man more wikked-
nesse,
Than all the merke of Adam may redresse."

Pope has thus modernized, but, at the same time, weakened the aphorism—

"Who drew the lion vanquished? 'twas a man;
But could we women write as scholars can,
Men should stand marked with far more wick-
edness,
Than all the sons of Adam could redress."

It was long a principle of historians to seek out individual responsibility for every crime and folly they had to record. If they took any note of the force of circumstances—the peculiar conditions of the age or country—the state of knowledge—the social relations, or any of the external agencies by which human conduct is not only modified, but very frequently predestined—they admitted them as extenuations, not as causes; and sought out some scapegoat to bear all the sins of a whole generation into the dreary wilderness of controversial history, or still more dreary romance. If a man could not be found to be thus pilloried for self and fellows—which was very commonly the case—a hunt was instituted for one of the softer sex, and to her was imparted the origin of everything in which she participated, however slightly, and the responsibility of most of the events which she but accidentally witnessed. This unfairness is especially characteristic of the French historians. Their general theory is that the Salique law, which excluded women from reigning in France, incited them to seek means of governing by intrigue, and that they thus acquired and exercised greater and

more real political power than was ever possessed by the ostensible sovereign. Having once adopted this theory, they gave way to the natural jealousy of sex, and ascribed all the abominations with which French history abounds to the influence of "wicked women," from the days of Brunehaut and Fredegonde down to those of George Sand, the supposed Egeria of Ledru Rollin.

In this long series of alleged female delinquents, far the most prominent place has been assigned to Catherine de Medicis. There is hardly a conceivable crime, from murder to petty larceny, which she is not said to have either instigated or perpetrated. But when we examine the evidence for these charges, we shall find that the proofs for the most part are like vanishing fractions, the farther we pursue them, the more evanescent they become. Assuredly, we shall not set up Catherine as a model of innocence and virtue. "The unsunned snow," to which she was compared by a contemporary poet, presents many a dark and ensanguined stain. But we contend that a fair examination of her career will redeem her from the category of moral monsters, to which she has been hitherto consigned, and will show that much of the guilt for which she has been held personally responsible, belongs to the age, the country, and other external circumstances, over which she could exercise little, if any, control. She had to maintain royalty in France against the Princes of Lorraine on the one hand, and the Huguenots, who aimed at establishing a Presbyterian aristocracy, on the other. She crushed both, evincing, it must be confessed, very little scruple in her choice of means. But Cæsar, who attempted to save the accomplices of Catiline, by appeals to pity for the vanquished, would probably have prevailed over Cicero, had he been supported by a factious press, and the journals of an unscrupulous opposition.

It was no fault of Catherine that she was sprung from a family—the famous house of the Medicis—which was sullied by more

crimes, during the three centuries of its existence as a sovereign power, than could be found in the annals of any other European family, hardly excepting the Borgias. One of its characteristics was to take no account of *legitimacy*. In no other house did the natural children act so conspicuous and prominent a part. It seemed to be a principle, that the mere acquisition of power was sufficient to legitimate its possessor.

Mirabeau used to say, "My family never made but one degrading alliance, and that was with the Medicis;" for they were simple but rich merchants until 1314, when Averard de Medicis became *gonfalonier* of Florence. The first, however, who occupied an important place in the history of the Tuscan republic was Silvestro de Medicis, who became *gonfalonier* in 1378. He was the father of Cosmo and Lorenzo de Medicis, each of whom stand at the head of princely lines, which must be carefully distinguished.

From Cosmo descended Lorenzo the Magnificent, the Duc de Nemours, the Duc d'Urbino, (father of Catherine,) Pope Leo X., Pope Clement VII., and Alexander, *Duc della Citta di Penna*, sometimes called Duke of Florence, but improperly; for though he usurped supreme authority in that city, he never assumed the title.

From Lorenzo descended Lorenzino, the Florentine Brutus, who slew the usurper, Duke Alexander; Cosmo, the first Grand Duke of Tuscany, and his successors in that sovereignty, down to the year 1737, when the family became extinct.

Neither of these two branches reigned in the line of direct succession until Francis de Medicis, (father of Mary de Medicis, and queen of Henry IV.,) having completely subjugated Tuscany, established his family firmly as a dynasty. Alexander de Medicis, *Duc della Citta di Penna*, who acquired supreme power in Florence, was the son of the Duc d'Urbino (father of Catherine) and a Moorish concubine. Some have ascribed his paternity to Pope Clement VII., who certainly showed him unusual favor. But Clement patronized Alexander merely to gratify the Emperor Charles V., to whose favorite natural daughter the *Duc della Citta di Penna* was married. It is doubtful whether Lorenzino was led to assassinate Alexander by patriotic hatred of his usurpation, or by the more natural indignation, excited by seeing an illegitimate son assume the headship of the Medicean house.

Francis de Medicis, the husband of Bianca Capella, recognized as his son the child of a

poor laborer, whom that celebrated Venetian lady had purchased and adopted. What is still more strange, Ferdinand de Medicis, when he succeeded Francis, maintained this adopted boy in all his pretensions and privileges. The lucky youth, known in history as Don Antony de Medicis, was recognized during four reigns as the great ornament of the family, to which he certainly rendered essential services, and he died universally regretted.

Almost all the early Medicis had natural children, who invariably rose to brilliant rank and fortune. Thus Cardinal Julius de Medicis, afterwards pope, under the title of Clement VII., was the illegitimate son of Julian I.; and Cardinal Hippolito de Medicis, who nearly attained the papacy, had a similar bar of bastardy on his escutcheon.

As Catherine cannot be held responsible for scandalous antecedents in her family, so neither is she to blame for the unfortunate circumstances that gathered round her infancy. Her mother, Madeline de la Tour d'Auvergne, died in giving her birth, leaving to Catherine, her only child, the nominal inheritance of the old Counts of Boulogne and Auvergne, with some plausible pretensions to the crown of Portugal. Her father, the Duc d'Urbino, followed his beloved wife to the grave, and the infant Catherine, deprived of both her parents, was left at the mercy of the factions then struggling for supremacy in Florence. Pope Leo X., the grand-uncle of Catherine, claimed the sovereignty of Florence, and delegated the government of the city to Cardinal Julius de Medicis, who, notwithstanding his illegitimacy, assumed the guardianship of Catherine, as her father's brother. In continental parlance, he was uncle of the princess "by the left hand;" some doer of memoirs into English rendered this phrase "the left-handed uncle of Catherine," and such currency did this error receive, that in the various old lives of the popes we find Clement VII. described as left-handed. If the same person had ventured to translate Brantome's jest, *Le Pape etoit son oncle en Notre Dame*, it is hard to guess the perplexity that might have been introduced into genealogies.

Catherine was about nine years of age when the democracy of Florence expelled the Medicis, and established what would now be called Red Republicanism as their government. Clement VII., who had recently succeeded to the papacy, sent an army to besiege Florence, and demanded that his

niece should be sent to Rome in all honor and safety. But the Red Republicans were pretty much in that day what they are in ours, a pack of cruel cowards; they had seized the orphan's property, and shut up Catherine herself in a convent, and when the pope demanded her liberation they held a council to deliberate on her fate. Baptiste Cei proposed that she should be brought to the ramparts and exposed to the fire of the besiegers' artillery; Bernard Castiglione recommended that she should be exposed to the brutality of the mercenary soldiers, and then sent dishonored to her uncle. The horror excited by this detestable proposition produced a reaction in favor of Catherine; the council resolved that she should be still detained as a hostage, but that at the same time she should be treated with all possible respect and kindness.

Italian historians, with some justice, call this the "Golden Age of Bastardy," and name countless instances in which the illegitimate branches of noble houses became the hope and pride of their families, quite eclipsing the legitimate branches. This was remarkably the case with the Medicis. The Duc della Citta di Penna was placed at the head of the family by Clement VII.; and after having established his supremacy in Florence, he undertook the guardianship of Catherine, then about eleven years of age.

Nothing like an impartial history of the sixteenth century exists, nor is it likely to exist until the task is undertaken by some enlightened Hindoo or Mohammedan. The passions which the Reformation awakened have never since been allowed to sleep; persons, events, and circumstances have been so distorted and misrepresented by hostile parties, that their identity can hardly be recognized in the opposing statements; and when we look for evidence of facts, we are presented with the arguments and deductions of theological controversy. Each man supposes that the honor of his religion is concerned in maintaining the purity and honesty of those by whom that religion was professed during the great struggle of the Reformation, which is about as reasonable as to imagine that the cause of Christianity was identified with the character of Constantine. Religion was a pretext and excuse, not a cause of most of the events which historians have ascribed to its influence. It was not because he was Head of the Church that Henry VIII. divorced and got rid of his wives, but it was because he wanted to get

rid of a wife that he proclaimed himself Head of the Church. Whoever writes the history of this period with the set purpose of maintaining the probity of either party will produce a mere improbable romance. Hornenghaus on one side, and D'Aubigné on the other, have produced not histories but tolerable imitations of the Waverley Novels.

Charles V., the great champion of Catholicity, who regarded Lutheranism not merely as heresy against the Church but treason against the empire, allowed Rome to be besieged by his armies, and the pope to be kept a close prisoner. He did more. After having fixed an enormous ransom on his captive's redemption, Charles ordered public prayers to be offered throughout the empire for the deliverance of the Holy Father, whom he could have set at liberty by a turn of his finger! Clement succumbed, and obsequiously courted Charles V., until he obtained the hand of the emperor's natural daughter for the Duc della Citta di Penna, an alliance which placed Alexander in possession of Florence. Scarcely had they achieved this end, when Alexander and Clement turned against Charles V., sought an alliance with his great rival Francis I., offering him the hand of Catherine for his eldest son, and promised to aid him in reconquering Italy. Lorenzino de Medicis, the Florentine Brutus as he is called, shared all the debaucheries and excesses of Alexander before he murdered him; and then pleaded that he did so seeking a favorable opportunity for his assassination. Philip Strozzi, in many respects one of the most noble-minded men of the day, not merely accepted this excuse, but vowed that each of his sons should marry a daughter of the murderer; and this vow the two sons religiously fulfilled, though they had attained fortunes and dignities in France which would have entitled them to far more brilliant alliances. Cosmo de Medicis, the successor of Alexander, to whom he was very remotely related, proclaimed himself the avenger of that duke, and at the same time deprived his son of his inheritance! Charles V. acquiesced in this robbery of his grandson, for whom, in the very instrument that confirmed the youth's inheritance, he professed the most unbounded affection. Cardinal Cibo, to whom Cosmo was indebted for his throne, was the very first person whom he sent into exile; whereupon Cibo accused the prince of having attempted to poison the son of Alexander. Don Garcias, the son of Cosmo, assassinated Cardinal John de Medicis, and was put to death by

his own father. Cosmo, who had never hesitated at any crime to maintain his power, abdicated, like Charles V., in favor of his son Francis. Though it was the obvious interest of Cosmo and Francis to support the French alliance, yet rage at the protection granted to the Strozzi induced them to become the humble slaves of Charles V. and Philip II. Finally, the Strozzi, notwithstanding their close connection with the murder of Alexander, were devoted to the cause of Catherine and her branch of the Medici family, while every envoy sent by Cosmo to the court of France had secret orders to procure the assassination of the Strozzi.

Such was the state of the Medicean family, and such was the moral condition of the age, when Catherine was chosen to be the wife of the second son of the King of France. Anne de la Tour d'Auvergne was the sister of Catherine's mother, married to Alexander Stuart, Duke of Albany, and brother of James III. of Scotland, who took a more active part in the politics of France than in those of his own country. It is more strange to find that she was nearly related to one who became her great rival in her husband's affections, Diana de Poitiers; the mother of Diana, Jane de la Tour de Boulogne, was the aunt of the mother of Catherine.

Catherine's portion consisted of 100,000 ducats (£50,000) in gold, to which Clement added about as much more in jewels and precious stones, and the provinces of Auvergne and Lauragnais. She was little more than fourteen when, escorted by Pope Clement and Duke Alexander, she sailed from Leghorn for Marseilles, accompanied by the most splendid train of decorated galleys that had ever been seen on the waters of the Western Mediterranean. She was about to seek a husband who was her senior only by a few days, but the pope hastened the marriage, being fully persuaded that Charles V. would prevent it if delay should offer him an opportunity for interference.

Francis I. rivalled and even surpassed the pope in magnificence; both vied with each other in lavish expenditure on the ceremonial; the festivities that followed were protracted thirty-four days. Catherine was ten years married before there appeared any probability of her having issue.

Clement had been anxious that his niece should marry the dauphin instead of the Duke of Orleans, the second son of the King of France, but he consented to accept the latter. Charles V. had previously formed a plan for giving Catherine to Philibert de

Chalons, Prince of Orange, and investing him with the duchies of Florence and Urbino in right of his wife, to be held under the protection of the emperor. This project was disconcerted by the death of the Prince of Orange in 1530, but Clement and Alexander were both convinced that the immediate marriage of the young lady with a French prince could alone secure the duchy of Florence from being rendered in her name a fief of the empire.

When Philip Strozzi paid down his niece's dowry, the French courtiers exclaimed that it was very disproportionate to the splendor of the match she had made; he replied that they must be very ignorant of their master's secrets, since they did not know that Clement had promised to give him three precious pearls as a supplemental dowry; namely, the cities of Genoa, Naples, and Milan. The death of Clement, some months afterwards, disconcerted this scheme, if any such had ever been formed.

When Catherine entered the French court, she found herself in a painful condition of inferiority. Eleanor of Austria, the haughty sister of Charles V., treated her with great disdain. Her aunt, the Duchess of Albany—Margaret, Queen of Navarre, the king's sister—the Duchesses of Guise, Vendôme, and Etampes, eclipsed her by the superiority of their birth and the political influence which they had acquired in the court of Francis I.; and some did not hesitate to speak of her contemptuously as the descendant of Florentine grocers. Thus circumstanced, Catherine sought the protection of the Duchess d'Etampes, the all-powerful mistress of Francis I., and by this complaisance secured the favor of the king, who detested his queen and adored his mistress. Catherine's husband, Henry, seeing how lightly his duchess treated her father-in-law's breach of the marriage vow, resolved to have a mistress of his own, and he chose Diana de Poitiers who, as we have seen, was nearly related to Catherine.

There is, probably, no person of this singular period about whom more scandalous and even impossible falsehoods have been related than Diana of Poitiers. It is almost universally asserted, that at the age of fourteen she sacrificed her honor to Francis I. in order to obtain her father's pardon. A very few words will suffice to confute this inveterate error, which we find repeated in successive French histories.

The Sieur de St. Vallier was condemned to be decapitated for his share in the treason

of the Constable de Bourbon. He mounted the scaffold, January 16th, 1523, and was informed that his life would be spared at the moment that he was about to yield his head to the executioner. Diana, at this time, was not fourteen but more than twenty-three years of age, (she was born September 3rd, 1499,) and she had been eight years married to Louis de Brézé, Count de Maulévrier, for whom the authors of the calumny themselves declare that she had always cherished the most enthusiastic affection. Furthermore, Francis himself, in a letter which has been preserved, declares that it was by the prayers of the Count de Maulévrier that he was induced to spare St. Vallier's life; and finally, St. Vallier was reserved for a fate worse than death itself. The letter of remission commands that "he shall be shut up in a cell of strong masonry, having no issue, and only one small aperture through which food may be conveyed." This is not the kind of pardon likely to be purchased by dishonor.

When Diana of Poitiers became the mistress of Henry of Orleans, she had attained the mature age of five-and-thirty, while he was barely sixteen. She was rivalled, and many thought surpassed in beauty, by the Duchess d'Etampes, who was then her junior; this contrast between the ages of the mistresses of the father and son gave rise to a multitude of epigrams and lampoons, none of which will bear translation. The rivalry of these ladies in charms was changed into fierce and important political hostility by an event, which, like almost every other event of the period, has been singularly disfigured by rancorous controversy.

When the Duke Alexander brought Catherine to meet Pope Clement at Leghorn, he took with him a Spanish gentleman named Montécuculli, who had recently quitted the Imperial service. Montécuculli had made some proficiency in the study of medicine and alchemy, as understood in that age, and as they were favorite pursuits of the Medicis it is probable that his proficiency recommended him to their patronage. He accompanied the bridal party to France, but not being received into the household of the young Duchess of Orleans, he entered into the service of Queen Eleanor, and subsequently became esquire to the dauphin. Reports were obscurely circulated that he was an adept at poisoning, and strangely enough the only proof alleged was that he had cured some diseases which had baffled the skill of regular practitioners.

In 1536, Charles V. invaded the south of

France; the king hastened to meet him with all the forces he could collect; the Duke and Duchess of Orleans accompanied him, and witnessed the horrors of war in the locality which had been the theatre of their nuptial festivities three years before. When Charles V. retreated from Provence, the dauphin returned to Lyons by the Rhone. He made a halt at Tournon, and though it was the month of August he played several games of ball, an amusement to which he was fondly attached. Heated by this violent exercise he demanded a drink; Montécuculli brought him a glass of iced water; the dauphin imprudently drank it off; he fell in a fit, and died in less than an hour. A cry was raised that he was poisoned by Montécuculli, and Francis summoned all the great nobles of his kingdom, and all the foreign ambassadors, to accompany him to Lyons for the purpose of investigating this charge.

Montécuculli was subjected to the torture; he endured the most horrid agonies before he would make any confession, for the great probability is that he had nothing to confess; at length his protracted agonies induced him to declare that he had poisoned the prince, and that he had been instigated to the crime by Charles V., and by his generals, Antony de Lèvis and Ferdinand de Gonzague. Francis I. condemned Montécuculli to be torn to death by four wild horses, and denounced Charles V. in the face of Europe as a suborner of assassination.

Everybody in that age believed that poison was freely used to destroy kings and princes. The kings and princes of the blood in France had their food brought to table in padlocked boxes, of which they alone kept the duplicate key, and this extraordinary privilege, called "the right of the padlock" continued down to the time of Louis XIV. We must not be surprised then that the partisans of the emperor instead of showing that a deep draught of iced water taken in a state of profuse perspiration was quite sufficient to explain the prince's sudden death; they accepted the fact of the poison, and proclaimed that Montécuculli had been engaged to murder the dauphin by Catherine and the Medicis. Many grave Protestant historians have taken up this calumny; but it will not bear examination. Pope Clement was dead; Duke Alexander, immersed in debauchery, had broken off all intercourse with the Duke and Duchess of Orleans; and Catherine never had any intimacy with Montécuculli from the time he had been deeply offended by her re-

fusal to receive him into her household. We believe that Montécuculli was innocent, and such we think will be the opinion of all who take an unprejudiced view of the circumstances of the case.

But we must at the same time disclaim any share in that scepticism which has of late become rather fashionable, and which rejects all the anecdotes of the effects of the *Aqua Tofana*, and similar mysterious poisons, as idle fables. One of the most eminent of modern toxicologists has established the great probability that the French and Italian poisoners had discovered means of concentrating vegetable and animal poisons, so as to make them as certain and as fatal in their results as the most active of the mineral agencies, while at the same time they were far more difficult to be tested and detected. It was not until the destructive powers of prussic acid became known, that all doubts were removed as to Captain Donnellan's being justly punished for poisoning Sir Theodosius Boughton; and it must be remembered that these doubts were sanctioned by the high authority of the celebrated Hunter.

Elevation to the rank of dauphiness was to Catherine an increase of misery. Henry, brought nearer to the throne, became more completely the slave of Diana of Poitiers. *La Grande Sénéchale*, as Diana was called during the reign of Francis I., greatly strengthened her political influence by the splendid alliances she made for her daughters; the one married Robert de la Mark, Duc de Bouillon, and Prince de Sedan; the other Claude de Lorraine, Duc d'Aumale. She was thus brought into close alliance with the Guises, and obtained the support of the ultra-catholic faction, then the most powerful party in France.

The Duchess d'Etampes was favorably disposed towards Calvin and the Huguenots; Margaret, Queen of Navarre, openly professed the Protestant faith; and the policy which Francis I. adopted towards the Reformation was unintelligible and inconsistent. He sustained the Protestants of Germany against Charles V.; he sanctioned the residence of Calvin and Beza at the court of Navarre; and yet he issued edicts of persecution against his Huguenot subjects as sanguinary as any recorded in history. Catherine had thus to adopt a conciliatory course between two rival mistresses and two rival creeds; in this painful apprenticeship she learned the double-faced policy which was the characteristic of her life.

The war between the Duchess d'Etampes

and *La Grand Sénéchale* was marked by a venomous rancor, to which we know no parallel in the annals of female rivalry. Diana was favored by her great political alliances, the near prospect of the throne, which the declining health of Francis I. opened to her protector Henry, and the swelling zeal of the Catholic party, then not unjustly described as "more Popish than the Pope himself." On the other hand, the frequent indiscretions of the Huguenots rendered their support a source of weakness, rather than of strength, to the Duchess d'Etampes; she had on her side youth, beauty, wit, and the royal favor, but the last depended on a frail tenure, the life of an old and sickly king.

In the war of words, songs, and lampoons, the Duchess d'Etampes had a decided superiority. "I was born on the very day that Diana was married," said the duchess, and though this was untrue, it was sufficiently near the truth to give point to the sarcasm. Marot, the French Sternhold, whose version of the Psalms is even a worse travestie than that of his English rival, produced several epigrams on this subject, believing himself bound, as a Huguenot, to support the Duchess d'Etampes. One of the best may be thus rendered:

"Diana, Diana, pray listen to reason,
Lay aside youthful tricks, for you're quite out of
season;
Your spring long has faded, your summer is
past,
And your autumn is sinking to winter quite
fast."

People talk in our days of the licentiousness of the press: what would they say to the pamphleteers of the sixteenth century? A volume of Latin poems was published by Vouté, in which Diana was assailed with a ribald grossness not exceeded in the worst epigram of Martial. It is hardly possible to allude to these infamous productions, much less to quote them, without offense. But, nevertheless, Vouté's collection appeared under high auspices; it had the stamp of royal privilege, was dedicated to a bishop, and was prefaced with a poetical eulogium on its merits by Salmo Macenius, first gentleman-in-waiting to the king. On the accession of Henry II., the parties connected with the publication of this atrocious libel, presented Diana with the fine castle and estate of Chenonceaux, in order to purchase a pardon! What jury in the present day would give such an amount of damages?

It is not generally known that Catherine

was at one time anxious to occupy a place in the catalogue of royal and noble authors. She and Margaret of France, afterwards Duchess of Savoy, projected a series of tales in imitation of the Decameron of Boccaccio. There were to be ten contributors, each of whom was to furnish ten stories. Several circumstances, but especially Catherine's first pregnancy, led to the abandonment of the project; it was subsequently taken up by Margaret of Navarre, and the result was that amusing collection, the Heptameron, in which Margaret, with rather more of grace than delicacy, relates, under a very thin disguise, the various amorous adventures of her royal brother, Francis I. It is one of the most painful proofs of the profligacy of the age that Margaret, who was really a princess of piety and virtue, records these anecdotes of profligacy without expressing any disapprobation or censure.

Francis I. died at Rambouillet, March 31st, 1547; the dauphin succeeded under the title of Henry II., and it may be said that Diana of Poitiers ascended the throne with him. The Duchess d'Etampes was immediately exiled from court, but she was not deprived of any of the estates which had been bestowed upon her by her royal lover. She retired to a remote *chateau*, abandoned even by her husband, and spent the rest of her life almost unnoticed and unknown. There is some evidence that she conformed to the Protestant faith, but avoided making any open profession of her creed, in order to escape persecution.

Catherine was less happy and less powerful as Queen of France than she had been as dauphiness. In ten years, beginning at 1543, she had ten children and one miscarriage. All the power of the State was shared between Diana, created Duchess of Valentinois, and the Constable Montmorenci, who had been disgraced and exiled in the preceding reign. Worthy old Mezeray waxes quite eloquent in denouncing the crescents, arrows, and bows which were emblazoned on the royal carriages, furniture, and even the public buildings, in honor of the unchaste Diana, and gravely inquires whether such an excess of passion in a monarch of thirty for a mistress of forty, must not be attributed to enchantment? Catherine acted a part of profound dissimulation; she exhibited not merely complaisance, but pretended to affection for Diana; and she won the friendship and confidence of Montmorenci. Thus supported, she was entrusted by her husband with the regency when he visited Germany, and was

appointed sole guardian of his children in case of his death.

Though the Duchess d'Etampes had disappeared from the world, yet the remains of the rivalry between her and Diana led to a duel, which holds rather a conspicuous place in history. When the spiteful rivalry between these two dames was at its highest, the dauphin, in revenge for some sarcasm levelled against his mistress, declared that "the Duchess d'Etampes consoled herself for the king's sickness in the arms of another," and he named Guy Chabot, lord of Jarnac, the husband of Louise de Pessellieu, sister of the Duchess d'Etampes. To give probability to this incestuous tale, the dauphin produced one of his creatures, Châtaigneraye, who said that he had heard Jarnac boast of an intrigue with his step-mother, Madeline de Puygnion, second wife of James, Baron of Jarnac. Le Laboureur has devoted seventeen folio pages to the investigation of these worthless scandals, and more than hints that both charges were well founded. It is, however, just to state that the abbé rests his belief more on the horrible profligacy that distinguished this disgraceful age than on any tangible evidence. Jarnac not only denied the charges but gave Châtaigneraye the lie before the whole court, and added other insults which could only be effaced with blood. Francis I. refused to permit the duel, which both parties earnestly desired; one of the first measures of Henry II., after his accession, was to sanction the combat. Jarnac was enfeebled by a recent fever, and this rendered Châtaigneraye less cautious than he otherwise would have been. Jarnac struck his rival on the back of the knee, and cut through the tendon—in fact, hamstrung his rival; hence "Jarnac's blow" (*le coup de Jarnac*) has passed into a proverb. Châtaigneraye refused to beg his life, and Jarnac passed his sword through his body. Henry was so affected by this result, that he vowed never to allow another duel during his reign.

The accession of Henry II. did not put an end to the war of lampoons waged against his mistress; but her assailants were greatly improved in decency and temper. We shall give one of the quotations in the original, for it is impossible to preserve the pun, which constitutes its entire point, in a translation:

"Sire, si vous laissez comme *Charles* desire,
Comme *Diane* veut, par trop vous gouverner,
Foudre, petrir, mollir, refondre, ratourner
SIRE vous n'etes plus, vous n'etes plusque CIRE."

Catherine made one clever effort to withdraw her husband from the influence of the Duchess of Valentinois. Having learned, through her spies, that Diana, who was a little unwell, had asked the king to remove to St. Germain until she would be prepared to receive his visits, Catherine prepared a ballet for the amusement of her husband, in which six young ladies danced, and sung stanzas composed for the occasion. These ladies were Madame Elizabeth of France, afterwards the unfortunate Queen of Spain, then only nine years of age; her sister, Madame Claudine, who was a year younger; Mary Stuart, the unhappy Queen of Scots, then entering on her teens; Miss Lewiston, of the same age, Mary's lady of honor; and two ladies of riper charms, Miss Fleming, a near relative of Catherine's uncle, the Duke of Albany, and Clarissa Strozzi, the cousin of Catherine herself. Miss Fleming was deemed the most beautiful *blonde* of the age; Clarissa Strozzi was an Italian *brunette*, deemed unrivalled in her peculiar style of beauty. It was certain that the king must give his heart to one or the other; he yielded to the charms of the fair Fleming. The new mistress presented Henry with a son, subsequently known in history as Henry de Valois, Count d'Angoulême, grand prior of France; but—the influence of Diana was not in the slightest degree weakened. She pardoned the infidelities of her royal lover, as Madame de Pompadour in a later age did those of Louis XV., and history shows that in both cases the ladies greatly strengthened their political influence by their complaisance.

Catherine was sadly perplexed by this unexpected result. In accordance with the spirit of her age, she attributed it to the influence of spells, conjurations, and magic, secretly wasting much time and not a little money in the attempt to devise a counter-charm. What may more reasonably surprise us is that the same theory was adopted by an historian so eminent as the President de Thou, and by so acute an inquirer as Nicolas Pasquier, who very gravely records the following explanation of the matter:

"The lady," he says, "who inspired with such strange passion Henry II., ruled over him by force of a ring which she gave him, and which he wore on his finger. Once when the king was sick, the Duchess de Nemours, from whose own lips I heard the story, paid him a visit, and as she had been requested by the queen, drew the ring from off his finger. As she went out with the ring, the king gave orders that no person whatever should be admitted to his chamber. The

lady (Diana) presented herself twice, but was refused admission. Suspecting that some alteration had taken place, she came a third time, and though repulsed by the attendants forced her way into the room. She immediately went up to the side of the bed, examined the king's hand, and missing the ring, asked him what he had done with it? He told her that the Duchess de Nemours had taken it away. She then sent one of the officers to demand the ring from the duchess in the king's name, and when it was brought to her she replaced it on his finger."

From Pasquier's high character, we may readily believe that the Duchess de Nemours actually told him this story; there is indeed nothing improbable in the anecdote itself, and if it occurred in our day, no one would dream of adducing it as an evidence of magic. Brantome says, "Diana was not only very handsome but very clever;" and this double charm gives a better explanation of her influence than the spell of a magical ring or waxen image.

Far the deepest stain on the character of the Duchess de Valentinois is the active part she took in urging Henry to persevere in his barbarous persecution of the Huguenots. Bigotry was not her only motive; she had obtained a grant of all the goods and chattels that should be forfeited for heresy, and avarice prompted her to multiply the number of victims. Diabolical invention was taxed to increase the pains of death. The wretched Huguenots were suspended by the waist in chains over slow fires, they were lowered unto these and drawn up again alive, and this process of lingering torment was often continued for two or three hours. The great body of the secular clergy of France, and several of the regulars, protested against this barbarity, and it is as severely reprobated by Roman Catholic as by Protestant historians. At length the parliament of Paris interfered to check these cruelties; a day was appointed for taking into consideration the propriety of mitigating the penalties denounced against heretics, and the king, who had secretly got notice of what was intended, unexpectedly presented himself to witness the debate.

Imperfect as was its constitution, there are few deliberative bodies whose records offer so many examples of public spirit and noble independence as the parliament of Paris. Undismayed by the presence, the frowns, and the visible indignation of the king, the partisans of toleration maintained their opinions with vigor. They declared that the points at issue between the Reformers and the Papacy ought to be submitted to the de-

cision of a general council, and that all edicts of persecution ought to be suspended until this tribunal had pronounced its opinion. Anne du Bourg, son of the chancellor of that name, was the most conspicuous of those bold councillors, but his opinions were approved by the majority of the assembly. The king heard the debate to the end. When it was concluded, he ordered the clerk to bring him the record of the proceedings, and then ordered that the advocates of toleration should be taken into custody as notorious heretics. Du Bourg and M. du Faut were arrested on the spot; the president Rançonnet and five more were seized on the following day, but the president Du Ferrier, and three other councillors, contrived to make their escape. The king publicly declared that he would show no mercy to any of these men, and that he would superintend the burning of Du Bourg in person.

The fate of these men would have been sealed, but for the accident which deprived Henry of life three weeks after their arrest. Carousals and tournaments were prepared to celebrate with unrivalled magnificence what proved to be the most unfortunate of all marriages, that of Madame Elizabeth of France, daughter of Henry and Catherine, with Philip II. of Spain. A tragedy at its commencement heralded the sad tragedy of Don Carlos, in which it ended. Lists were erected along the Rue St. Antoine, extending from the old palace of the Tournelles, to the prison of the Bastille, and the joustings continued for three days together. Towards the close of the third day, Henry entered the lists, wearing the colors of the Duchess de Valentinois—that is to say, black and white; for, notwithstanding her position as a royal favorite, Diana had never laid aside the mourning which she wore for her husband. After having broken several lances with different noblemen, he at last challenged the Count de Montgomery, a captain of his guards, to run him a course with open visor. Montgomery endeavored to excuse himself, but the king persisted, and the champions took their place in the lists. They met in full career. Montgomery's lance broke against the king's breastplate, but the truncheon springing up as it snapped, pierced the king's skull a little above the right eye. Henry fell to the ground, and though he survived about ten days, he never recovered his senses or the powers of speech. He died July 10th, 1559.

Diana of Poitiers was well aware of the great change which this melancholy event

would make in her position, even while Henry was alive. Gaspard de Saulx—afterwards known as Marshal de Tavannes—had offered Catherine to cut off the nose of the Duchess de Valentinois, an offer which would have endangered his head, had not the Guises interfered to procure his pardon. So soon as the king's state was known to be hopeless, an officer was sent to Diana, commanding her to resign all the rich jewels and furniture which she had received from her royal lover. "What, then, is the king dead?" said she. "No, madam," replied the messenger, "but he cannot long survive." "Go back," said she, proudly, "to those who sent you; let my enemies know, that while the king retains one spark of life I fear them not, and will yield them no obedience. My courage is unconquered and unconquerable. When he dies I have no wish to survive him; and every insult they offer me will only serve to divert my incurable grief for so sad a loss. Go then, tell my enemies that whether the king lives or not, I scorn and I defy them."

Brantome—the most amusing gossip of gallantry and chivalry—after recording the speech, deems it necessary to make a formal apology for Diana's surviving the king. He declares that she showed true heroism in living to prove to her enemies that her spirit and courage were unbroken. On the very day of Henry's death the duchess was deprived of her jewels, exiled from court, and, subsequently, compelled to resign her fine castle of Chenonceaux to Catherine, receiving in exchange the far inferior mansion of Chaumont, between Blois and Amboise. At the time of Henry's death Diana was entering on her 60th year, and she survived him nearly six years. Brantome says of her, "I saw this lady six months before she died, still so beautiful, that I know of no heart so stony as not to be moved by her charms. Moreover, some time before that she had broken her leg on the pavement of Orleans, as she rode through, sitting as erect, and managing her steed as dextrously as she had ever done; but her horse slipped and fell under her. It might have been thought that such a fracture, and the consequent pain and suffering, would have changed her handsome countenance, but such was not the case; on the contrary, her beauty, her grace, her majesty, and her lovely appearance, were equal to those of her best days. I especially remarked the extreme fairness of her complexion, though she never used any paint; but it was reported, that every morning she took a draught composed of potable

gold and some other drugs, with which I am not so well acquainted as good physicians and learned apothecaries. I believe that if this lady had lived to be a hundred years of age she would never have grown old, so perfect was her visage, so complete all the parts of her figure, so healthy her temperament, and so excellent her habits of life. Pity it was that earth ever covered so fair a form."

Catherine was, or pretended to be, inconsolable for the loss of her husband, but her demonstrations of grief were so ostentatious that the world more than doubted their sincerity. According to the fashion of the age she assumed a symbolic device, significant of her feelings, when she went into mourning. It was a mountain of quick-lime on which drops of rain were falling, with the motto—

"Ardorem extientâ testantur vivere flammâ."

"They (rain drops, emblematic of tears) show that the heat (of love) lives, though the flame be extinct," for water poured upon lime produces heat without flame.

Hitherto Catherine—excluded from all participation in power—could scarcely be said to have had a political existence. The death of Henry opened to her a new career, which we shall examine at a future opportunity, and shall only add here that Catherine's administration of the government in the name of her sons has been long misrepresented and misunderstood, chiefly because sufficient attention was not paid to the antecedents of her previous history.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE WINDING-SHEET.

A LEGEND.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF GUSTAV. SOLLING.)

A MOTHER was blest in a son,
Beloved and lovely was he;
The affection of all he had won
That e'er chanced the sweet child to see.

But sickness all suddenly came,
The mother she trembled for fear;
He died, and an angel became,
For to God, too, her darling was dear.

Now twilight the garden bedims,
Where oft had the gentle child played;
Or sung to his mother sweet hymns,
As together they lovingly strayed.

The mother's heart well nigh had burst;
She wept till she scarcely could see;
When, to soothe the deep grief that she nursed,
Came at night the sweet child to her knee.

He was clad in a snowy-white shroud,
A wreath round his bright golden hair;
As erewhile, with sad wailings and loud,
By mourners borne forth on his bier.

"Oh, mother! whom death but endears,
Disturb not my slumbers," he said;
"My shroud is all wet with your tears,
The tears you unceasingly shed!"

The mother, awe-struck, from that hour
Dried the fast-falling tears from her eyes;
At night came the child—and he bore
A torch like a star from the skies!

"Oh, mother! my grave-clothes are dried,
Since the hour that thy tears ceased to flow;
In the grave now at rest I abide,
Then bear thou in patience thy woe!"

From the Dublin University Magazine.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

As friends must be torn by Fate from the embrace of individuals, and what was affection be subdued into memory, so is it decreed that celebrated characters must pass from time to time from before the eyes of the community they had shed a lustre upon, leaving in place of the gladdening influence of their presence a void, occupied only by the melancholy satisfaction that at least the honored names belong to its permanent history.

Maria Edgeworth is no more. At this period of the month we have not time to enlarge upon an announcement, which indeed is in itself sure to arrest public attention without any comment of ours. English literature claims the calamity as her own, and will find a voice wherever its influence reaches—and where does it not reach?—throughout the civilized world. Our part is a more peculiar one—a more painful and difficult one, too, than any mere formal panegyric: we have to mourn *on the part of Ireland*, the loss of its brightest literary ornament.

In the brilliancy of her more extended works, the true grounds of this gifted lady's fame are apt to be lost sight of. As in the case of a desultory and inconsistent, though eminent legal philosopher of our time, the less-observed and humbler achievement of cheapening knowledge, and bringing that illustrious guest to doors she would not have previously condescended to visit, will form with posterity the true foundation of his greatness; so, in estimating Miss Edgeworth's services to literature, we ought to do what future generations will do, and make it her title to the place she is destined to hold in public estimation that, with a very few exceptions, she it was who first brought the rational morality and exalted sensibilities of maturer life to a level with the comprehension of childhood, forestalling the teaching of schools and colleges in this respect, by the power of combining ethics with entertainment, suited to attract the young, and teaching the language of truth and virtue, in its alphabet.

That she was a highly successful novelist, when that field was less trodden than it is now, is inferior praise to this; and we have ever held that the lessons of morality, which all her writings aimed at conveying, were then most conspicuous and most conducive to human benefit when they cast off, as it were, the gravity and reserve of society, and introduced themselves, in sportive guise, as the playthings and companions of the nursery.

If we are to measure the importance of literary efforts by the effect they produce, the influence they exercise, and the changes they work, then, in other departments as well as this, Miss Edgeworth stands eminently conspicuous. The tone of thought and feeling of the generation now already passing its maturity, has been moulded unquestionably to an appreciable extent on her educational works; but when we recollect that to her earlier novels Scott confessed himself indebted for the first idea of illustrating the character and scenes of his own country by means of popular tales, we shall see to how large an extent that one intellect has made the world its debtor. Indeed, it is one of the circumstances which enhance the interest creative talent is ever invested with, that it operates beyond itself, as it were, developing powers and originating actions lying without the orbit of its own career.

On the young the effect of Miss Edgeworth's writings was striking. The wisdom derived from them was not, as Lady Mary Wortley Montague has expressed it, the

—"slow product of laborious years;"

the operation was going on every hour; we could see precepts reduced, before our eyes, to practice; and the tender mind becoming visibly impressed with those patterns which, falling within the grander outline of Christianity, serve to fill up the details of the human character, and blend the whole into one chaste and harmonious design. Within many a family circle we can imagine the

event we are now recording to fall as a sensible blow, and can fancy the eye, bent over the favorite page, to be dimmed with a tear, which, dropping on the familiar words, consecrate them from thenceforth a sacred memory in the youthful heart.

But we are straying beyond our limits. This distinguished lady has passed from amongst us. To all except the few who enjoyed the inestimable advantage of her friendship and acquaintance, she lives in her influences alone. In these, indeed, she still survives—she exists for every one as long as they continue to peruse her writings with delight and profit. In the increased power she affords to one class of self-instruction, and to another of disciplining the minds under their charge, she stands beside them an ever-present good. *Being dead, she speaketh.*

To that favored few, alas! her loss is less easily repaired. For many years she had, it is true, secluded herself within the ancestral groves of Edgeworthstown, from which of late she rarely emerged, except when she lent herself to the affectionate importunities of members of her own immediate family; but she continued to the last to keep herself in communion with the great world without, by means of constant and unrestrained correspondence with a circle of friends, including some of the most gifted and eminent individuals in Great Britain and America, statesmen and philosophers as well as authors. These friends can best testify to the justice of this encomium—they can witness to the freshness of heart, retained to the verge of extreme old age, and surviving not only the common assaults of time, but the attacks of more than one severe domestic bereavement. They best can exonerate the writer, when he speaks of the keen and affectionate sensibilities beating as strong within her bosom up to the supreme hour, as when they instigated the happiest effusions of her fancy, and attracted the most ardent admiration of society. They know that not a feeling flagged—not an energy failed. Alive to everything around her, and responding to every exalted and humane emotion, she might be said to partake of that comprehensive philanthropy, the expression of which earned for the dramatist of old the plaudits of assembled Rome. Nothing was foreign from her affections, except what was unworthy of them; and she retained to the termination of her existence that power, generally judged to be the exclusive characteristic of

youth, of admitting *new* interests into the companionship of old ones, and of allowing the heart to warm for a cause, or an individual, the meridian of her life was a stranger to.

It is fortunate that these qualities are known as they are by so many friends and connections competent to give the world the benefit of a personal narrative. We should otherwise have feared lest the unostentatious humility of Miss Edgeworth's private virtues should cause them to be overlooked, or overborne rather, in the current of her literary history.

Nor can we, in our editorial capacity, be suspected of being influenced by any undue bias. In her views respecting the relative publishing claims and capabilities of England and Ireland, many of our readers are aware that she differed from us very widely. Her sentiments—dare we call them prejudices?—were all in favor of the metropolitan centre. She considered London the natural soil of Irish as well as English literary enterprise, and felt little interest in promoting any local rivalry. Whilst, like Moore, she was inspired with a truly patriotic regard for her native land, and, like him, shed a lustre upon it by the brightness of her genius—like him, too, she was an *English writer* born in Ireland, and connected her literary existence exclusively with the sister country.

She is gone from amongst us. She has done much good that the world knows of—much that it may yet know of—and much that it will never know of. Instances will spring to many an affectionate memory. They throng to *one* breast which might seize the tempting opportunity of discharging the burden of gratitude that weighs upon it. But unfortunately the same feelings towards that revered friend which prompt the tongue to utterance, restrain the expression of acknowledgments that might have done violence to the sensitive delicacy of her nature. It more redounds to the honor of the dead, and profit of the living, to have it known, that one of the last acts of government bounty extended to native literary merit, was influenced in no small degree by the ardent and disinterested eloquence of this true-hearted Irishwoman.

Maria Edgeworth is no more. This is but a hasty offering cast upon her hearse. Around her urn will twine more costly wreaths, but there will none be presented with truer respect or more heartfelt devotion.

ON THE DEATH OF ABEL.

ADDRESSED TO LOUIS NAPOLEON.

"A tear for Abel, and a curse for Cain."

"WHERE is thy brother? Where is righteous Abel?"
This awful question God asked murderous Cain.
"Where is *our* brother? Where is free-born ROME?"
This awful question *we* ask murderous *France*.
Thou darest not lie, *thou* darest not say, "I know not!"

We *know* thou knowest, and heaven and hell do know.

Thou canst not lie, "Am I my brother's keeper?"
Thou saidst *thou* wast, and hell and heaven heard it.
There is no trick, no lie, no perjury left,
Thou standest at the bar—and *thou* art dumb.

O woe! "What hast thou done? What durst thou do?"

A voice there crieth—'tis a voice of *blood*—
A *murdered man's* still warm and reeking blood—
It is *our brother's*, 'tis *thy brother's* blood,
That crieth up to heaven from the ground;
That crieth with a voice that rends the skies,
A mighty earthquake voice that shakes the earth,
A dagger voice that pierceth every heart,
That cries: Revenge! revenge! revenge! revenge!
My brother Cain, my — *France* has murdered me!"

O woe unnamed! O woe too deep for tears!
Our brother Rome, beloved Rome is dead!
So free, so brave, so young, so beautiful,
He flourished but a day, and now is dead!
The youngest of his brethren and our darling,
Our hope, our flower was killed while in the bud.
He was as righteous and as pure as Abel,
And woe is me! he met with Abel's fate.
He loved his brother—just as Abel did,
He trusted in him—just as Abel did,
He gloried in him—just as Abel did,
And lo! his brother proved a wretch like Cain,
And hated him and envied him like Cain,
And murdered him—ay, ay, he *murdered* him,
The Gallic Cain, the righteous Roman Abel.
O woe, O crime, O shame beyond a name!

O woe! O woe! insufferable woe!
"Our brother Rome is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Rome is dead, and has not left his peer!
Who would not weep for Rome?" He was the hope,
The joy, the pride of Freedom's gallant crew,
His was the brightest lot man can be born to,
The fairest prospect oped before his eye,
A course of glory and a prize of bliss;
And he run well, and he had reached the goal
But for a *brother*—no, no, not a brother,
A devil in a brother's form disguised,
Who stopt him in the midst of his career,
And stretched him here a lifeless, bloodless body.

O that I were a host and not a man!
O that I wielded swords and not a lyre!

Then should he have a worthier sacrifice,
The pious dead; then not mere words and tears,
Blood should revenge him on his murderer!

Be cursed then with every withering curse,
Thou hypocritic, recreant fratricide!
Be cursed from the earth which oped her mouth
To drink the blood—thy *murdered brother's* blood;
The TREE OF LIBERTY thy hand hath reared,
Shalt never thrive, shall never yield thee fruit,
But having stood awhile, an empty show,
The rootless trunk shall die and rot away,
Shall die and rot to mud from whence it sprung,
A mock, a scorn, a by-word with all nations!

But thou thyself, perjurious renegade,
Thou bloody, murderous, infamous, villanous villain,
Thou traitorous Ephialtes, Judas, Cain—
But yesterday an *outlaw*, now a *despot*,
But yesterday a *suppliant*, now a *tyrant*,
But yesterday a *convict*, now a *hangman*—
Again thou 'lt tumble from thy dizzying height,
Again the land shall rise and spew thee out,
Again thou 'lt be a fugitive on earth,
A branded vagabond to roam like Cain,
And every one that findeth thee shall spit,
And hurry past as if a viper crossed him,
And pelt thee with this blasting taunt and curse:

"Fie! Shame on thee, thou mock-Napoleon!
Thou dwarfish imp masked in a Titan's name!
Thou art no kin of him whose cloak thou stolest,
The victor general of the first republic,
The hero on a hundred battle-fields,
Where Freedom gained her first immortal glories;
Who like a thunder-storm broke from the Alps,
And swept the chaff of royalties away,
And burst the Austrian yoke on Italy,
And rocked the thrones in Berlin and Vienna,
Dread bugbear he of frightened despot brats.
He did not crouch to kiss the pontiff's toe,
No, no, he *stood* and made the pontiff crouch,
And set his foot on the anointed neck,
A tyrant *he*, too, but a tyrants' tyrant."
"No, surely, no, thou art no Bonaparte,
They truly call thee right who call thee 'Bastard';
A cuckoo laid thee in the eagle's nest."
"Avaunt! avaunt, thou leprous renegade,
Thou living carcass and thou rotten soul!
Corrupt not Freedom's healthy mountain air
With thy cadaverous, poisonous traitor's breath!
Go to the chief priests in whose pay thou art,
Go, *Judas*, go, and get thy Judas fee,
The price of blood, the thirty silver pieces,
And falling headlong and asunder bursting,
May'st thou, who *livest* like him, like *Judas* die!"

EMANUEL VITALIS SCHERB,
A Switzer, and former fellow-citizen
of Louis Napoleon.

From the Athenæum.

AUTHORSHIP OF JUNIUS.

The History of Junius and his Works—Identity of Junius with a distinguished living Character—A Critical Enquiry regarding the Real Author of the Letters of Junius—&c. &c. &c. North British Review.

[We published, in the Eclectic Magazine for February, an elaborate article on this subject from the North British Review, attributed to the pen of Sir David Brewster, which claimed the distinction of Junius' name for a new candidate. The following brief reply of the Athenæum effectually disposes of the argument, and will be read, by those who recall the former article, with deep interest.—ED.]

AN examination of the evidence brought forward, from time to time, since 1812, in favor of the several claims of Sackville, Boyd, Francis, Barré, and others, to be considered as the writer of Junius's Letters; with facts and arguments in favor of a new claimant, Mr. Lauchlin Maclean. The review is understood to have been written by a gentleman whose opinion on any subject is entitled to respectful consideration—indeed, we need not hesitate to say by Sir David Brewster, for the facts adduced in respect to Lauchlin Maclean are conclusive on that point.

It is not our intention to slay the slain, or generally to criticise the critic. We shall confine ourselves to a consideration of the evidence brought forward by him in favor of Mr. Lauchlin Maclean.

Some years since it was incidentally mentioned in Cooke's "History of Parties," and subsequently confirmed by paragraphs in the newspapers, that Sir David Brewster, in turning over old family papers, had stumbled on evidence all but conclusive that Mr. Lauchlin Maclean was the writer of Junius's Letters. That evidence is now before us; and we will at once submit it for consideration, with such comment as suggests itself:

"Upwards of thirty years ago, when Sir David Brewster was looking over the papers of the late James Macpherson, Esq., M. P., he found several letters addressed to him with the signature of L. Maclean, and bearing the dates of 1776-7, a few years after Junius ceased to write. * * One of these began with the following sentence: 'I

shall follow your advice, my dear sir, implicitly. The feelings of the man are not fine, but he must be chafed into sensation.' This and other similar passages were shown to Mr. Macpherson of Belleville, who recollected that the name of Maclean was mentioned in Galt's life of West, in connection with that of Junius. A copy of the book was immediately sent for, when to the great surprise of the parties the following passage was discovered: 'An incident,' says Mr. Galt, 'of a curious nature has brought him (Mr. West) to be a party, in some degree, in the singular question respecting the mysterious author of the celebrated letters of Junius. On the morning that the first of these famous invectives appeared, his friend, Governor Hamilton, happened to call; and inquiring the news, Mr. West informed him of that bold and daring epistle. Ringing for his servant at the same time, he desired the newspaper to be brought in. Hamilton read it over with great attention; and when he had done, laid it on his knees in a manner that particularly attracted the notice of the painter, who was standing at his easel. 'This letter,' said Hamilton, in a tone of vehement feeling, 'is by that d—d scoundrel, Maclean.' 'What Maclean?' inquired Mr. West. 'The surgeon of Otway's regiment; the fellow who attacked me so violently in the Philadelphia newspapers on account of the part I felt it to be my duty to take against one of the officers. *This letter is by him.* I know these very words; I may well remember them;' and he read over several phrases and sentiments which Maclean employed against him. Mr. West then informed the Governor that Maclean was in the country, and that he was personally acquainted with him. 'He came over,' said Mr. West, 'with Colonel Barré, by whom he was introduced to Lord Shelburne, (afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne,) and is at present private secretary to his lordship.' This remarkable anecdote, taken in connection with the casual discovery of Maclean's letters, induced Sir David Brewster to enter upon an inquiry foreign to his own studies, but not without an interest to those who like himself were admirers of the writings of Junius. In this inquiry he has been engaged for nearly thirty years; and though he does not pretend to have

identified Maclean with Junius, he believes that in favor of no other candidate can such an amount of evidence be produced. Lauchlin Maclean was born in the county of Antrim in 1727 or 1728. His father, John Maclean, was a non-juring clergyman, nearly connected with the Macleans of Coll, and was driven from Scotland in consequence of his attachment to the exiled family, and of his refusal, along with many others, to pray for King George the First and the royal family. This must have taken place previous to 1726, for he married after he arrived in Ireland, and took up his residence in the north of Ireland, near Belfast. He was a man robust in stature and independent in his principles, and he had occasion to exhibit both these qualities during his residence in Scotland. When he was one day coming out of church, a quarrel arose between him and some officers of the army, who had no doubt been chiding him for his disloyalty. After some altercation, they told him that nothing but his coat prevented them from giving him a good beating. Maclean immediately threw off his coat, exclaiming, '*Lie you there, Divinity, and Maclean will do for himself,*' and gave the officers a sound drubbing. * * Thus driven from the house of his father, and forced to seek an asylum in a sister land, an ardent mind like that of John Maclean must have cherished strong feelings of dislike and even hatred against the dominant party by whom he was persecuted; and in the legacy of revenge which he doubtless bequeathed to his son, we see the origin, if he were Junius, of that unconquerable hatred of Scotland and the Scotch which rankled in his breast. In no other candidate for the mask of Junius can we find such powerful reasons for his bitter and never-ending anathemas against our country. Mr. Maclean does not seem to have remained in the Church, for we find him characterized as a gentleman of small fortune."

Here there are many statements which we shall question hereafter; but, for the present, we will confine ourselves to the parentage of, and the "legacy" bequeathed to Maclean.

It is always with reluctance that we call in question the statements of a writer who has devoted time and attention to his subject; and in this instance Sir David, we are told, has been engaged in the inquiry "for nearly thirty years!" Well, then, let us admit that it is something like thirty years to thirty hours—or, in sporting-phrase, "Lombard street to a China orange"—in favor of the writer against the critic. Still we must believe that there are grave errors in this preliminary statement—improbabilities certainly. Why should this stout old nonjuror select, of all places in the world, the North of Ireland for his retreat? unless, indeed, the fighting propensities were stronger in him than the preaching. A poor Highland parson might have been tempted by hopes of patronage

and profit, but certainly the North of Ireland was not a place to be chosen as a peaceful retreat by a persecuted Jacobite. Why, again, should this emigrant for conscience' sake disrobe himself, as Sir David Brewster suggests, so soon as he had reached his selected country? It would have been, "lie you there Divinity!" without pretext or apology. He might have done the same thing and passed in quiet for "a gentleman of small fortune" in his own wild, barren birth-place.

The truth we take to be this—Sir David has "rolled two single gentlemen into one." According to contemporary biography, or autobiography—to papers and paragraphs circulated at the time, and forced from Maclean and his friends by the libels of his personal and political enemies, who accused him of being blood relation to Maclean the highwayman, (which, by the bye, their statements do not disprove)—his grandfather was a second son of the family of Coll. According to the more circumstantial account of the "Seneache," he was a descendant of that family somewhat further removed. Authorities differ as to the early pursuits of the grandfather. He was, we believe, originally in the army; but all agree that he subsequently entered the church, and settled in the North of Ireland soon after the revolution of 1688; was chaplain to Lord Massareene, held a living in Antrim and the prebend of Roferchen. He was twice married; and by his second wife had three sons, John, James, and Clotworthy, named after his patron. John, the eldest son, in due course married Elizabeth Mathews, daughter of the rector of Ballymony, and had three sons, of whom our Laughlin or Lachlin was the eldest. This difference of forty or more years in the removal, and the introduction of another generation, help to explain away some otherwise perplexing difficulties. But what then becomes of "the legacy," of that "unconquerable hatred of Scotland and the Scotch" which rankled in the breast of Junius, and which, for the first time, we are told, is satisfactorily explained in the case of Maclean, by the persecution of his father? His father, so far as we know, never set foot in Scotland; and even his grandfather had left there some quarter or half a century before the persecution alluded to commenced.

Having thus settled the genealogy and "the legacy," we come now to the hero himself:

"Lauchlin, his second son, [his grandson, as

we have shown,] was sent, in 1745 or 1746, from a school near Belfast to Trinity College, Dublin, where he became acquainted with Burke and Goldsmith. He afterwards went to Edinburgh to study medicine; and on the 4th of January, 1756, he was introduced by Goldsmith to the Medical Society, of which he became a member."

Here mistakes are obvious. Maclean could not have been introduced by Goldsmith to the Medical Society of Edinburgh in 1756, because Goldsmith had left Edinburgh two years before. The dates of his letters prove that he was at Leyden in April, 1754. This, we presume, is a typographical error; and indeed the paper is printed so carelessly that we always fear to mistake mere printer's blunders for substantive and grave errors by the writer; and yet the substantive and grave errors of the writer make it a question whether we are quite justified in thus letting him escape at the expense of the printer.

We are now told that—

"After completing his medical course, he obtained the degree of M.D. on the 6th August, 1755; and sometime after this he entered the army as surgeon to Otway's regiment, (the 35th.) We have not been able to learn if Maclean was in any of the expeditions to North America which were fitted out in 1757 or 1758; but we know [We do not know] that he accompanied the celebrated expedition in 1759, when Wolfe fell on the heights of Abraham, and the command of the British troops devolved upon Brigadier-General Townshend. Major Barré and his countryman Maclean shared in the dangers and honors of that eventful day. * * * Brigadier-General Townshend was unpopular in the army, and particularly obnoxious to Barré and Maclean, and the other friends of Wolfe. * * * Irritated by this selfish and ungenerous conduct, the friends of Wolfe, and who could they be but Barré or Maclean, drew up and published, in 1760, the celebrated letter to a Brigadier-General, already mentioned, which so clearly resembles in its temper and style, and sentiments, the letters of Junius. If Junius, therefore, wrote this letter, all the arguments of Mr. Britton in favor of Barré's being the author of it, and therefore Junius, are equally applicable to Maclean; and if we have proved that Barré could not be Junius, it follows that, under these assumptions, Maclean is entitled to that distinction. This conclusion we may fairly corroborate by a reference to one of the miscellaneous letters signed *A Faithful Monitor*, and ascribed to Junius, although there is no sufficient evidence that he wrote it. But as it is possible, and to a certain degree probable, that it may prove genuine, we are entitled to add this indeterminate quantity to our argument."

We shall not stop to ascertain the value of this indeterminate quantity; what we want

to know is the value of the determinate—the proofs of the facts on which the whole argument is to rest. For the present we must remain in suspense, and allow Sir David to proceed.

"Early in 1761 General Monckton was appointed governor of New York, and in December of the same year he left that city with a strong force for the reduction of Martinique. Otway's regiment was part of the eleven battalions which went from New York for this purpose, and Maclean accompanied the general as his private secretary. The English fleet rendezvoused at Barbadoes, came before Martinique on the 7th January, 1762, and obtained possession of it on the 4th February. After the reduction of the French West India Islands, and the peace of 1762 which followed it, the regiments to which Barré and Maclean belonged were disbanded. We have not been able to obtain much information about Maclean after the taking of Martinique. He seems to have settled in Philadelphia as a physician, and to have remained there for some years. A gentleman in Philadelphia mentions 'Dr. Laughlin Maclean and his lady as acquaintances of his grandfather, and visitors at his house sometime between 1761 and 1766.' * * 'The latter (Mrs. Maclean) rarely missed a day, when the weather was favorable, of calling upon her countrywoman, my grandmother.' * * Mr. Prior informs us, that when in Philadelphia Maclean acquired great medical reputation, followed by its common attendant, envy, from the less fortunate of his brethren. * * In 1766, Maclean met Barry, the painter, at Paris."

Now, not to delay or perplex the argument by asking questions however pertinent—not even to comment on such extraordinary opinions as that no friend of Wolfe's, in a whole discontented army, could have written a pamphlet against Townshend save either Maclean or Barré, although Townshend himself accused and challenged another man for having written it or got it written—no, nor to correct obvious and palpable errors—let us assume the above statement to be true; and then consider, where was the interval of "some years," between 1761 and 1766, during which Maclean practised as a physician at Philadelphia, exciting the envy of the profession, and enabling Mrs. Maclean to pay her daily respects to "my grandmother," according to the memoirs of the Pennsylvanian?—or, according to Sir David, within even narrower limits—that is, between the peace of 1762 and 1766 when Barry met him in Paris.

Time, as the reader will observe, is an important element in these calculations, yet Sir David must bate us a year or two even of this limited interval; for it was in 1765, not

in 1766, that Barry met Maclean in Paris; and we know, from the Parliamentary History, that Dr. Musgrave met him there in 1764—and, from Maclean's own statement in the House of Commons, that he went to Paris in April of that year. The interval is thus reduced to an interval of "some months," rather than of "some years"—*during which* he made a fortune in Martinique, invested it in Grenada, returned to England, and visited Paris. "Not able to obtain much information about Maclean after the taking of Martinique!" Why, if Sir David would ensure us but a tythe of the fame which he has so justly won for the least of his discoveries, we would make out for him a diary of Maclean's scrambling, scheming, intriguing, gambling existence, from the hour when he embarked from Martinique to the day on which he perished on board the Swallow.

But the whole story, including the services under Wolfe, and all the prolific assumptions which follow, may be disposed of in a paragraph; for we can state, on the authority of official records, that Lauchlin Maclean was never surgeon of Otway's regiment; that Thomas Williams was appointed surgeon to the regiment on the 22d of March, 1747, and held the appointment until the 1st of June, 1762, when he was superseded by George Hugonen; further, that there was no officer of that name in the Thirty-fifth, or any other regiment, either in the year 1767 or 1768.

What now becomes of the assertion of Governor Hamilton, that the letters of Junius were certainly written by that "d—d scoundrel," "the surgeon of Otway's regiment?" What is to become of the letter to a Brigadier-general—of the hatred to Townshend as a stimulating power—and of one-half of the other personal feelings which, like "the legacy," serve, we are told, to identify Maclean as Junius? If the identity of the pamphleteer and Junius be proved—if the pamphlet-writer must have served under Wolfe at Quebec—and if, as Sir David intimates, the pamphlet must have been written either by Barré or Maclean, we think Mr. Britton may reverse the conclusion at which Sir David arrives, and fairly say, "it follows that, under these assumptions, Barré is entitled to that distinction." But as Mr. Britton, like the churchwarden's wife, is but mortal, we think it well to remind him that these are "assumptions."

We shall not revive all the charges which were, at one time or another, preferred against Maclean; but we may receive as

substantially true the admissions of his friends—in some instances of his brother. From these and other sources, we collect that Maclean married while at Edinburgh a woman of good family but of small fortune; that in the autumn of 1755 or spring of 1756 he went to America, and settled at Philadelphia; his friends say as a physician, but as they admit he had a partner, it seems not improbable that he also kept a "drug-store," or, as we should call it, an apothecary's shop—which was the assertion of his adversaries. That he went out with any military or civil appointment does not appear.

In 1761 General Monckton was appointed to the command of the expedition against Martinique; and then, for the first time, Maclean became connected with the army—not as surgeon of Otway's regiment—not as an officer holding his Majesty's commission—but as secretary, or commissary, or contractor, receiving his appointment, whatever it was, from the general. His friends said that Monckton entertained so high an opinion of Maclean that, to secure the best and abundance for the troops, he gave him a contract for the supply of everything to the army; that Maclean, flattered by the good opinion of so distinguished a person, abandoned a profession in which he had succeeded to the utmost of his wishes, to share the general's fortune; and with such disinterestedness that, contrary to the usual issue of such contracts, he lost several thousand pounds of his private fortune by his engagements. It is, however, admitted that the general amply rewarded him, by conferring on him the very best civil offices at his disposal; and that Maclean made an ample fortune, which he beneficially invested in the purchase of large estates in Grenada.

Other reasons were assigned, and perhaps correctly, for Maclean's leaving Philadelphia; but with his motives we are in no way concerned. Maclean, we believe, returned to England in the autumn of 1763. In 1764 and 1765 he resided principally in Paris, and the Burkes gave Barry the painter a letter of introduction to him; and Barry says, "Nothing could equal the warmth and affection I met with in Mr. Maclean." On the 7th of October, 1766, William Burke informs Barry, "Your friend Maclean is this day made an under Secretary of State, so that we are laborers in the same vineyard."

"Maclean," says Sir David, "had now embarked on a political career which must have led

to wealth and honors; but in consequence of the Duke of Grafton's intrigues in the cabinet, all his prospects were blasted. So early as July, 1768, 'The Bedfords' had begun to persecute Lord Shelburne. * * In August 'the removal of Lord Shelburne was proposed in the closet and objected to;' but his enemies seem to have prevailed, for in September Mr. Lynch was appointed envoy extraordinary to the King of Sardinia. Lord Chatham had resolved, under these circumstances, to resign, and in mentioning his resolution to the Duke of Grafton on the 12th of October, he added, 'that he could not enough lament the removing of Sir Jeffrey Amherst (from the government of Virginia) and that of Lord Shelburne.' * * The Duke of Grafton, however, was determined that Lord Shelburne should resign, and accordingly Lord Chatham and Lord Shelburne retired from the ministry on the 21st of October, 1768. Macleane of course followed the fate of his chief, and doubtless felt keenly his dismissal from the honors and emoluments of office. In less than *three* months Junius launched his first formidable philippic against the ministry."

Here it is assumed that Macleane first entered on political life under Shelburne, and that all his hopes were overthrown when his chief was driven from power by the combined influence of Grafton and Bedford—hence Junius, and hence his animosities. Now, if the "hence Junius" be admitted as probable, it does not, therefore, follow, that Macleane was Junius.

Sir David appears to be wholly unaware that when the Rockingham party were in office, Macleane was appointed lieutenant-governor of St. Vincent, and with hopes, wrote William Burke, that, "by the mediation of Lord Cardigan, he will be made a commissioner for the sale of lands, which will gild the plume the other gives." When, however, in the autumn, Macleane was just about to embark, Chatham and Shelburne came into office, and Macleane became under-Secretary of State, and Ulysses Fitzmaurice was appointed lieutenant-governor. In the next parliament (1768) Macleane was returned as member for Arundel, together with Sir George Colebrook, chairman of the East India Company—a conjunction not without its significance to those who know the issues, but on which we cannot now dwell. Of course at the close of that year, when Shelburne, the secretary, retired, Macleane, the under-secretary retired with him; but never so far, we suspect, as to be out of sight of office. In 1769 and 1770, as we shall hereafter show, the involvement of Macleane's private affairs, consequent on his gambling in India stock, could have left him little leisure to attend to politics, or to turn-

ing periods and writing letters, public or private, beyond the requirements of the hour. In May, 1771, he accepted the Chiltern Hundreds; and was, by Lord North, appointed Superintendent of Lazarettoes, with £1,000 a year. In another twelvemonth, January, 1772, he figured as collector at Philadelphia; and in April, 1773, as Commissary-general of Musters, and Auditor-general of Military Accounts, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel in India, "an appointment worth about £5,000 a year." So far, indeed, was Macleane from running into fierce opposition, that, according to the report of his brother, he was for the greater part of his public life an avowed supporter of the ministry. It is true that while in France he became intimate with Wilkes, was his personal and kind friend, lent him money, and was very fierce in respect to the Middlesex election. So were many and much more distinguished men—who hoped thereby rather to get into office than to be kept out of it. The cause of Wilkes, so far as it was connected with the Middlesex election, was the cause of constitutional liberty. On his own showing, Macleane separated from Wilkes when he became under-secretary, and quarrelled with him after the Rockingham party had withdrawn their protection and their pension—after Chatham had publicly and somewhat wantonly denounced him—and when Shelburne was working by all direct and indirect means against him in the city; in fact, when it was politic to do so. Wilkes asserted, and perhaps believed, that Macleane was bought off by the court—and Walpole has perpetuated the charge; but there is no proof that it was true. On the contrary, the reply to Wilkes was, that he could not have been bought off, for he had never been in opposition, except on the question relating to the Middlesex election: "Eight years have elapsed since his return to England, during *six of them he has been zealous in support of the administration*; when he differed it was on account of the Middlesex election."

And this "zealous" supporter of administration, Macleane, we are now told, was Junius! "Junius," as Sir David exclaims when considering the pretensions of Sackville, "asking and receiving favors from the crown!" No one, indeed, can raise stronger objections than Sir David. "It would be a difficult task," he says, by way of objection to Francis, "to persuade the public that Junius held lucrative office in the State, while he was systematically assailing the King and the government." Would it be more difficult in the

case of Francis than of Maclean? To say nothing of earlier offices, was not the Lazarettoes with its thousand a year (three times as lucrative an appointment as Francis held) followed according to his own theory by a whole volume of Junius's "Letters," including a modest contribution by the soft spoken Veteran? Seriously, we agree with Sir David that there would be such a moral obliquity in this conduct as ought to be conclusive equally against the claims of Francis and those of Maclean—even if we had no other evidence. We may here, however, observe by way of further "analogy," that it was in this same year, 1771, that Maclean and Wilkes were libelling each other in the public newspapers—that Maclean challenged Wilkes—and that Junius carried on his long, labored, and friendly correspondence with him.

Maclean, we are told, gained the patronage of Lord North—that "most treacherous of all the King's ministers," as Junius called him—early in 1771, by writing a pamphlet in "Defense of the Ministry on the subject of the Falkland Islands!" We must confess that when we came to this passage, it took away our breath. Junius to stop in the mid career of his labors to write a defense of the ministry! Of all the "analogies" this is certainly the most curious! Maclean, we are told, wrote this defense early in 1771; Junius, we know, wrote and published in January, 1771, his attack on the ministry, and on their conduct in respect to the Falkland Islands—an attack so severe and so damaging that Dr. Johnson is said to have been especially called on to reply to it! A man who can believe this may "most powerfully and potentially" believe—anything. It is indeed "by indirections to find directions out."

We are not surprised that Sir David Brewster was anxious to get a sight of this pamphlet. If a few private letters had awakened such strong suspicions, what might not have been proved by a whole political pamphlet? But "there is no copy," it appears "in the British Museum, nor any other library, public or private," where he has made inquiry after it; and his inquiries "have been very extensive." Shall we tell him why this result? because, as in the celebrated case of the "impossible," a pamphlet is "very seldom" found which never existed. It is strange that Sir David did not suspect this from the very words of the reference: "In spite of Mr. Laughlin's disinterested *unbroken eloquence*," says Vindex.

Maclean's reference to the titles of the

King of Spain, and the argument which he founded thereon, were made in a set speech delivered in the House of Commons on the 13th of February, when the question relating to the Falkland Islands was under discussion; and, curiously enough, Maclean commenced, after the Vindex fashion, by reference to his broken eloquence. "I promise," he said, "to make up in brevity for my want of utterance, and on this ground I entreat the patience of the House." The speech is not reported in the Parliamentary History, and is only summarily noticed by Cavendish; but it was published at the time in the newspapers—and no doubt, from the marked emphasis of the printer, the copy was furnished by Maclean. The reference, therefore, by Vindex (assumed to be Junius,) whether generous or not, was at least pertinent. Maclean's argument, so far as our question is concerned was this:

The last speaker (he said) has "made use of a word which I cannot pass over in silence; he has said that England has *recognized* the right of Spain to Falkland's Islands, by accepting the Spanish minister's declaration. Others have more modestly termed this a *reservation of right*. But I deny both the one and the other, since the giving possession of the soil gives this country that only right which is worth contesting for. The treaties of Nimeguen," &c. &c., "are full of such sorts of reservations, which really mean nothing. Will the House give me leave to quote one or two examples from the very last treaty of peace—the treaty of Fontainebleau? In this treaty, the King of Portugal, that little king, in his *pleins pouvoirs* to his minister, calls the Duke of Bedford ambassador plenipotentiary from the King of Great Britain, France, &c.; and yet France took no manner of umbrage at this phrase. But in matter of reservation certainly no monarch ever equalled the King of Spain; for in this very treaty he has kept up, in the titles he has assumed, his claim to three parts in four of the whole world; for not content with reserving his right to the territories of his enemies, he has reserved his right also to those of his best friends and allies. His words ran thus: 'Don Carlos, by the grace of God, King of Castile, of Leon, of Arragon, of the two Sicilies, of Jerusalem, of Navarre, of Grenada, of Toledo, of Valencia, of Galicia, of Majorca, of Minorca, of Seville, of Sardinia, of Cordova, of Corsica, of Murcia, of Java, of the Algarves, of Algeira, of GIBRALTAR, of the Canary Islands, of the EAST INDIES, of the WEST INDIES, ISLANDS and CONTINENT, of the OCEAN; Archduke of AUSTRIA, of BRABANT, of MILAN; Count of Hapsburg, of FLANDERS, of TIROL, &c.' Can anybody, after these claims, think that of the Falkland Islands worth attending to, or that such reservations are more than mere empty words of form, meaning nothing? For all these reasons, I shall, from the bottom of my heart, vote for the question as moved by the noble lord."

We have quoted enough to illustrate the reference by Vindex—"Pray tell that ingenious gentleman, Mr. Laughlin Macleane, that when the King of Spain writes to the King of Great Britain, he omits four-fifths of his titles. * * In spite of Mr. Laughlin's disinterested, unbroken, melodious eloquence, it is a melancholy truth that the crown of England was never so insulted, never so shamefully degraded, as by this declaration." And the gentleman who voted "from the bottom of his heart"—and who could talk and write about voting "from the bottom of his heart"—was Junius!

With the subsequent history of Macleane our readers are in no way interested; but there are some incidents in his past career which throw a light on the character of the man—and we may as well clear them up.

Macleane, says Sir David, perished in 1777, on board the *Swallow* packet, which foundered at sea.

"He left a will, by which he bequeathed a variety of 'profuse' legacies, without any available funds to pay them. He had purchased four estates in Grenada, for which he paid 200,000*l.*; but strange to say, his heirs declined to administer to his will. His son-in-law, the late Colonel Wilkes, governor of St. Helena, informed the writer of this article, that application had been made to him to give a title to some of these properties, but that he uniformly declined to do this, from a conviction that the estate was insolvent, and hence a considerable West India estate became the property of its steward."

The refusal of his heirs to administer would, under the circumstances here stated, have been strange indeed! Macleane had, it is true, bought estates in Grenada; but the greater part of them were, we suspect, taken up on credit. It was asserted that while at Martinique he "picked up money enough to purchase some, and credit enough to comprehend a great many more;" and this was not denied by his brother, who argued that credit implied honor. Be the fact as it may, it does not affect the issue; for Macleane long before he died had lost all—was utterly ruined. He was a great stock-jobber, especially in India stock; and his speculations were, we believe, carried on at the same time, and on the same scale, in Amsterdam, in Paris, and in London. He was at first successful; but then came the panic

of May, 1769, when stock fell in a few days from 275 to 240, and continued to fall for years after, and at one swoop he was reduced to beggary. When accused of this—stigmatized as a "disgraceful and dishonest bankrupt"—the best defense was, that his conduct, "if it did not justify the extent of his transactions, ought at least to extenuate his fault for he gave up to his creditors "*Grenada estates and all*"—nay, that he did more, for "he legalized every demand that stood *unsatisfied* against him; from which it is evident that "*Grenada estates and all*" were not sufficient to satisfy his enormous stock-jobbing liabilities. Indeed, the records of the Court of Exchequer prove this, and a great deal more. We thence learn that his early friend, General Monckton, had given him a bill for 1,000*l.* to get discounted; and though Monckton did not receive a shilling, he was, in 1770, sued on the bill. It is not said that this arose from any moral misconduct on the part of Macleane, nor are our readers interested in the circumstances; but it came out incidentally that on the 25th of July, 1769,* Macleane was indebted to De la Fontaine & Brymes, stock brokers, and the holders of Monckton's bill, in the enormous sum of 23,555*l.* 13*s.* 2*d.* We know further, and from like proceedings in the Exchequer, that in that same year, 1769, Macleane was so desperately in want of money, that the Earl of Shelburne gave him three bonds for 5,000*l.* each; and when sued for the amount, Shelburne applied for an injunction on the ground of want of consideration, but did not succeed. Here, then, is nearly 40,000*l.* due to two parties, which must be considered as amongst the unsatisfied claims which he had legalized *after* "the Grenada estates and all" were gone. The "heirs" of Macleane, if not wiser in their generation, were certainly better informed than Sir David Brewster.

A great deal more might be written on the statements and inferences in this pamphlet; but the evidence in chief has so utterly broken down, that it would be idle to waste further time in an examination of what is merely adduced as incidental and corroborative proof.

* See Junius' Private Letter of 10th Dec., 1769.

From the Edinburgh Review.

MR. MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

The History of England from the Accession of James the Second. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Vols. I. and II. Fourth Edition. London: 1849.

WE pay Mr. Macaulay no compliment, but only record his good fortune, when we say, that these two volumes are the most popular historical work that ever issued from the English press. Within six months this book has run through five editions—involving an issue of about 18,000 copies; and, on the other side the Atlantic, our enterprising and economical brothers of America have, we hear, reproduced it, in forms which appear infinite in number, and infinitesimal in price. For the best rewards of authorship he, therefore, has not been doomed, like many illustrious predecessors, to await the slow verdict of his own, or the tardy justice of a succeeding generation. Fame has absolutely trodden on his heels. As widely as our language has travelled—"super et Garamantas et Indos"—these volumes have already spread the reputation and opinions of their author.

We feel undisguised pride in Mr. Macaulay's unquestionable and unalloyed success. His great reputation and position in politics, eloquence, and literature—his unflinching steadiness as a statesman, and his noble and ardent maintenance of those free principles of which this journal has been so long the advocate, while they led us to look forward with anxiety to his promised contribution to our national history, lead us now to rejoice unaffectedly at its brilliant reception. He has had a hearty—indeed a triumphant—welcome from all sorts and classes of his countrymen. Men of all shades of political opinion have honored him and themselves by the expression of their admiration. There never, we believe, was a work, replete, as this is, with politics, which met with more generous and creditable treatment from political antagonists—never a work, abounding so much with topics of controversy, more fairly and candidly criticised. If there are exceptions to this remark—and, as far as we know, they are few and insignificant—

they supply, probably, the only test of merit which was wanting—and add the note of disappointed jealousy to the general chorus of approbation.

The public, in the most cosmopolitan sense of that term, having thus so unequivocally anticipated any decision of ours, it would be superfluous and impertinent in us to pretend now to tell our readers what they may expect to find in volumes with which they are already familiar. Coming, as we do, in the rear of the critical squadron, we may be allowed to suppose *that* part of our duty forestalled. Neither can we be expected to dissect these two volumes with a restless, microscopic eye, and to point out a wrong date on this page, or a misspelled name on that, in the case of a book which has already taken its place, without waiting for any sanction of ours, among the classics of our language. For the present we shall discharge our consciences, as critics, by adopting a course more agreeable, we believe, to our readers, and in all respects more appropriate. We mean to try, on a somewhat comprehensive scale, to estimate and ascertain the real value of those great general principles which it is our author's great object to illustrate; and which, with so graceful and masterly a hand, he has now disseminated over the world. For, after all, it depends on the intrinsic character of the work, whether its remarkable success is to be regarded as a triumph or a misfortune. Mr. Macaulay has some qualities which might render sophistry too popular, and error too attractive. He has a singular felicity of style; and, as he moves along his path of narrative, spreads a halo around him, which beguiles the distance and dazzles his companions. It is a style, undoubtedly, which might often provoke criticism, as far as artistic rules are concerned; sometimes elaborated to excess, sometimes too familiar; with sentences too curiously bal-

anced, and unnecessary antitheses to express very simple propositions. But with all this, and much more of the same kind that might be said, the fascination remains. The tale, as we proceed, flows on faster and faster. Page after page vanishes under the entranced eye of the reader; and, whether we will or no, we are forced to follow as he leads—so light, and gay, and agreeable does the pathway appear. Even on the most beaten ground, his power of picturesque description brings out lights and shadows—views alike of distances and of roadside flowers—never seen, or remarked, or recollected before.

But the important question undoubtedly is, whither is our guide leading us? what is the end and object of this pleasant journey? We shall try to answer this question immediately. But we must begin by noticing one cardinal merit—almost an original one—of Mr. Macaulay's book, which meets us on the very threshold. He is the first we think who has succeeded in giving to the realities of history (which is generally supposed to demand and require a certain grave austerity of style,) the lightness, variety, and attraction of a work designed only to amuse. All historians we have ever read—not excepting Gibbon and Hume, and including all others in our language—are open to this remark. To read them is a study, an effort of the intellect—well repaid indeed by the result, but still necessarily intent and laborious. Mr. Macaulay has, with an instinctive sense, both of truth and of the power to realize it, perceived that a true story may be, and should be, as agreeably told as a fictitious one; that the incidents of real life, whether political or domestic, admit of being so arranged as, without detriment to accuracy, to command all the interest of an artificial series of facts; that the chain of circumstances which constitutes history may be as finely and gracefully woven as in any tale of fancy, and be as much more interesting as the human countenance, with all its glowing reality of life, and structure, and breathing beauty, excels the most enchanting portrait that ever passed from the pencil of Kneller or of Lawrence.

This we consider a very signal achievement. If not an invention, it is at least a novel combination almost deserving of the name. It is by far the most successful illustration we have ever seen of Cicero's remark, of History being "*opus oratorium maximè*." Perhaps there may be, especially as the narrative warms, a little more of the

orator mingling with the historian, than what is called the dignity of History, in her court dress, would permit. But who that has read these two volumes will ever forget them, or the eventful and stirring scenes they record? And this result on the mind of the reader, it is undoubtedly the highest triumph of descriptive or narrative writing to produce. The scene is actually before us. It does not exist in mere words. We do not recollect it as we used to do Cæsar at school—by the place of the page where this or that fact was recorded. We have pictured to ourselves the living and actual reality of the men, and the times, and the actions he describes—and close the volume as if a vast and glowing pageant had just passed before our eyes. And *are* they not all visibly present? The turbid, haughty, unimpressible, and vindictive monarch—the very tread of his imperious step, and the sound of his impatient voice—have become familiar to us long before we read the story to an end. His rejection of Monmouth's prayers for life; his stern and stolid harshness to the Bishops; his disquietude on their ominous acquittal; and his perturbation and bewilderment at the final catastrophe: how he fled from London; how he returned; and how he fled again—are all imprinted on the fancy as if they had formed part of a dramatic spectacle. Then how lifelike is the sketch of that pale face, with its eagle eye, hawk-like nose, and dejected but firm mouth! trained from infancy to repress, under its cold lineaments, the fires burning strongly within; wandering in deep, unspoken, but weighty meditation through his ancestral halls at the Hague. The ferocious glare in Jeffries' eye; the restless versatility of Halifax; the worn, thin, handsome, and resolute features of Danby; the brilliant, daring, and unprincipled Churchill,—are each so distinctively described, that their very countenances seem familiar; and we begin to think we should recognize the men as we would old acquaintances. As the story goes on, the reader becomes more and more absorbed in its details. The trial of the Bishops is told with all the author's well-known brilliancy; and the mustering in Holland, the delay, the sailing, the adverse storm, the successful landing, the indecisive progress, and the ultimate consummation, carry us on with an intensity of interest quite equal to the real magnitude of the occurrences, and the strange, agitating, and eventful stake which was suspended on the issue.

Surely the historian who possesses a power like this, if he does not sacrifice truth to effect, wields a spell over his readers most conducive to the best purposes of history. For history, to be rightly written or usefully read, should not be the old almanac to which it has been compared, or anything like it. It should, as far as possible, be a living picture of the times; and reflect not isolated facts, but the general manners, habits, principles, as well as actions of the men that lived and flourished in them. The historian should aim, not at chronicling a mere catalogue of events, but at delineating the causes from which they sprang, the social or political, or moral condition which led to them, and their effect and influence on the present and future fortunes of the people among whom they took place. And we may remark that in all history, more especially in such a one as the present, it may occasionally happen that some one circumstance is taken out of what might seem its proper place, and allowed more than its just proportions; and this to a narrow or captious mind may appear to convict the author of inaccuracy or exaggeration, while in reality he has merely chosen rather to paint than to describe; and has selected some incident, not perhaps in itself of very great significance, or to convey his impression of a great class of facts to his reader, with more truth and force than any more general description could effect. The exaggeration is simply of that sort with which every painter is familiar—the use of a brighter light or a deeper shadow than nature, in details, in order to give the effect of nature to the whole. If an ignorant critic takes the picture to pieces, he may easily cavil at the component parts, which, placed together by the hand of a master, make up so harmonious and truthful a portrait.

These remarks apply very strongly to that delightful chapter in the first volume, descriptive of the manners and customs, and general condition, both social and political, of the English at the middle of the seventeenth century—a chapter not more to be praised for the boldness and truthfulness of its design, than valued for the vigor of its execution. Its design shows, what indeed is characteristic of the whole work, an enlarged appreciation of the objects of history, and a manly determination to pass at once beyond the line of the established topics to which it has been the fashion for historians to confine themselves. A few great battles, a few much debated political events, and one or

two notorious crimes, have generally formed the staple of most of our historical works; while events far more operative and influential on the people, and far more important in their social and political progress, are wholly overlooked. Thus, if any one were to write the history of this country since 1815, and describe merely those political struggles which have led alternately to the ascendancy of one or other of our great parties, he would, after all, give a most imperfect representation of the social changes which have, within that period, taken place among us. The spread of education, the penny postage, railroad travelling, and the electric telegraph, are four mighty instruments, which have done and will do far more, in permanently affecting the habits, wants, and wishes of the people, than even the Reform Bill, Catholic Emancipation, or the Abolition of the Corn Laws. In the chapter we speak of, Mr. Macaulay has made a courageous and very successful endeavor to lead history into a deeper and wider channel; and has brought all his great descriptive powers to bear on the attempt to convey to his reader an impression of the domestic and every-day life of those times, in comparison with that of our own. We do not mean to say, nor is it at all necessary to justify our praise that we should, that in all instances the comparison is scrupulously exact. It was impossible it should be so. It was almost unavoidable, to a certain extent, that extremes should sometimes be adopted as typical of a class; and it is quite possible that sometimes our author may have followed the exaggerations of satirical or comic writers of the day, as affording the materials of the contrast. We never thought of taking the thing so literally. To describe the manners and domestic habits of the people who lived two hundred years ago, so that in every minute detail the description shall defy cavil, is, we believe, impossible; nor, if it were possible, would it be worth the labor. What is requisite is a vivid and graphic idea of the well-established and most salient peculiarities—of the prominent and distinctive characteristics that actually belonged to the time; nor do we know how this can be done, but by seizing the more palpable, even though they be in some measure extreme examples. The Roman matrons were not all like Messalina; nor all French priests like Tartuffe, nor all English squires like Squire Western; yet the fact that the satirists of each nation chose such characters to describe, points infallibly to the

prevalent vices, or failings, or habits of their time and class. It is interesting for us to know, and our author professes to represent, rather the relative than the positive condition of England; and we have no misgivings whatever, that the representation is not as substantially true as it is conspicuously graphic and lively.

Our author would be much misunderstood, we think, were it supposed that his object in this chapter was merely a blind exaltation of the times we live in, compared with those he writes of. But the mistake would be still greater, if he should be thought to represent our present state as a state of perfection—or as any thing but a more advanced stage of the developments which were then in progress. Mr. Macaulay probably does not indeed think, with the philosopher in the “Vicar of Wakefield,” that the world is in its dotage—he has not come to be convinced that the vast strides of our generation in mechanics or in science—the wonderful discoveries which have chained the elements to man’s triumphal car—are all only symptoms of decrepitude; and it is very likely that he may be of opinion that whatever the merits of the English gentlemen of the olden time, his modern successors are in most respects much more civilized, agreeable, and intelligent companions. These are matters, however, in which many sensible men have their own peculiar prejudices. We are all but children of a larger growth; and as the school-boy thinks it must have been delightful to have lived in the days of genii or of dragons, and the romantic girl thinks “Claude du Val” the perfection of a hero; so we have recently come to understand that there are wise, able, and intelligent men who would willingly transport themselves and us from the refinements and intellectual polish of the nineteenth, to the rude hospitality and half-educated rusticity of the seventeenth century! But it certainly was not our author’s object to war with these harmless monomanias. He plainly wished merely to reflect light on the *events* of the times he had to describe, by showing the kind of people who lived in them; and he could only do this effectually by pointing out in what particulars they chiefly differed from ourselves. He had no desire to degrade our present clergy by exhibiting their predecessors, as once being persons of lower habits and lower station, than it can have been his immediate object to prove the Lord Russell of those days a less pure patriot than the Lord John Russell of our own. He only uses the contrast

to give point and precision to the description.

We must now, however, turn to the specific merits of this book as a history, in the more received sense of that term. Mr. Macaulay purposes, as he tells us in his first majestic sentences, to write the history of England during a period which has been absolutely overlaid with histories already. He enters on ground obscured by books; and has to pick his way over plains of foolscap and oceans of ink. The design certainly shows great confidence in his own powers—and the result has proved that his confidence was not misplaced. The peculiar characteristic of this new history accordingly is, not, we think, the disclosure of any new facts of great moment, although there are many curious and important revelations brought to light by our author’s research, which were never so clearly known or understood before. But many may possess all the separate parts of a machine who cannot put them together; and we think Mr. Macaulay’s great excellence as an historian, is his masterly adaptation of known facts to a connected and systematic view of the history they compose—and the bearings of that history on the future fortunes of the country. There is nothing isolated or disjointed in his narrative. Each stone seems to fit into its place, and to give and receive support. He uses his materials with the freedom and air of one who looks on them merely as means to a great end, to which he feels conscious of his capacity for applying them.

Thus, in his introductory chapters—which, starting from the infancy of our island’s history, bring his reader up to the point at which he intends to commence his detailed narrative—there may not be much in the way of novelty in the mere facts stated. But few can be insensible to the ability with which these facts are wielded; or to the beauty and effect of his many profound and original views of their far-reaching relations and unsuspected mutual dependencies. He writes like one seated on an eminence, and looking down on a vast landscape; who, without noting each turn of the road or winding of the river, which bound the eye of the traveller below, acquires, by a large and rapid survey, a knowledge of the general character, capabilities, and features of the country—sees whither the roads lead and rivers flow, and can give us information far more comprehensive and useful, than if we had spent days in wandering through the lanes and by-paths of the valley.

The rapidity, strength, and conciseness of his review of our early history, and the powerful grasp by which it is condensed into comparatively few, but most vivid and instructive pages, has met with deserved applause from all quarters, and forms a model of historical recapitulation. But, passing by his survey of these earlier periods—his account of the succession of the Stuarts and the reigns of the two first of their princes, and his sketch of the Protector, which is more slight than perhaps it would have been had not Carlyle so recently pre-occupied the ground—let us draw a little nearer to the times and principles of which he proposes to write.

We certainly regard this work as the first successful attempt to tell with truth, accuracy, and effect, the story of these important times: so to tell it, we mean, as to place it permanently in its true light, and to remove it from that false glare which has so long rested on it. Much, it is true, had been done in this direction previously, by others to whom Mr. Macaulay would be the last to deny his obligations. The researches of Mr. Fox, and the later works of Mr. Hallam and Sir James Mackintosh, had furnished the student with the means of learning, with great correctness, the actual events out of which the Revolution sprang. But from causes we need not now stop to trace, after all their labors, the work which was required, remained still unperformed. Hume and his followers still retained their long-established hold on the public mind. Schoolmasters and governesses still continued to teach, and many in each generation in their turn to believe, that the Stuarts, if an unfortunate, were an ill-used race, more sinned against than sinning—that the trivial faults which they may have had, were deeply overshadowed by the dignity of their royal descent, and the graces of their personal demeanor—that our ancestors, in the noble struggle which it is the object of these volumes to record, offended not more against the divinity of royal prerogative, than against right, truth, and justice; and that Cromwell and the leaders of the Commonwealth were types of the most revolting compound which the union of cruelty, hypocrisy, and vulgarity could produce. It had so long been fashionable to profess a moderate Jacobitism, and so unfashionable to find any virtue in the heroes of that sacred contest, that contempt for the Puritans, reverence for the royal martyr, and dislike of William of Orange, had become topics of faith almost as essential in orthodox educa-

tion as the Creed or the Church Catechism. By many a fireside hearth, which the expulsion of that cherished royal race had alone rendered secure and smiling, the comfortable dowager, or the rustic squire, or the bright young daughters of the land, still lamented over the sins of the Roundheads, and the misfortunes of Prince Charlie, and sighed that the day had never come when "the king should have his own again!" forgetting that in the peace and purity and freedom of their happy homes, they were tasting unconsciously, day by day, the fruits of that great deliverance.

It is remarkable, however, that this weak and childish, if romantic creed, never rose to fashion or favor, until the return of the Stuarts had become actually impossible. The Tories of Walpole's time did not venture to be Jacobites. They affected, on the contrary, the character of constitutional defenders of the principles of the Revolution. Lord Bolingbroke, in his "Dissertation on Parties," gives a very fair specimen of the prevalent opinion upon the merits of the Stuarts, among the Tories of his day. Speaking of James the First, he says, "That epidemical taint with which he infected the minds of men continued upon us; and it is scarce hyperbolical to say that this Prince hath been the original cause of a series of misfortunes to this nation as deplorable as a *lasting infection of our air, of our water, or our earth would have been.*" "Charles sipped a little of the poisonous draught, but enough to infect his whole conduct. As for James (the Second,)

'Ille impiger hausit
Spumantem pateram.'

He drank the chalice off to the lowest and foulest dregs."

Such was the Toryism of the first half of the eighteenth century. It was not until the last spark of fortune which gleamed on their ill-starred house had been trodden out on Culloden Heath, that the Stuarts became a myth and a romance—devotion to which was not displeasing to royal or courtly ears—a vehicle complacently recognized, for exalting prerogative and discouraging popular demands, and for imbuing the country in general with an orthodox love of kings in the abstract. Scotland has much to answer for in this reaction. Her Highlanders had failed: her men of letters—Hume and Scott—succeeded.

Hume was the greatest, and by far the most successful propagator of these un-Eng-

lish views; and it is no mean tribute to his genius and power, that he should so long have kept his countrymen in bondage to a belief which is contradicted not more by the general truths of history, than by the events which he has himself recorded. Hume's Jacobite tendencies, we think, are to be ascribed much more to personal spleen, than to any impression produced on him by those events. He hated the English, and loved the French. The first had partly neglected and partly derided him; and the last had loaded him with the flowers of flattery, and placed him on the pedestal of a literary demigod. His Scotch descent and Scotch accent exposed him, in that day, to constant mortifications in English circles; and his correspondence shows how keenly, and for a man of his powers how absurdly, he felt these petty indignities. And so came his hatred of Whiggery; which, we verily believe, he detested even more because it was English, than because it was Puritanical. He loved to exalt the Stuarts, because every line he wrote in their praise magnified the old race of *Scottish* princes, and sent a stab to the heart of that constitution of which Englishmen boasted so loudly. The slights he had endured from persons "he never would call his countrymen," disgusted him with the very name of that liberty which they had so constantly on their lips: while the brilliancy and gayety, and polite incense which he met with at Paris, charmed him with arbitrary power. Any one who compares the earlier with the later editions of his history, and with the course of his intervening life, will see how these feelings, as they deepened in intensity, were more and more reflected in his work.

Indeed, so thoroughly did Hume's Jacobite views arise from what he wished that history should have been, rather than from what he knew it to be, that in his later editions the facts which he narrates often stand in singular, and occasionally even absurd contrast to the reflections he draws from them. The real defect of his history, in truth, is seldom in the narrative. The events which occurred in the reigns of Charles and James II. are, for the most part, told fairly enough; but they are accompanied by deductions the very reverse of what an unbiased reader would draw from them. He paints a tyrant—but writes a very different name under the picture. Thus, after describing vividly the profligate vileness of the court and times of Charles II., he chooses to sum up his character with a panegyric on the

courtliness of his demeanor, in which view "he was the most amiable and engaging of men." His reign, he acknowledges, was "dangerous to his people, and dishonorable to himself;" but then—this was to be imputed to the indolence of his temper—a fault which, however *unfortunate* in a monarch, *it is impossible for us to regard with great severity.*" He starts in his history of James the Second, by stating plainly that he never was sincere in his intentions of governing constitutionally; and yet he never speaks of the opposition he met with from Parliament, but as the stolid disobedience of an ill-conditioned and stiff-necked generation, on which moderation and clemency were thrown away. In short, the impression he conveys, with infinite dexterity and skill, is, that the fancied liberty, and vaunted constitutional rights for which our fathers struggled, were, after all, weak and pernicious delusions. To please the vulgar, he occasionally speaks in the vulgar tongue, of royal encroachment and oppression; but discloses very plainly his own persuasion, that to the enlightened and philosophic mind the objects pursued were but empty bubbles, and their champions bigots or impostors. But all this is done with such consummate ability—he puts out his strength so adroitly on the conclusions he would draw, and passes over the narrative of inconvenient facts with so light a hand, that his deluded reader strays with him, unconscious of his wandering, till he finds with surprise the destination he has reached.

Hume at first found these views of English history in the shade—nursed only in the country retreats, or the Highland fastnesses of the too loyal Jacobites. But they soon became anything but unpalatable to the ruling spirit and principles of the court of George the Third. It was very speedily perceived, when all danger from the exiled family was over, that a subdued praise of their virtues, and some gentle censure of their unruly subjects, might not prove without its effects on the administration of the House of Hanover. It was during the period when Hume's influence was culminating to its zenith, that the influence of the Crown, in the words of Parliament, "had increased and was increasing." With the growth of *that new prerogative* of influence and corruption, which sprang like a sapling from the levelled oak, there grew throughout the nation also, in deference to courtly views, a certain admiration of those principles of kingly power which Hume had rendered fashionable. Even the doctrine of passive

obedience began again to show its bruised and distorted head; and during the loyal mania which the French Revolution and the glorious diatribes of Burke produced—that most costly fit of intoxication in which a nation ever indulged—the homage to prerogative became intense, and amid the crash of empires Hume retained an undisputed throne.

We had hardly recovered from this expensive delirium, when another and almost more seductive guide again led the whole nation captive. With personal predilections stronger probably than those of Hume himself, our great Magician of Romance gave a local and abiding reality to the received perversions of history; and threw over them that dangerous charm which his unrivalled genius alone could bestow. Our recent history, in fact, has been obscured by the pen of Walter Scott, just as the Wars of the Roses lie entombed under the dramatic fables of Shakspeare. In truth, with all his wonderful and enchanting endowments, Scott was a fervent worshipper of rank and power; nobility and ancient blood were to him the types of a superior order of humanity; royalty was a sacro-sanct, mysterious idol. Considering his warm and kindly heart, and intimate acquaintance with the habits, wants, and virtues of the lower orders, it is wonderful how little is to be found in his pages of generous sympathy with the struggles of an oppressed people, or of pride in the liberty of that country, the manners and history of which he has illustrated in his immortal fictions. His predilections always lean to the monarch, however arbitrary—his antipathies rest with the people, however greatly wronged. “*Nos numerus sumus*” is the feeling ever predominant in his mind when he speaks of the commonality, and we believe he would have revered the chair which held the graceless Charles at the Tillietudlem breakfast, with devotion quite as genuine as that which he ascribes to Lady Margaret Bellenden. Thus, whether it be the misguided Mary, or the profligate Charles, or the bloody persecuting Claverhouse, there is always a glitter of romance thrown round them by his brilliant pen, quite sufficient to cast all their faults into the shade; while he cannot describe the persecutions of the Covenanters without smothering sympathy by ridicule. His Cavaliers, in short, however worthless, are always attractive; his Roundheads, however meritorious, are absurd or repulsive. Yet the delineation, in its details, is so true to nature, if not to fact, that it is

impossible to resist the impressions made by it.

In this way grew up, among the free people of this land, something too like contempt for the ancestors who gained our liberties; and romantic sympathy for those who would have destroyed them. From the absurd impression that such opinions are fashionable and genteel, courtly and servile writers still pervert the truth of history; and the youth of our country are daily imbued with false narratives, and principles as false. And yet, how childish, mean, and degrading should such sentiments now appear! When we look round on the great panorama of Europe, and trace in the history of almost all its nations the analogous chain of experience through which we have passed—the same transition from the feudal to the industrial state—the same struggle by the crown for supremacy, and by the people for protection and security—and mark that, merely for want of such a timely contest as our forefathers raised and won, the efforts of Europe for constitutional liberty have ever been one stormy sea of gulf and billow, undulating between rampant prerogative and unrestrained license—how contemptible is it for men who should have outgrown the silly fancies of boyhood, to assume the poor affectation of despising all that has made this island of ours so secure and tranquil, and to worship that brazen-footed monster, for its homage to which the nations of the Continent are even at present suffering such bitter retribution! It would have been quite as rational, dignified, and manly, for the Roman republicans to have reviled the elder Brutus, and to have deified Tarquin the Proud—or for our transatlantic brethren to hold an annual feast to commemorate, and lament the loss of the threepenny tax on tea.

Now one great triumph Mr. Macaulay has gained for this and for future generations is, that he has dispersed forever this brood of distempered fancies. From the broad and searching light of truth which he has poured in, they have shrunk and crept away, never more to profane that sacred temple of constitutional liberty:

“*Celerique fugâ sub sidera lapsæ
Semesam prædam et vestigia fœda relinquunt.*”

He has brought back the public mind, with a bold and irresistible grasp, to sound, wholesome English views of the great crisis of our constitutional rights—cleansing our history from the mass of rubbish and falsehood by

which it has been obscured, and sweeping into eternal forgetfulness the sickly sentiment which still hung round the memory of a race of incorrigible kings. He has restored the much-abused term of loyalty to its true signification—allegiance to the laws and Constitution and high magistracy of the realm; and extinguished, as we hope and believe forever, the childish adoration of the mere abstraction or impersonation of royalty. There may be many opinions of our author's views of English history, and of his mode of illustrating or enforcing them. Some of his facts may be questioned, some authorities doubted, some deductions controverted or challenged; but these unworthy and degrading phantoms, which amused or misled the last generation, have fled, like ghosts at day-break, to haunt us no more.

"Peor and Baalim
Forsake their temples dim!
With that twice battered God of Palestine," &c.

The potent exorcism has at length driven the unclean spirits finally away; and from the last haunts of Jacobite servility and superstition,

"The parting genius is with sighing sent."

No English historian will, we believe, attempt again to offer up incense on the subverted altar of the Stuarts.

This task, long called for, it has been reserved for Mr. Macaulay to accomplish; and had the work no other merit, this would be sufficient of itself to ensure his reputation, and to challenge the gratitude of his country. He has brought, indeed, many qualifications to the task which are seldom found united. He had, of course, great resources at his command, not only in the published works of his predecessors, and in the collected materials of two of the most distinguished of them, who had left their tasks unfinished, but other channels also were laid open to him both here and on the Continent. In short, we believe him to have had the materials of a true history as thoroughly in his power as it was possible for any one to have. But there are other presumptions in favor of his accuracy. To the use of these advantages he brings a memory singularly clear, retentive, and precise, and deep and varied stores of general learning; and having staked his fame—not one to be lightly risked on such a venture—on the character of this history, we doubt not that in a point so attainable as

accuracy in what he relates, he is as immaculate as an author can be on such a scale. Indeed we are confident that, however searching, or even malicious, the examination, he will be found by far the most correct, even in minute details, of all the writers who have published on this period of our history. And, last of all, he adds to these recommendations the remarkable advantage of being able to meet his antagonists on equal ground—by a power of composition in all respects as effective as Hume, or Burke, or Scott. It is this which has made his present volumes so timely a contribution to our national literature. Though the work of a scholar, they are not a mere work for scholars; there were such previously, in which the true story of the Revolution was more faithfully than effectively told. But this is a book to read—one that everybody will read, and understand, and remember; and which will consequently permeate and leaven all society. It has at last brought the controversy on this subject to the right issue; and we are much mistaken if the victory has not been gained, and that conclusively, already.

The story, thus vividly and agreeably told, brings out, in clear and unquestionable light, one or two great leading truths, which we do not think have been anywhere so strikingly exhibited. The first of these is, the utter incapacity, obstinacy, and personal worthlessness of the exiled family; and the fact that this, if it did not lie at the root of all the political troubles of the time, rendered them far more alarming and inevitable. There seems to have been a natural talent in the blood, which no danger could repress, or discipline remove. From the first they were thoroughly ignorant of the people they had to govern; and being ignorant, were too proud, too foolish, or too stupid to learn. One idea had strong possession of all of them—the absurd and insane desire to copy the arbitrary governments of the Continent; and to this object they adhered in all circumstances, in the face of all obstacles, and in blind defiance of the most palpable perils. Through their individual varieties of character we may trace clearly enough, the symptoms of the family distemper in each. The principles of kingly power which James carried over the Border with him, which his education had planted, and which conceit and flattery had well watered, ridiculous as they appeared when enshrined in that ungainly, gossiping, pedantic impersonation of divine right, were yet the dangerous beginnings of

that debasing element which first degraded, and then, for a time, destroyed the monarchy. It was blended certainly into a more graceful and manly model in Charles the First. He possessed some qualities which might have made him a dangerous and successful despot. But the nation was saved by the hereditary perversity of his mind. He was so absurdly obstinate when he should have yielded—so undecided when promptness alone could have led to success—and whether in obstinacy or wavering, so openly and needlessly false—that the deep and resolute, though enduring spirit of the nation, was roused before the yoke was bound upon their necks. They were not preserved, however, so much by their own vigilance as by the want of moral strength in their antagonist. It was this fatal defect which alone defeated Strafford's schemes for "thorough;" and after his base desertion of his minister, led Charles himself to rush on his own fate. His memory has only been rescued from the contempt it truly deserved, by the immediate antecedents, and the imposing circumstances of his death, which have withdrawn the gaze of posterity from his intolerable offenses against the State, to fix it on the audacious and unparalleled expiation exacted for them.

The two last of the race probably combined all the qualities which could bring the kings of a country like this into contempt. But of the two, Charles the Second was much to be preferred. One cannot help having a latent liking for the merry monarch, when we contrast him with his cloudy and dismal brother. He was good-natured, and not fond of cruelty for its own sake, although not scrupulous in its use to secure his objects. He was not habitually treacherous; and he was agreeable. But although he might, in another sphere, have sauntered languidly through life as a not unpopular *roué*, whose wit was respected at Will's, and whose manners were the fashion on the Mall—what a spectacle does monarchy present with such a man as its type! Democritus could not have wished for a more congenial spectacle than that of a great nation with its million hearths and homes—its resources, just beginning to exhibit the dawn of their future magnificence—its proud, free, and enterprising people—indolently trampled under foot by an ungrateful Sybarite, to whom twelve years of exile had taught no lesson, but the desire to recompense, by voluptuous ease, the hardships and crosses of his former fortune—to whom life or death—things light or solemn—were

all alike a jest—without one manly or kingly thought for his people or his honor—careless, though his empire should crumble into fragments, if only the crash might not disturb his luxurious repose! Had his nature possessed any solid worth—had it supplied any moral soil whatever in which great deeds or generous sentiments could grow—it might surely have been expected that the strange vicissitudes of his life—if he ever reflected on them at all—should have given his childish and volatile disposition something of masculine stability. But for him, as for the rest of his race, experience was written in a character which he could not decipher. When he first rode through the metropolis to Whitehall, along ranks of applauding citizens, while Cavalier and Roundhead shouted in unison, he does not seem to have recognized in that affecting reception the welcome, in his person, of constitutional order, chastised and mellowed by adversity. No reflections on the past struggle—no resolutions of prudence, or justice, or moderation for the future, seem to have suggested themselves for an instant. He lounged back to the palace of his ancestors, as if he had merely returned from a continental tour! and those historic halls told him no tale of his father's fate—nor called up before him the stern and ominous frown of the Protector. He resumed the throne of the Stuarts merely to continue, in unbroken succession, the dynasty, and the perverse policy of his family—neglecting even the very men who had poured out their blood, and lavished their fortunes for his crown. His years were spent as if life were a play in which every one was representing a part for the occasion, and went through their scenes of love or contention, weeping or laughing, merely for the spectators' amusement. Even his death was characteristic of the shallow levity of his mind; when he launched a witty dart at the King of Terrors, and requested his attendants to excuse him for taking so unconscionable a time to die!

The gallery of family portraits is completed by that of James the Second, on which Mr. Macaulay has bestowed infinite labor, and which he has drawn with a hand so powerful and unrelenting, that those deeply engraven lineaments will go down to posterity as the standard likeness, as long as English history shall endure. It is certainly a picture in which the artist has not admitted one single tint of flattery. The lines are rigid, hard, and ill-favored as life; and

afford a singular contrast to the apologetic and softened features in which most former historians have presented him. Some may think the coloring too uniformly harsh; but we cannot agree with them. Mr. Macaulay had deep errors to eradicate, and pernicious heresies to dispel; and he judged rightly that this could not be done effectually unless the unvarnished truth were plainly told. The grand object, indeed, of these two volumes, as we imagine, was to show James the Second in his true colors; and thereby lay a firm foundation for the author's account of the origin, nature, and inevitable necessity of the Revolution. He has certainly torn away the veil from fallen greatness with no gentle hand; but the scene he has disclosed has dispelled the illusion for ever. We admit that for ourselves, ill as we always thought of James the Second, the description has some new and unexpected features. We knew him to have been proud, obstinate, and bigoted; but we always had a vague idea that if he was stupid he was honest, and if bigoted, at least conscientious and sincere. Never, till we read these volumes, had we an adequate conception of the baseness, cruelty, and perfidy which marked his reign. Destitute entirely of the scholarly acquirements of his grandfather, his father's dignity, or his brother's wit, he added to the family failings a love of cruelty, a stolid stony-heartedness, and a rancorous spirit of revenge, of which the worst of his predecessors could not be accused. Haughty, unforgiving, and oppressive in prosperity, without a spark of the more generous and genial elements of kingly power, he was weak, pusillanimous, and cringing when the tide turned. That he was sincere in his desire to establish Popery in this country we believe; but it was that sort of sincerity which leads unscrupulous men to break through the most sacred ties of humanity and honor for a favorite object. It was a sincerity which rendered him insincere in all but that; a sincerity which, while it was false and bloody on one hand, was short-sighted, blundering, and unintelligent on the other. Had he been possessed of any self-control, or the slightest powers of diplomatic management or address, the points he aimed at might perhaps have been attained. If he had not so openly upheld and promoted Popery, the nation was too sick of the recollection of the Commonwealth, even after twenty years of misgovernment, to have made a strong struggle, in his day, for constitutional freedom. On the other

hand, if he had governed with moderation and equity, the nation might gradually have learned to look on Papists and Popery with less abhorrence. But this was not in his nature. With blind animosity he let loose both his packs at once; and the people saw themselves threatened, at the same time, with the bloodhounds of religious and of civil tyranny. Popery sat triumphant at the council board; while the blackest and foulest cruelty raged in the land. Yet the actual catastrophe was almost entirely attributable to the mingled feelings of distrust, fear, and contempt with which the king was personally regarded; and the infatuation with which his daily conduct added fuel to the smouldering flame. For among the other characteristics of the time, the long forbearance of the nation certainly is not the least remarkable. The people who remained inactive while the hideous drama of the Bloody Assizes was acted before their eyes, among whom Jeffries was suffered to judge and to legislate, and Kirk to live, must have been averse indeed to commotion, and slow to change. Even when the crisis came at last—when James had filled up the measure of his folly—the nation still remained calm, and poised, as it were, by its own weight. Not even William of Orange, with deliverance in his hand, could warm it into any show of enthusiasm or exertion; and James went forth a voluntary fugitive! His fate, and ours, might have been very different had he exhibited, even then, any of the moral strength which sometimes makes tyranny respectable when prosperous, and sometimes sustains and retrieves it in misfortune.

Such is the first moral which Mr. Macaulay has elicited from the history of these reigns—with so much truth and vigor. It is true that to enable him to do this with effect, he has found it necessary to dwell on details at considerable length, and to gather instructive fragments of character from various scattered quarters. For ourselves, and, we believe, for most readers, Mr. Macaulay's tediousness, if it can be called so, is less fatiguing than the liveliness of most other writers; and we could let him gossip on about little court stories by the hour, without once wishing him to resume the grave discourse. But all these detached traits are here but the component parts of his tessellated pavement. They go to make up that great historical demonstration which it was his object to construct; and on which, probably, depends the view of our constitutional

history which the work, when complete, will be found to illustrate. He could not show with accuracy the impelling motives of the people, without the clearest and most convincing evidence of the character of their kings. For those were days when royalty was the real centre round which the political system revolved, and the power and condition of which regulated all the motions of its machinery. They are therefore but superficial critics who complain, as we have heard some do, of the minute circumstances which he thinks worthy of being recorded by his pen. The general result to which they tend, *the great induction* which they constitute and compose, comes out so overwhelming and striking at the last, that in the irresistible conviction then impressed on our minds, we unconsciously forget how great a part of the impression depends on the combination of these slender but numberless characteristics.

But not less admirable and clearly elucidated is the general constitutional lesson, as deducted from the history of the times. Here again we think there is both novelty and unexampled force and impressiveness in our author's views. He has taken a large, sagacious, and practical survey of the political state of the nation during the seventeenth century; and has, as we think, brought his readers to a far more precise and complete appreciation of its actual condition, than any former historian. On one hand he is not perpetually hunting out the traces of occult constitutional theories, in events which were far more determined by accidental circumstances than by any fancied adherence to general laws. Neither, on the other hand, does he give the slightest countenance to the contemptible accusations which servile writers have of late so plentifully launched at their forefathers. But he enables us to gather, through the troubles which marked those remarkable years, a very clear, general apprehension of the causes which affected, and the motives which impelled the political convulsions of the period.

We have heard it said that the only source of difficulty which the Stuarts experienced in governing was the want—one felt by kings and commoners alike, of ready money. The feudal exactions were over. There were no more monasteries to spoil; and the wealth which popery had amassed was exhausted. Without taxes, no sinews of war could be had; and rather than submit to taxation, the people, it is said, preferred rebellion. They would rather fight than

pay. It was in short, not the folly or perfidy or oppression of kings, but an ignorant impatience of taxation, that plunged the nation in civil war, and drove a dynasty from the throne!

Like many similar views, this is true as far as it goes; but it is only half the truth, or rather a great deal less. It was the want of money, no doubt, which led to the first collision; and perhaps abundance of that rare commodity might have prevented it. It may also be said, with some degree of accuracy, that the disinclination to furnish the monarch with supplies originated the resistance of the people. But all this is but skimming the surface of these great depths. It is unquestionable that the impossibility of carrying on government without funds, and the coincident impossibility of obtaining funds without the aid of parliament, were the two elements that brought the question at issue between prerogative and private right, to its determination. But the real question is, for what purpose did the king want the money? and why did the people refuse it? *That* is the true matter for inquiry; and it will be found to be the very root of the matter.

The people of England have always been of an eminently practical turn, especially in politics—very little given to mere theory, and looking mainly to the immediate comforts and decencies of life, as the objects which they desire to secure. Probably their insular position, which renders removal from uncongenial quarters more difficult, may have considerably tended to this national peculiarity. Be that as it may, their enthusiasms and excesses afford a very striking contrast to those of their continental neighbors. They have always been deep, prolonged, and with a definite and strongly-marked object; never excited by mere imaginative and transcendental novelties, nor allayed without strong sedatives. So—after the reign of Elizabeth, which was distinguished by singular wisdom, and which fostered the love of liberty while it still exalted the Crown—when the feudal system was extinguished, men began to see that they had but one of two courses to submit to—to surrender their purses and their liberties, or to contend on one and the same battle-field for both. They would gladly have paid their money, if they had believed that, by the use to be made of it, they were to be better protected in their religion, their avocations, and their homes. These, indeed, were the objects for which they imagined that government

was instituted. But they had sagacity enough to see that, with the monarchs with whom they had to deal, the want of money was, if not the only, by far the best and surest safeguard of their liberties. To obtain supplies, and yet govern absolutely, has been the aim of all despots in all ages; and to say that, if the Stuarts could have got money whenever they asked for it, there would have been no Rebellion and no Revolution, is simply to say that, if the nation had submitted to tyranny, they would not have resisted it! If Charles the First had had the command of a well-filled treasury, independently of parliament, he would not have required any additional materials for the construction of his fabric of arbitrary power; and civil liberty would not have been founded in this country, for a hundred years at least after our actual Revolution. It was very well known, and indeed was not disguised, that the very first use to which his treasure would have been put, would have been the support of a mercenary army; and Mr. Macaulay well shows how fatal such an army must necessarily have been to constitutional freedom, in times when the yeomanry of England were no longer trained to war, and the love of quiet and profitable industry was so rapidly succeeding to the feudal spirit of the preceding century. Even under Cromwell, who ruled with a just though an iron rod, the nation grew so sick of the very name of a standing army, that it was many long years before it ceased to be regarded as the very emblem of tyranny. How much more fatal to Britain such an engine would have been in the hands of one so intent on arbitrary government, and so little capable of governing justly, as Charles the First, may be easily imagined.

It is therefore a great mistake to suppose that the mere dislike to paying money—the merely mercantile view of the matter—was the moving principle in the political convulsions of the time. No doubt, paying money is never agreeable—least of all, paying it to a government—and our ancestors, probably, liked it as little as their descendants. But had they felt assured that their money would have been used for their own protection, and would have tended to their personal security and prosperity, the impatience of taxation would never have led them to resistance. And accordingly, whenever the monarch showed symptoms of any disposition—even the slightest or the most hollow—to consult the rights or privileges

of the people, the purse-strings of parliament were uniformly relaxed. The real cause of collision then, was the determination of the crown to rule absolutely—and the resolution of parliament not to supply the sources of arbitrary power. A king short of money, and a nation curtailed of freedom, brought things to the crisis at last.

Nothing indeed strikes us so forcibly, in the review of the events which Mr. Macaulay records, as the singular patience of the people, up to a certain point, and their resolute determination not to yield beyond it. The point of endurance was certainly fixed much further off than we should think of placing it now. But constitutional principle was but little understood or consolidated, in theory at that time. Every man knew what came home to himself; and there were certain broad, ancient, and well-known axioms of personal liberty, which had subsisted for centuries, and which Englishmen seemed instinctively to recognize. And thus great and gross violations of public law affected the community but little, compared to invasions of private right—to interference with private property, and above all (in that day) with the freedom of conscience. For the mere abstractions of theoretical government, much as they had been canvassed by the learned, the nation at large cared but little; but when they found the strong hand of power intercepting them in their religion, their business, and their homes, they turned sturdily on the intruder, and met each increasing encroachment with more positive and unbending resistance.

While there remained any fair hope that patience or time might retrieve their grievances, they were loth to resort to violence. Even in the days of James the Second, the prospect of a change of dynasty at his death, encouraged the nation to bear with apparent submission the outrages he inflicted, on all sides, on the most tender and cherished rights and principles. But when they were once satisfied that the point had been reached when obedience would be mere weakness, their resolution never wavered again! From the accession of Charles the First to the flight of James the Second, the people had been trying a great experiment—namely, whether allegiance to the race of princes to whose government they were subjected was compatible with their constitutional rights. From anxiety to resolve this in the affirmative, they endured, till endurance was impossible, the daily encroachments of Charles

the First. For this, too, after the restoration, they cast all his father's despotism into oblivion, and hailed with applause the return of Charles the Second—though the inheritor of a dynasty which had injured them so much. For this they remained quiescent and patient during the long misgovernment of that reign, and the first insane oppressions of the next. But at last the experiment was solved. Their patience was exhausted, because they had become satisfied it was useless. And the blow once struck, there was no weak misgiving or sentimental repentance and relapse. When they removed their allegiance from the House of Stuart, they did so for ever; because it was done on grounds which they felt to be insuperable; and during sixty years of change and disturbance, and great and just dissatisfaction, the people never once varied in their choice and purpose. It is not wonderful that William's strong hand and powerful will should have contrasted favorably with the weak absolutism of his predecessor. But even under the feeble Anne and the dull profligacy of the two first Georges, contempt for the sovereigns into whose hands they had fallen, never raised one sigh of regret for those they had rejected. From the day that James fled from Rochester, the Stuarts never had a chance of restoration! and the nation preferred, without hesitation or demur, submitting to much that was harsh and much that was disgusting on the part of their new rulers, to the slightest return to the persons or principles of their discarded predecessors.

After reading what Mr. Macaulay has here written, there is no difficulty in understanding how this deep feeling was implanted; and it is probably to be attributed to the induration of it on the minds of the people of England, as much as to any theoretical virtue in our constitution, that our liberty has been so long preserved, and enlarged by degrees so sure and safe. They never forgot—they have not even now forgotten—their long experiment on the princes of an arbitrary House. The lesson of the impossibility of trusting to a king's clemency, for protection to life, person, or property, was so severely taught, that we may trace to its operation the growth if not the origin of that spirit of constitutional jealousy of the prerogative, which has called out into active energy the latent safeguards of our political system. Although this spirit of jealousy has, since the Revolu-

tion, been dormant at intervals, it has always been ready to be aroused from its lethargy, and has never been aroused in vain; till, at last, the practical as well as the abstract limits of the prerogative have been so securely and precisely fixed, that under the reign of one who wears her constitutional crown with so much true knowledge of the laws, and love of the people of her country, whose virtues have given the throne a stability, and whose accomplishments have shed over it a grace it never, in the best of former days, could boast, we may safely hope that this long contest, the hottest fire of which it has been our author's task to record, is at last sinking in its embers.

It is not of course our intention or plan, in this article, to enter in detail into the particular events of the period, or to canvass minutely Mr. Macaulay's method of dealing with them. We shall confine our remarks to one or two topics, on which, important as they are in themselves, we think Mr. Macaulay has shed much additional illustration.

A Whig of 1688 has been a favorite denomination with all political parties, at least all who deserve that name. We do not of course include in that catalogue the harmless dreamers who have resuscitated Laud, and swear by Strafford in these ingenious days. But English politicians, properly so called, whatever their politics at the time, were always proud to profess the whiggery of 1688. All the opposition to Walpole from Sir W. Wyndham, Pulteney, and the Tories of his days, was based on the Whig principles of the Revolution; and the papers of their organ, the "Craftsman," will be found full of dissertations to show how far the Whig minister had degenerated from the doctrines of those whom he professed to follow. In later days, in like manner, Fox and his party were perpetually reminded how differently the Revolution Whigs thought and acted, on some of the greatest questions agitated in his time. But, as often happens, each party took only as much of the creed as served their purpose. With the Whig, Revolution principles usually meant restraint on the prerogative—with the Tory, only Protestant ascendancy.

Now we think Mr. Macaulay has made it very clear that the Protestant ascendancy principle of 1688 bore a very distant relationship indeed to the more modern spirit of that name, which claims so close an affinity with it. It is quite true, that the principles of toleration had made but little progress at that time. But the exclusion of Catholics

from power and place, and the Exclusion Bill itself, were strictly political, not religious measures; and for our own part, we think it impossible to read the account of these times without being satisfied, that, in the main, the measures actually adopted were necessary and inevitable. The Catholic was not then excluded from power on account of his religious opinions; or from any idea that those opinions would prevent the discharge of his ordinary duties. He was excluded because he substantially formed a member of a conspiracy or confederation, which had for its avowed object to overset both the established religion and the civil liberties of the nation; and no one can doubt that had the Test Act not passed, both would unquestionably have been sacrificed. It is equally certain that the same precautions were necessary for the protection of the new order of things established at the Revolution. It was the men who were dangerous, not the opinions; and at them the measures in question were levelled.

While, therefore, we would by no means say, that apart from imminent political dangers, the religious intolerance of the Revolution Protestants might not have led to unjustifiable results, it is quite clear, from Mr. Macaulay's narrative, that the Test Bill originally, and the safeguards adopted at the Revolution, afford not the slightest evidence that it would have done so. These were barriers thrown up to exclude an avowed, open, and acknowledged enemy. This, and this alone, had been the policy of Elizabeth. Bacon scornfully denies the contrary imputation. And in the case of James himself, he was not so much driven out because he favored popery, as popery was excluded because it alone, and its adherents, then prompted, maintained, and defended the arbitrary and dark counsels of James. In the penal statutes the nation were not doing homage to an abstract principle. They were not vindicating the purity of the Protestant religion—or placing civil government on a religious basis. They were only defending themselves by an act of ordinary prudence. They had seen their most sacred privileges and their dearest interests menaced by popery. Irish mercenaries guarded the king; and avowedly only waited the hour of strength to destroy the constitution. The rights of old foundations and corporations were set at naught, and popish priests intruded into the dignities of the Church and the universities. If the nation had lost the game, popery would unquestionably have

won it. The nation was triumphant; and popery only shared, for the time, the usual fate, and, in this instance, deserved fate, of the vanquished.

We do not recollect to have met, any where, with so calm and convincing an elucidation of this very important topic, as Mr. Macaulay has furnished us with in the passage quoted below—which we make our solitary extract, not as an instance of brilliant composition, but as a clear and unanswerable view of a series of facts which have been perverted, until very recently, to very intolerant and ignoble party purposes.

“It is not easy for any person who, in our time, undertakes to treat of the revolution which overthrew the Stuarts, to preserve with steadiness the happy mean between these two extremes. The question whether members of the Roman Catholic Church could be safely admitted to Parliament and to office, convulsed our country during the reign of James the Second, was set at rest by his downfall, and, having slept during more than a century, was revived by that great stirring of the human mind which followed the meeting of the National Assembly of France. During thirty years the contest went on in both houses of Parliament, in every constituent body, in every social circle. It destroyed administrations, broke up parties, made all government in one part of the empire impossible, and at length brought us to the verge of civil war. Even when the struggle had terminated, the passions to which it had given birth still continued to rage. It was scarcely possible for any man whose mind was under the influence of those passions to see the events of the years 1687 and 1688 in a perfectly correct light.

“One class of politicians, starting from the true proposition that the Revolution had been a great blessing to our country, arrived at the false conclusion that no test which the statesmen of the Revolution had thought necessary for the protection of our religion and our freedom, could be safely abolished. Another class, starting from the true proposition that the disabilities imposed on the Roman Catholics had long been productive of nothing but mischief, arrived at the false conclusion that there never could have been a time when those disabilities could have been useful and necessary. The former fallacy pervaded the speeches of the acute and learned Eldon. The latter was not altogether without influence even on an intellect so calm and philosophical as that of Mackintosh.

“Perhaps, however, it will be found on examination that we may vindicate the course which was unanimously approved by all the great English statesmen of the seventeenth century, without questioning the wisdom of the course which was as unanimously approved by all the English statesmen of our own time.

“Undoubtedly it is an evil that any citizen should be excluded from civil employment on account of his religious opinions; but a choice be-

tween evils is sometimes all that is left to human wisdom. A nation may be placed in such a situation that the majority must either impose disabilities or submit to them; and that what would, under ordinary circumstances, be justly condemned as persecution may fall within the bounds of legitimate self-defense: and such was, in the year 1687, the situation of England.

"According to the constitution of the realm, James possessed the right of naming almost all public functionaries, political, judicial, ecclesiastical, military, and naval. In the exercise of this right he was not, as our sovereigns now are, under the necessity of acting in conformity with the advice of ministers approved by the House of Commons. It was evident therefore that, unless he were strictly bound by law to bestow office on none but Protestants, it would be in his power to bestow office on none but Roman Catholics. The Roman Catholics were few in number; and among them was not a single man whose services could be seriously missed by the commonwealth. The proportion which they bore to the population of England was very much smaller than at present. For at present a constant stream of emigration runs from Ireland to our great towns; but in the seventeenth century there was not even in London an Irish colony. Forty-nine fiftieths of the inhabitants of the kingdom, forty-nine fiftieths of the property of the kingdom, almost all the political, legal, and military ability and knowledge to be found in the kingdom, were Protestant. Nevertheless the King, under a strong infatuation, had determined to use his vast patronage as a means of making proselytes. To be of his church was, in his view, the first of all qualifications for office. To be of the national church was a positive disqualification. He reprobated, it is true, in language which has been applauded by some credulous friends of religious liberty, the monstrous injustice of that test which excluded a small minority of the nation from public trust; but he was at the same time instituting a test which excluded the majority. He thought it hard that a man who was a good financier and a loyal subject should be excluded from the post of Lord Treasurer, merely for being a Papist. But he had himself turned out a Lord Treasurer whom he admitted to be a good financier and a loyal subject, merely for being a Protestant. He had repeatedly and distinctly declared his resolution never to put the white staff in the hands of any heretic. With many other great offices of state he had dealt in the same way. Already the Lord President, the Lord Privy Seal, the Lord Chamberlain, the Groom of the Stole, the First Lord of the Treasury, a Secretary of State, the Lord High Commissioner of Scotland, the Chancellor of Scotland, the Secretary of Scotland, were, or pretended to be, Roman Catholics. Most of these functionaries had been bred churchmen, and had been guilty of apostasy, open or secret, in order to obtain or to keep their high places. Every Protestant who still held an important post in the government held it in constant uncertainty and fear. It would be endless to recount the situations of a lower rank which were filled by the fa-

vored class. Roman Catholics already swarmed in every department of the public service. They were Lords Lieutenants, Deputy Lieutenants, Judges, Justices of the Peace, Commissioners of the Customs, Envoys to foreign courts, Colonels of regiments, Governors of fortresses. The share which in a few months they had obtained of the temporal patronage of the crown, was much more than ten times as great as they would have had under an impartial system. Yet this was not the worst. They were made rulers of the Church of England. Men who had assured the King that they held his faith, sat in the High Commission; and exercised supreme jurisdiction in spiritual things over all the prelates and priests of the established religion. Ecclesiastical benefices of great dignity had been bestowed, some on avowed Papists, and some on half-concealed Papists. And all this had been done while the laws against Popery were still unrepealed, and while James had still a strong interest in affecting respect for the rights of conscience. What then was his conduct likely to be, if his subjects consented to free him, by a legislative act, from even the shadow of restraint? Is it possible to doubt that Protestants would have been as effectually excluded from employment, by a strictly legal use of the royal prerogative, as ever Roman Catholics had been by act of Parliament?

"How obstinately James was determined to bestow on the members of his own Church a share of patronage altogether out of proportion to their numbers and importance, is proved by the instructions which, in exile and old age, he drew up for the guidance of his son. It is impossible to read without mingled pity and derision, those effusions of a mind on which all the discipline of experience and adversity had been exhausted in vain. The Pretender is advised, if ever he should reign in England, to make a partition of offices; and carefully to reserve for the members of the Church of Rome a portion which might have sufficed for them if they had been one-half instead of one-fiftieth part of the nation. One Secretary of State, one Commissioner of the Treasury, the Secretary at War, the majority of the great dignitaries of the household, the majority of the officers of the army, are always to be Catholics. Such were the designs of James after his perverse bigotry had drawn on him a punishment which had appalled the whole world. Is it then possible to doubt what his conduct would have been, if his people, deluded by the empty name of religious liberty, had suffered him to proceed without any check?

"Even Penn, intemperate and undiscerning as was his zeal for the Declaration, seems to have felt that the partiality with which honors and emoluments were heaped on Roman Catholics might not unnaturally excite the jealousy of the nation. He owned that, if the Test Act were repealed, the Protestants were entitled to an equivalent, and went so far as to suggest several equivalents. During some weeks the word equivalent, then lately imported from France, was in the mouths of all the coffee-house orators; but at length a few pages of keen logic and

polished sarcasm, written by Halifax, put an end to these idle projects. One of Penn's schemes was that a law should be passed dividing the patronage of the crown into three equal parts; and that to one only of those parts members of the Church of Rome should be admitted. Even under such an arrangement, the members of the Church of Rome would have obtained near twenty times their fair portion of official appointments; and yet there is no reason to believe that even to such an arrangement the King would have consented. But, had he consented, what guaranty could he give that he would adhere to his bargain? The dilemma propounded by Halifax was unanswerable. 'If laws are binding on you, observe the law which now exists. If laws are not binding on you, it is idle to offer us a law as a security.'

"It is clear, therefore, that the point at issue was *not* whether secular offices should be thrown open to all sects indifferently. While James was king, it was inevitable that there should be exclusion, and the only question was, who should be excluded?—Papists or Protestants, the few or the many, a hundred thousand Englishmen or five millions."

We look on this passage as one of very grave and lasting importance, as far as the example of those times is of moment in our own. Indeed, the principle of religious toleration actually made progress under James, as far as the merely religious element was concerned. Puritanism did by no means flame so high in England at that time, as it did this side of the border; and there really seems little reason to believe that, if the nation could have felt satisfied that neither the Church establishment, nor freedom of person and conscience would have been endangered by the repeal of the Test, there would have been any deep resistance, on religious grounds, against the admission of Roman Catholics to secular power. That very singular negotiation with the Dissenters, on the part both of James and the Church of England, which Mr. Macaulay describes with so much spirit, and the subsequent cordiality with which the Church and the Dissenters co-operated at the trial of the bishops, certainly evince far more liberality on the part of both the Episcopalian and the Dissenting clergy of that day, than many of their descendants could boast of.

Perhaps the most original and brilliant part of the whole work, is the author's description of the character, views, and opinions of King William; and his estimate of the effects of that character and those views on the immediate condition and future fortunes of England. Nothing more power-

ful in writing, more discriminating in judgment, or more masterly in comprehensive analysis, is to be found in English history. Even here, Mr. Macaulay's eye for the picturesque has not failed him; and there is a singular felicity in the contrast between his character of William and that which he had drawn of James. The picture is, as far as we can judge, in no respect overdrawn or flattered; but nothing could be more strongly or happily marked than the farsighted, intellectual, energetic character, of the one, when set off as a foil to the imbecility, injustice, and indecision of the other.

The account of the origin and progress of the intrigue, for such it was, which brought William to our shores, is one of the most elaborate and most valuable parts of the volumes before us. Mr. Macaulay had access to many sources of information on this subject, which collectively no other writer has ever probably enjoyed, and he has probably thrown all the light on it which it is now capable of receiving. The result of the narrative is to show how completely the destinies, not of this country only, but of Europe, hung on the will of one man—and that man not a mighty monarch, but the prince of a third-rate territory. We found in this account two things of which we had not been so distinctly aware before. The first was the object which William had in his English enterprise. The European policy of William is familiar to everybody. But we certainly never saw it so clearly explained elsewhere, how entirely subordinate the English throne was, in the mind of the Prince of Orange, to his great European schemes; or how completely he regarded it as a mere rampart constructed against the power and the encroachments of France. Our author develops this view in the most convincing manner, and it serves to explain much in William's subsequent conduct, which must otherwise appear inconsistent or unintelligible—however little gratifying the explanation may be to our national pride. It is not we confess, without some regret that we acknowledge the truth of this view of the "great and good King William." We had supposed him more of a fellow-countryman than he ever was, or wished to be. Well and nobly as he discharged the duties of sovereignty in the land which adopted him, his heart evidently never naturalized itself to his English home; and in his inmost soul he cursed our politics, our sports, and our climate to the last. He was, in fact, transplanted too late in life to take kindly to our

soil; but he came among us with high views and lofty ends; and how these were carried out, we may safely predict has never yet been told as Mr. Macaulay will tell us in his next volume.

Indeed, the accidental combination of circumstances which placed William on the throne, was in the highest degree felicitous. They saved this nation, by their happy coincidence, from the necessity of resolving many difficult questions, in extricating which too many states and commonwealths have "found no end." He was not a conqueror, for he came by invitation. He was not a creature of the hour, for he dictated his own terms. He was not a usurper or an upstart, for his position was but a step higher, and his time a few years earlier than the strict course of succession would have made them; yet he did not continue the dynasty, and he broke once and for ever that ill-twisted cord on which depended—

"The right divine of kings to govern wrong."

He was not an alien to our nation or our blood, for he was doubly connected with the royal line of England; and yet he was so thoroughly removed from the provincialisms of English party—so thoroughly European in his statesmanship and his views, that all grades of rank, and men of all shades of political opinion, felt that in welcoming him they gave no triumph to an adversary. Thus he occupied at once that position of independent and constitutional isolation of which the juncture of the times stood so much in need, and was enabled to hold the balance even between contending factions, as the arbiter of their differences, while he was the servant only of the Constitution.

All this was greatly aided by the nature of his personal ambition. He was the more gladly submitted to, and, indeed, welcomed by the nation at large, that the crown of England was not a prize at which he was too eager to grasp; and that he made it evident that, except with the good will of his future subjects, and on terms honorable to himself, he had no desire to rule over them. Nor was there any affectation in this. It would not have aided the schemes he had really at heart, to have succeeded to the tedious task of controlling a murmuring and unwilling nation, and maintaining an alien sceptre by the swords of mercenaries. That would have infused no additional strength into the great Protestant Alliance of Europe. It would, on the contrary, have proved a new source

of anxiety and weakness. Therefore it was that he would not strike the blow, until he was sure the design was ripe; and that he waited with singular sagacity till the appointed time—resisting the solicitations of too eager friends, and the lures of enticing opportunity. He had no wish for the kingdom, unless he acquired it under circumstances which should leave him leisure, while they gave him power, to use all the energies of the ancient monarchy he represented, in defense and furtherance of his great scheme of European policy.

While thus the Prince of Orange, in ascending the throne of England, had no local interests to serve, or wrongs to avenge, he saved us also from that worst result of revolutions, the dislodgment of those rude but strong corner-stones on which the foundations of the constitution were built. For, let men theorize as they may, nothing is clearer by experience than that a free constitution cannot be safely or certainly constructed on a month's or a year's warning; nor will men ever regard with the same respect, or defend with the same jealousy, the new-fledged code of yesterday, as that which is made up of customs which are entwined round our earliest recollections, and are strong in the strongest of human impulses—the force of habit. Persons who see how ancient laws, too narrow for the growth of society, cling, nevertheless, round the old pillars of the state with resisting tenacity, and who find the path of reform far more upward and difficult than a philosopher might think it ought to be, are frequently too much inclined to despise and overlook that great engine of civil government, antiquity. On the contrary, we have learned by the fate of other countries, to look on it as our greatest good fortune, that, in our history, from its earliest dawn, we have never been compelled to rebuild a shattered or uprooted constitution. Its growth has been spontaneous. It has from time to time cast off its superfluous or contracted limbs, as crustaceous animals do their shells, by its own internal energy; not only without its identity being impaired, but with the nation's old ancestral pride in the fabric, deepened and enlarged under each renovating effort. And though no doubt the gravitating principle which keeps ancient customs firmly fixed on our English soil, does also retard the chariot-wheels of improvement, and compels many measures of reformation, simple and plain in themselves, to convulse and agitate the whole civil system before they

can be finally engrafted on it, yet it also ensures that, when fairly incorporated with the constitution, they will acquire at once stability from its age, while they contribute strength and vitality to its functions. From this cause it is that, while we have so often seen, on the Continent, a constitution which was the idol and deity of one day trampled upon the next, the storm of revolution has beaten with so innocuous a surge on our rock-bound island.

Now the peculiar position of William left him at liberty, as it induced him, to allow the native vigor of the English constitution to take the required precautions for its own future integrity. Nothing could be more imposing to the new king, the exiled monarch, and all Europe, than the decent gravity with which parliament proceeded, in that singular crisis, to search the records for precedents!—Such was the silent homage which, even in that strange conjuncture, they paid to the constitution; implying that, so far from the established order of things being subverted or shaken, the case was probably one which the law had foreseen and provided for. Then arose—built on the solid though unformed masonry of their ancestors—the noblest organ of government which the world ever saw—the theatre of profoundest statesmanship, of learning, law, eloquence and wit, which, from that auspicious time till now, has absorbed the flower of the rank, genius, power, and wealth of Britain—where the fascinating St. John charmed his hearers into forgetfulness of his life by the magic of his tongue,—for which “truant Wyndham every muse gave o’er,”—for which Burke renounced philosophy, and Canning letters—and where Pitt and Fox poured forth, with more than Grecian inspiration, the exhaustless treasury of their thoughts. It was then that the House of Commons began, in fact, to reign; and from these beginnings, by slow and gradual steps, has it become the model on which (at present at how great a distance!) almost every free representative assembly in the world has since been formed.

The gradual ascendancy of the House of Commons will, we doubt not, be more graphically portrayed in Mr. Macaulay's future volumes than it has ever been before. But none can doubt that it was materially indebted to the personal position, character, and temperament of William the Third, for the first consolidation of its power.

Mr. Macaulay has done much to redeem the character of William from the impres-

sion of coldness and want of feeling, which has generally been prevalent regarding him. Not that after all, unless we had been Dutchmen, he was, even by our historian's account of him, exactly the companion we should have chosen. It does, however, appear that warm fires burnt beneath the frigid and phlegmatic exterior; and his letters to Bentinck, some of which are referred to in the text, betoken a nature not unfrequently combined with strength and resolution—a mind so jealous of its softer moods, as never to allow them to be suspected by the world, devouring its sorrows, and stifling its joys, as weaknesses not to be disclosed but to ears and hearts the most familiar. To strangers he certainly was unattractive, and distant even to his associates; but we must remember, he lived surrounded by men he could not trust. In his inmost heart, when the barriers were once broken, he seems to have been simple, cordial, and joyous, fond of field sports and gardening, and easily amused. The best and generally the least known trait of his more domestic life is the unquestionable attachment with which he inspired his wife. He had no external or superficial advantages which were likely to strike the eye, or charm the fancy of a woman; and the devotion Mary felt for him must have had its anchor in the unfathomed depths of a character, of which she had learned more, and which she had read more truly than the public.

We have endeavored, in the preceding pages, as far as our limited space for so large a field would permit, to illustrate some of the most striking and characteristic features of our author. Of course we are far from saying that in details there must not be points here and there on which his work may be open to just remark, or difference of opinion; but we are satisfied that, in the completeness and correctness of the basis of his facts, and in the completeness and correctness of the inferences which he has drawn, he has given a new impulse and direction to the public mind. And the hearty, healthful spirit he has breathed into the annals of the past—the honest glow of pride which he alike feels and inspires for patriotism and liberty—the strong arm of scorn with which he has dashed aside the false philosophy and hollow subserviency of former writers, and the truthful beauty and spirit which his unrivalled rhetoric has cast over a narrative of sober fact, have well entitled him to the popularity he has commanded, and would have atoned for faults far

more grave than the most censorious reader has yet imputed to him.

Such is this great national work—as our countrymen have already pronounced it to be. The loud, clear voice of impartial fame has sounded her award; and it will stand, without appeal, as long as Englishmen regard their past history and love the constitution of which he tells. From one quarter only—and that a quarter of which we expected, and which perhaps wished for itself, better things—has the melancholy wailing of disappointed jealousy been heard. The public naturally looked with interest for the notice of Mr. Macaulay's History in the "Quarterly Review." The notice had not long appeared, when it was observed, with equal wit and truth, that the writer of it, in attempting murder, had committed suicide. We have doubted whether we should add a word in illustration of a judgment, in which the public has shown, through almost all its representatives, that it cordially agrees. It has never been our practice to fall foul of brother critics in our common walk; and if one of our fraternity gives way to occasional eccentricity, and executes strange or disagreeable gambols on the path, we generally find that his own sense of propriety, or the silence of his companions, is check enough speedily to restore his balance. Nor do we mean in this instance to follow the critic to whom we refer through his forlorn and labored journey, the more especially as no one doubts the point from which it started, or the goal it had in view. That a journal of deserved name and reputation should announce of these volumes, propositions so openly contradictory, as that on the one hand their author has produced no new facts and discovered no new materials—and that on the other he has made the facts of English history "as fabulous as his 'Lays' do those of Roman tradition!"—betrays, it is true, some rankling wound behind. This, however, would not have provoked our notice: nor should we have written a sentence to refute the theory that Sir Walter Scott's historical novels were the wild-fire that led Mr. Macaulay astray. All this the public were quite able to appreciate, and have appreciated at exactly its true value. But his merits have been questioned in a department which may, perhaps, call for, or at least excuse, some remark. A show has been made of bringing the combat to closer quarters, of grappling with small facts, and detecting great misstatements in very little matters. It is with very tiny pebbles indeed that this

stripling comes forth to do battle with the giant. Whether this man's father was a knight or a baronet—whether that man was a Whig or a Tory—whether Lord Peterborough did or did not write a sermon at sea—these, and such as these, are the weapons before which Mr. Macaulay is expected to go down! We might sweep them all away with one contemptuous paragraph from a hand equally opposed to Mr. Macaulay in politics, but far too candid and generous to resort to such warfare.

"We shall not," (says *Blackwood* in a late article, in which we may without offense hint that we trace the hand of another deservedly eminent historian of the day, and which breathes a spirit of generous candor,) "we shall not, in treating of the merits of this very remarkable production, adopt the not uncommon practice of reviewers on such occasions. We shall not pretend to be better informed on the details of the subject than the author. We shall not set up the reading of a few weeks or months against the study of half a lifetime. We shall not imitate certain critics who look at the bottom of the pages for the authorities of the author, and having got the clue to the requisite information, proceed to examine with the utmost minuteness every particular of his narrative, and make in consequence a large display of knowledge wholly derived from the reading which he has suggested. We shall not be so deluded as to suppose we have made a great discovery in biography, because we have ascertained that some Lady Caroline of the last generation was born on the 7th October, 1674, instead of the 8th February, 1675, as the historian, with shameful negligence, has affirmed; nor shall we take credit to ourselves for a journey down to Hampshire to consult the parish register on the subject. As little shall we in future accuse Macaulay of inaccuracy in describing battles, because on referring, without mentioning it, to the military authorities he has quoted, and the page he has referred to, we have discovered that at some battle, as Malplaquet, Lottum's men stood on the right of the Prince of Orange, when he says they stood on the left; or that Marlborough dined on a certain day at one o'clock, when in point of fact he did not sit down, as is proved by incontestable authority, till half-past two. *We shall leave such minute and Lilliputian criticisms to the minute and Lilliputian minds by whom alone they are ever made. Mr. Macaulay can afford to smile at all reviewers who affect to possess*

more than his own gigantic stores of information."

Nothing could have been more happily expressed by anticipation, to characterize the critique which made its appearance on the same day with these just and honorable sentences.

Paying, however, more regard to the quarter from which the missiles are ostensibly launched, than to their own weight or calibre, we mean to spend a few sentences—and they shall be very few—in showing that the enemy has not even loaded with the small shot he professed to employ, and that all this sound and thunder is but a volley of blank cartridge after all.

Let us take him *ad aperturam*.

It is said, that in the anecdote of Francis, who was executed for the murder of Dangerfield, Mr. Macaulay was not justified in calling Francis a *Tory* gentleman. But Mr. Macaulay was very well justified in doing so—inasmuch as Francis was a *Tory*, as the critic himself might have known. Among the authorities at the bottom of the page, from which, probably, the critic learned all he knows of the matter, Mr. Macaulay refers to Francis's dying speech in the State Trials, and to the *Observer*, July 29, 1685. Now both of these authorities sufficiently prove that Francis was a *Tory*. In his dying speech he prays that James may vanquish and overcome all his enemies, "*which I am glad to have seen so much prospect of*," and also, "I cannot but regret my being made a sacrifice to the *Faction*, who I am satisfied are the only people who will rejoice at my ruin." No one acquainted with the language and feelings of the time these words were spoken, will doubt that Mr. Macaulay's character was perfectly just. But to make the matter certain, L'Estrange, in the "*Observer*" above-mentioned speaks of Francis as "*a true friend and servant of the government*," terms which he never could or would have applied to any but a "*Tory gentleman*,"—which Mr. Macaulay was quite correct in calling him; and which, after all, is not the *most* opprobrious epithet which Mr. Macaulay could apply to one of that school of politicians.

Again, Mr. Macaulay is accused of misrepresenting what Francis said about his wife, when he attributes to him the sentiment, that "had she been inclined to break her marriage vow, she would at least have selected a *Tory* and a *Churchman* for her paramour." The critic says that Francis simply stated that his wife "was so *well-born*, that had she

been inclined she would not have debased herself to so profligate a person (as Dangerfield.)" Mr. Macaulay may be a little paraphrastic, but the critic is absolutely false. He will not quote correctly. The original says, "she was of TOO LOYAL A FAMILY so to debase herself." What does this mean, but that Dangerfield's politics would have protected her, if her own virtue was insufficient; and why, if it did not plainly mean this, did the critic stoop to pervert the passage?

The critic spends a page on a lecture to Mr. Macaulay for quoting in a foot-note, one passage, and no more, of Lord Peterborough's character of Dangerfield—a task he might have spared himself had he attended to, or been fair enough to state, the object of the author in that quotation. Mr. Macaulay had been speaking of the probability of Francis having been jealous of Dangerfield's intimacy with his wife, and chose Lord Peterborough, who notoriously hated him, as an unexceptionable authority, for his being a likely enough object of such a jealousy. Lord Peterborough was not, as the critic absurdly says, cited as a witness to his *character*—but simply to his appearance and address, having described him as "*a young man who appeared under a decent figure*, a serious behavior, and with words that did not seem to proceed from a common understanding." Lord Peterborough was a good, because naturally an unwilling, witness to his personal advantages—he would have been the worst to prove him a villain, which, notwithstanding, he unquestionably was, and which Mr. Macaulay, in the text, had most abundantly shown him to have been.

Again, the critic triumphantly asks, "what it can signify, in the history of the reign of Charles II., that a writer, *sixty years after the Revolution*," describes how the houses in Bath were furnished? He would have his reader imagine, what he could hardly help knowing very well was not the case, "that the writer, sixty years after the Revolution," was writing on the state of Bath at *that* time. The book is "*Wood's History of Bath*," published indeed in 1749, but in which the author describes what Bath was *many years before*, and speaks of the recollections of his youth. No better authority one would think could be found of what happened "*sixty years since*" than the evidence of a man who remembered it.

The reviewer makes an absurd mistake and convicts himself of gross ignorance, about the two Echards, or Eachards. "Our readers," he announces rather pompously,

"know that there was a Dr. John Eachard, who wrote a celebrated work on the Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy. They also know that there was a Dr. Lawrence Echard, who wrote both a History of England and a History of the Revolution. Both of these were remarkable men; but we almost doubt whether Mr. Macaulay, who quotes the works of each, does not confound their persons, for he refers to them both by the common (as it may once have been) name of Eachard, and at least twenty times by the wrong name." Every one who knows Mr. Macaulay is aware that this is the last kind of blunder he is at all likely to commit. But the blunder is all the critic's. We do not say that *he* knew nothing of these "remarkable men" till he saw them mentioned in Mr. Macaulay's references; but had he known a little more of them, he would have been aware that they were of the same name, and nearly related; that though the name was sometimes spelt with an *a*, and sometimes without it, every body who has occasion to mention them has always spelt both names alike—that when Lawrence himself mentions John he spells his name as he does his own—Echard; and that the Biographia Britannica spells them both Eachard. Can the depths of drivelling sink lower than this?

Mr. Macaulay is complained of for his scanty catalogue of the luminaries of the English Church who flourished in 1685. The critic complains of the omission of "Jeremy Taylor, Sanderson, Ken, Sparrow, Oughtred, Cudworth, Hall, Herbert, Godwin, Hammond, Fuller, Hooper, Pearson, and a hundred others." The complaint is absurd—and worse than absurd. Cudworth and Pearson *are* mentioned in the paragraph complained of. Ken is mentioned so often in the book as not to require to be named again. As to the rest, *not one of them*, except Hooper and Sparrow, were alive in 1685, and these are not very great names. Taylor had been dead eighteen years; Sanderson twenty-two years; Fuller and Hammond twenty-four years; Oughtred twenty-five years; Hall nearly thirty years; and Godwin and Herbert nearly fifty years! And yet, these are the names which it seems Mr. Macaulay ought to have introduced as being the living lights of the Church of England in 1685!

Mr. Macaulay is vehemently assailed for his account of the social position of the clergy, and for his construction of the Royal Order given by Bishop Sparrow in his col-

lection. We shall enter no further into this controversy than to make two quotations, which show that, as usual, if Mr. Macaulay is wrong, he errs in good company.

Selden, in his Table Talk, says, "Ministers with the Protestants have very little respect: the reason whereof is, in the beginning of the Reformation they were glad to get such to take livings as they could procure by any invitations—things of pitiful conditions. *The nobility and gentry would not suffer their sons or kinsmen to meddle with the Church*, and therefore, at this day, when they see a parson they think him such a thing still, and there they will keep him, and use him accordingly. If he be a gentleman, he is singled out and used the more respectfully."

The second quotation we make is from Jeremy Collier, who in his Dialogues on Pride, evinces how clearly he understood the Royal Order, exactly as our author does. Philathes, who represents Collier himself, is represented as saying—"Upon my word, this order, take it which way you will, has a very singular aspect, and looks as if it intended to put the clergy in mind that they ought not to aspire above an Abigail."

It seems to us, however, that the Order itself may be well explained, and the fact of the general lowness of the clergy's matrimonial alliances still further accounted for, by only recollecting the Great Queen's avowed predilection for the celibacy of churchmen; the contempt in which she held their wives, and the unprotected state in which she left their marriages. The act of Edward the Sixth, legalizing their marriages, which had been repealed by Mary, was not received till the accession of James I. Laud publicly declared in the reign of Charles I. that in the disposal of patronage he should always prefer single to married men. So that, at all events, it must be easy to understand, that, while such impressions prevailed in high quarters, persons of good condition would never consent to let their daughters form connections which would, in the first place, draw on them the discountenance and reprobation of all the high social authorities—and, in the event of a return to papacy—or even to a more rigorous discipline—often contended for in the Anglican church itself, might make them and their children causes of shame and humiliation to their families. Under such circumstances it seems to us inevitable that the habit of forming low marriages must have been very general among the great body of the country clergy; and

if once established, would, as usual, continue after the first cause might have ceased.

The critic doubts if Mr. Macaulay ever read the Grand Duke Cosmo's Travels, because he, the critic, could find nothing in the book derogatory to the birth of the English clergy. That he had read through this huge quarto volume to verify, or rather discredit, our author's assertion, is good proof alike of his industry and his inclinations. Next time, however, he consults the book, let him turn to Appendix A., where, after giving a list of the bishops, the writer says, "*They are of low birth, in consequence of certain customs which have been introduced into the kingdom.*"*

But perhaps the most unblushing piece of ignorant and presumptuous fault-finding in this critique meets us a few pages on. Mr. Macaulay says that the English country gentleman "knew the genealogies and coats of arms of all his neighbors, and could tell which of them had assumed supporters without any right, and which had the misfortune to be alderman." On which the better-informed critic exclaims: "There was not one of these unlettered country gentlemen who could not have informed our historian that no such question about supporters had or could ever have arisen among private *English* gentlemen." It is scarcely necessary to say that, as usual, Mr. Macaulay is right; and the critic speaking about a matter of which he knows nothing. No point in heraldry has been more disputed than the right of English private gentlemen to bear supporters. If our contemporary will look at Edmonson, (Mowbray Herald's) "Body of Heraldry,"† he will find the following passage: "There have been many who, although they were neither ennobled nor ever enjoyed any public office under the crown, assumed and bore supporters, which were continued to be used by their descendants until the extinction of the family; as, amongst others, the Hevenings of Sussex, the Stawells of Somersetshire, Wallops and Titchbournes of Hants, Lutterells of Somersetshire, Popham of Hants, Covert of Sussex, Savage of Cheshire, &c. Hence it may justly be concluded that those families

who anciently used such supporters either on their seals, banners, or monuments, and carved them in wood or stone, or depicted them on the glass windows of their mansions, and in the churches, chapels, and religious houses of their foundation, endowment, and patronage, as perspicuous evidences and memorials of their having a possessory right to such supporters, are fully and absolutely well entitled to bear them." After this, what is to be said or thought of the flippant assumption of the critic, who declares the right to supporters to be a question which "never had and *could never* have arisen among English country gentlemen!"

There is one piece of philology on which Mr. Macaulay's censor ventures, which is hit off with so classical an air, and is yet so plainly the result of mere ignorance, that we cannot refrain from exposing it. We do it with less regret, that the topic is a curious one.

Mr. Macaulay refers, in his earlier chapters, to a legend related by Procopius, concerning the then mysterious island of Britain. For this he is sharply corrected. It seems Procopius did not, and could not refer to Britain, but to another island, called *Brittia*, which, wherever it was, was *not* Britain. And then the critic says, in stern and solemn conclusion, "We again wonder that a grave historian should think that such a story could *possibly* relate to an island in possession of the greater part of which the Romans had been for upwards of four centuries, and introduce it to prove nothing as far as we can see but what we own it does prove—that "able historians may tell very foolish stories, and that an over-anxiety to show one's learning may betray the smallness and occasionality of the stock."

Now this all sounds very learned, though we perfectly agree with the sentiment with which it concludes; but there are one or two things about the subject which the writer has still to learn. *First*, the man who penned the last sentence probably did not know that Mr. Macaulay is not the first "grave historian" who has given this proof of a scanty stock of learning. He will find in the thirty-eighth chapter of Gibbon the very legend given at length from Procopius, and attributed to Britain; and also a note in which Gibbon remarks, "The Greek historian himself is so confounded by the wonders which he relates, that he weakly attempts to distinguish the islands of *Brittia* and Britain, *which he has identified by so many inseparable circumstances.*" He will find also that the historian of

* We have seen a book by a Mr. Churchill Babington, which is apparently intended to confute, but in reality very much confirms our author's views as to the clergy in the seventeenth century. We may simply mention, to show this gentleman's idea of refutation, that in order to neutralize the effect of a citation from the Whig poet, Shadwell, representing a Tory parson courting an Abigail, he judiciously rummages out a Tory pamphlet, which represents a Whig parson in the same situation!

† Vol. i. 191.

Rome, so far from thinking it impossible that the legend could relate to an island which the Romans had possessed for four centuries, quotes this among other authorities to prove the singular fact that what had been "a Roman province was again lost among the fabulous islands of the Ocean." Yet Gibbon never took *his* learning at second-hand. But farther, Procopius having written in the sixth century, John Tzetzes, who wrote in the twelfth century, mentions the identical legend, with express reference to Britain. By that time England had taken its place as one of the great Norman kingdoms, and must have been emphatically known, from the communication which the Crusades had opened with our Western world. The passage occurs in his Scholium on Hesiod's Works and Days, l. 169. (*Gaisford's Poetae Graeci Minores*, Oxon. 1820, vol. iii. p. 120.) It begins as follows:

‘Περὶ δὲ τῶν ἐν Ὠκεανῷ νήσων Ὀμηρος, καὶ οὐτοσίην ὁ Ἡσίοδος, καὶ Λυκόφρων, καὶ Πλούταρχος, καὶ Φιλόστρατος, καὶ Δίων, καὶ ἕτεροί τινες συγγεγραφήκεσαν, ὡς ἀγαθὴ τε ἡ χώρα ἐστὶ, καὶ αἰεὶ καταπνευομένη ζεφύρῳ, τρεῖς ἔτους ἐκάστου ἀναδίδωσι τοὺς καρπούς. Ἐκεῖσε δὲ φασὶ καὶ τὰς τῶν ἀποβεβιωκότων ψυχὰς διαπορθεύεσθαι, γράφοντες τοιάδε. “Περὶ τὴν ἀκτὴν τοῦ περὶ τὴν Βρεταννίαν νήσον Ὠκεανοῦ, ἀνδρωποὶ τινες οἰκοῦσιν ἰχθυοθῆραι, κατήκοοι μὲν φράγγοις, φόρον δὲ μὴ τελοῦντες αὐτοῖς,” &c.*

* We subjoin a translation of the whole passage for the benefit of the less learned reader, and especially the erudite critic, to whom such assistance, we suspect, will be a great accommodation:—"Now concerning the islands in Ocean, Homer and our Hesiod himself, and Lycophron and Plutarch and Philostratus and Dion, and some others, have given an account—how good the country is, and how, being fanned continually by Zephyrus, it produces three crops each year. And they say that thither the spirits of the deceased are transported—writing in this manner—"On the shore of the ocean which surrounds the island of *Bretannia*, dwell a race of fishermen, subjects of the Franks but not paying them tribute. These people while sleeping in their own houses, hear a voice calling them and are sensible of a bustle about their doors, and on getting up, they find certain vessels not their own, full of passengers. Embarking in these ships, in a single stretch, they reach the island of *Bretannia* rowing; although they could hardly reach it in their own ships, even under sail, in a whole day and night. There they disembark and land their unknown passengers, and though they see no one, they hear the voice of persons admitting them and calling them by name and tribe, and family and trade; and them in like manner making answer. And so they sail home again in one stretch, and perceive the ships lighter than when they had those passengers aboard." Hence all the sons of the Greeks say the spirits of the departed dwell there."

We need not, after this, say that, as usual, Mr. Macaulay had ample authority for what he said, and that the critic censured because he did not understand. It is not over likely, indeed, that the classical accuracy of Gibbon and Macaulay could be seriously impeached by an author who writes—

‘ἐν μυρτου κλαδί τον ξίφον φορήσω,’—

a line for the mutilation of which, a twig, not of myrtle, but of birch, would be the only suitable recompense. The new reading would not have been a greater shock to Frere and Canning in its present place, than to Dr. Hawtrey in the exercise of an Eton boy.

We stop here, because our space and our patience are alike exhausted. We might fill pages with errors as gross and exposures as palpable. We have only given our readers some means of estimating, as the well-informed among them could easily have done without our help, how far the critic has succeeded in the very humble object of his ambition. But we are weary of beating the air. We feel as we have sometimes done on a summer evening, when with arms fatigued by a constant combat with the mosquitoes, we retreat at last, and leave the field of battle to the victorious insects. Singly, none of them are worth the crushing, and life is too short to make away with them all. Suffice it to say, that of all the imaginary mistakes in fact, of which our contemporary has labored to convict Mr. Macaulay, *there is not one* which does not, like the examples given above, proceed either on bold misquotation or palpable ignorance. We are wrong, however, there is one. Mr. Macaulay calls Sir Winston Churchill a baronet—when he was only a knight. But the error was corrected in 4000 copies in full circulation three months before this critique saw the light—and this, we believe, is the full extent of the victory which has been gained over the historian in this contest *de minimis*. We therefore quit the subject, satisfied that the specimens we have given leave nothing farther to be said or thought of this solitary grumbler. We would rather, for the credit of our craft, that his splenetic arrows had never been launched from such a quiver. Were all the paltry cavils as true as they are absurdly false, they would not dim one single gem in Mr. Macaulay's glittering circlet. Being untrue, they have only brought down deserved derision on their author. Dryden, in "Mac Flecknoe," has a forced, but striking conceit, that St. Patrick's destruction of poisonous reptiles

prevented the malice of his countrymen from ever being dangerous. Had this suicidal onslaught come from an Hibernian instead of an English pen, we might very justly have said with the poet, that

"In his heart though venom lies,
It doth but touch his Irish pen—and dies."

It was a great mistake to assail this work on the score of accuracy. Its author was the last man likely to be caught tripping on that head. But with all the praise, and not exaggerated praise, we have bestowed on it, there are faults which an ill-natured critic might enlarge on, and a friendly one point out. And with a word or two on these we shall conclude.

The first lies on the surface; and is one of style. With great familiarity of expression on some few occasions, the author, nevertheless, is too constantly on his high-stepping steed, and trots over the common pathway with too uniform an air of grandeur. However brilliant the composition—and however much the interest excited may conceal the blemish, it is one which calls for correction; because, in the more humble though necessary parts of the narrative, it throws an air of constraint over them. In his great efforts Mr. Macaulay never fails; and he makes great occasions out of materials which would be but ordinary to ordinary men. The defect which is most apparent—and, indeed, almost the only one in manner—is his difficulty in saying a simple thing simply.

We do not stop to quote examples. The reader, we admit, never wearies for an instant; and the imposing glow and richness of the context prevents their jarring on the ear or offending the judgment. Still it would be well to have the preludes and accompaniments of so striking a piece in strict harmony and accordance with their immediate theme. It is not so great an art to say a common thing in common words, as to say a brilliant thing in splendid words: but it is also an art in its way.

"*Descriptas servare vices, operumque colores,*"

is advice as old as Horace; and Mr. Macaulay would lose nothing in impressiveness, and would gain in taste and accuracy, by reducing the more level parts of the narrative to a more purely historical standard.

As to the substance of the work, there is but one fault which strikes us as important—and that would be a serious one, were it

not tempered and chastised in our author by a logical head, an accurate memory, and an instinctive love for fair play. His talent for description sometimes gets the better of him; and although he neither invents nor imagines incidents, it now and then happens that he loads a fact with more inferences and accessories than it can easily sustain. We have alluded to this before; and though we do not think that the ultimate impression conveyed can in any instance be justly said to be exaggerated, he at times colors his picture more from his inward reflection than the outward fact. His chapter on the customs and society of England in the seventeenth century may afford an example of what we mean—where he has dashed off a picturesque conclusion, which, we are not satisfied, was always in nature quite so striking in all its features. This, perhaps, arises in some respects from the materials with which he was there obliged to work; his description being the concentrated reflection of rays borrowed from satirists, and caricaturists, and writers of fiction, with whom truth is always subservient to point and vivacity of effect. It is right, however, to say, that the defect we refer to occurs much more rarely in his narrative, and never when the occasion is important; and the discussion on the manners and habits of the time, though a graceful and almost necessary accompaniment to the narrative, may be supposed to admit of bolder speculation than the more austere parts of the volume. It is necessary, too, to bear in mind, in criticisms of this nature, that unless allowance is made for our different points of view and for our different estimates of the relative importance of different particulars, nobody would be safe in describing an event or drawing a character.

In his general view of the history of these times, we have nothing to condemn or to suggest. It seems to us, from first to last, fresh, coherent, and true. Perhaps a Northern Whig might think that he has too little favor for the Puritans, and passes too lightly over the Scottish persecutions of Charles and James the Second. But even in this case we do not say that he has not exercised a wholesome moderation.

We now take our leave of Mr. Macaulay, not without good hope of a speedy and happy meeting again. We trust that this noble foundation may be crowned with a structure still more magnificent; and that he may live to complete the great monument which he purposes to rear to the constitution of his country. But should his fame as an historian rest solely on the volumes before us, we ac-

knowledge them as a noble offering on the altar of our liberties ; and, we doubt not, their author will be venerated in after times as having been foremost in that first duty of patriotism—in training up for future years good citizens of that country, the intense and ardent love of which glows in every page, and gives life to the fervid eloquence of his pen.

NIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GUSTAV. SOLLING.

GOLDEN troops of glittering stars
Up to heaven's blue arch ascend ;
And their beams reflected play
Where the tranquil waves extend.

Through her opening veil of clouds,
Luna darts a tearful gleam ;
The dewy hillocks of the dead
Return her faint and feeble beam.

Foam-becrested, silvery waves,
Sighing, break upon the strand,
And whisper, in their spirit-tones,
Greetings from my native land.

Plaintive strains of music sweet,
Through the shadowy grove do ring ;
'Tis Philomel that charms the ear
With her song of love and spring.

Charged with sweets, the evening air
Sports amid the leafy trees ;
And the shining beetle hums
His low song to the evening breeze.

Sweet to me, thou welcome Night,
Sweet thy calm to soul forlorn ;
At thy approach my heart is soothed,
Though I hail it but to mourn.

ETA.



THE ACTRESS, WARREN.

